

THE NEW ACADEMY OF COMPLEMENT



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THE NEW
Academy
OF
COMPLEMENTS,
ERECTED

For Ladies, Gentlewomen, Courtiers, Gentlemen, Scholars, Souldiers, Citizens, Country-men, and all persons, of what degree soever, of both Sexes.

Stored with Variety of Courtly and Civil Complements, Eloquent Letters of Love and Friendship.

WITH
An Exact COLLECTION
Of the Newest and Choicest
SONGS à la Mode,

Both Amorous and Jovial,
COMPILED
By the most refined Wits of this Age.

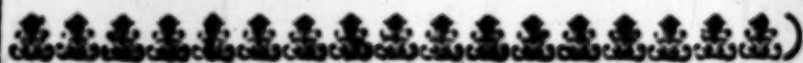
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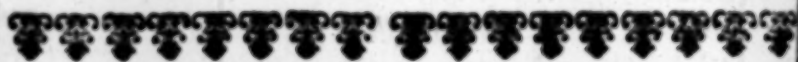
To the Reader.

I F thou a Fresh-man art, and thorough bent,
To bear Loves Arms, and follow Cupids Tent,
Finde whom to love; The next thing you must do,
Learn how to speak her fair, to write, and wooe.
Last having won thy Mistriss to thy lure,
I'll teach thee how to make her love endure.
This is my aim, I'll keep within this place,
And in this Road my Chariot-wheel I'll trace
Whilst thou dost live, and art a Batcheler,
The love of one above the rest prefer,
To whom thy soul says, Thou alone content me,
But such a one shall not from heaven be sent thee.
Such are not dropt down from the Azure Skes,
But thou must seek her out with busie eye.
Well knows the Huntsman where his toyls to set,
And in what Den the Boar his teeth doth whet.
Well knows the Fowler where to lay his Gin;
The Fisher knows what Pool the Fish are in,
And thou that studiest to become a Lover,
Learn in what place most Virgins to discover:
Which having done, make one thy sole delight,
Then thou must study to dissemble right;
Swear by her Beauty, seemingly be loath
To break the Bond of such a sacred Oath:
Sigh when she sighs, and what thou seest her do,
By imitation strive to do so too.
Gaze on her eyes, and when thou seest her sip,
Kiss thou the Glass where she shall place her Lip.
But I'll no longer keep thee at the door,
Peruse the Book, for that will teach thee more.



An Advertisement
To all Gentlemen, Book-
sellers, or others.

WHereas Samuel Speed Book-
seller, hath lately disposed
himself to a Wholesale Trade for Books,
not making any Appearance of that
Employment, as formerly he did, These
are to certifie, That those persons that
please to apply themselves to him for
Books, shall be as well used as by any
person whatsoever; And whosoever hath
any Study, or Library of Books, or
Copies, either in Manuscript, or such
as have been already Printed, to dis-
pose of, shall receive from him the full
Value thereof, to the said Parties ample
Satisfaction.



Complemental Expressions towards Men,
Leading to

The Art of Courtship.

SIR, Your Goodness is as boundless, as my desires to serve you.

Sir, Your Vertues are the Load-stones that draw even your enemies to love and to admire you.

Sir, It is my profession to appear in all places a servant to your Merits.

Sir, I have nourisht in my self a continual care of seeking opportunities to do you service.

Sir, You have so pursued me with your favors, that I am capable of no other pleasure, but to entertain them.

Sir, Such is your deserts and my necessity, that I want both words and services to express how unfeignedly I honor you.

Sir, Your bounties have been shewr'd upon me with such excess, that I am incapable of a Complement.

Sir, I shall desire no greater glory from you, than new proofs of my obedience.

Sir, When I have finisht your desires, I should intreat you to reserve some new Commands, so great a pleasure I take in being yours.

Sir, You have deserved more services from me, than my life is able to perform.

Sir, Such is the excess of my affection, that all my passions do but wait upon your good fortunes.

Sir, I confess I never merited the effects of such noble-

nobleness, as that you should account of me as an object for your virtuous inclinations.

Sir, The pleasure I entertain to consider your goodness, is more satisfaction to me, than my advancement.

Sir, Should I not render you thanks for your many favors, I should die of a deep impatience.

Sir, Your goodness hath forced me to a silence, that I am not able to render you sufficient thanks for so great a favor.

Sir, You are so highly generous, that I am altogether senseless.

Sir, With the same joy that I formerly embraced your friendship, I entertained the good news of your happy Marriage; and shall love you with the same passions as before.

Sir, I have made a vow to honor you all my life, and not to remit one point of the passion I have to do you service.

Sir, I am daily in disquiet, and shall be, till some occasion be offered me suddenly wherein I may appear to you to be more than verbal.

Sir, This tyranny of your humor or inclination, is too great a punishment for me to groan under.

Sir, 'Tis my ambition to conserve the Honor I have obtained of being your servant.

Sir, You are so noble in all respects, that I have learn'd to love, as well as to admire you.

Sir, I am grown jealous of your generosity, your favors come so fast on me, that I shall be forced to seem ingrateful.

Sir, Your passions are mine; Nor can I live more in freedom, than when I am bound to you in the bonds of Friendship.

Sir, You are the rising Sun which I adore.

Sir, I wear you in my heart.

Sir,

Sir, You are the Star I reach at.

Sir, You are the Miracle of Friendship.

Sir, Your Goodness wants a President.

Sir, You have the power to sway me as you please.

Sir, Be pleased to instruct me how I may thank your love.

Sir, I am your Friend, and that word speaks me wholly yours.

Sir, You have so far engaged me, that I know not what I can do, that is not at your command.

Sir, When I would admire you, you wrap me up in wonder.

Sir, My zeal is so fervent towards you, that I am sick with passion.

Sir, If you have not cast off the name of Friend, make me companion of your cares.

Sir, I take so much pleasure in serving you, that I am proud to please you.

Sir, You are the only Anchor of my hopes.

Sir, I shall study to chronicle your Vertues.

Sir, Fear no dangers, my Arms shall be your Sanctuary.

Sir, You are so full of fair desert, that I have no faculty but what is yours.

Sir, You are so highly noble, that your Purse is my Exchequer.

Sir, I am a captive to your Honor, and your fair Example steers me.

Sir, Your Complements call your Faith in question.

Sir, You tell me stories midnight would blush to hear.

Sir, The Ocean's not more boundless than your Favors.

Sir, Be confident of my affection, while I have room to lodge you in my bosom.

Sir, I am sick till I see you, whose presence is my restorative.

Sir, Your Language is more dubious than an Oracle.

Sir, You have the power to steer me as you please.

Sir, I am in so great an Extasie for your safety, that passion, like midnight, sits upon my thoughts.

Sir, To be obedient to your Commands, is a duty I am proud of.

Sir, The blessings of your Mistress fall upon you.

Sir, I'll rather doubt an Oracle, than question what you deliver.

Sir, My want of power to pay those Debts I owe to you and Honor, makes me accuse my fortunes.

Sir, I yield myself to your direction, manage me at your pleasure.

Sir, Your Accomplishments speaks you the Muses Darling; you have suckt the Marrow of the Court.

Sir, You are amorous as the youthful *May*.

Sir, I'll be just to you, as Heaven to Truth.

Sir, I'll out-wait a Bayliff to attend you.

Sir, You value my weak deserts with too much partiality.

Sir, Necessity hath neither law, nor shame; for contrary to my nature, I am forced to become an humble and an earnest Suiter to you.

Sir, You have over-run the world in Honors Race.

Sir, I am honor'd in this Acknowledgement.

Sir, I shall inform the Lady of your zeal in her Commendation.

Sir, Be pleas'd to instruct me how I may requite your love.

Sir, You have power to oblige my soul.

Sir, I must die, or live to be ungrateful.

Sir, Let me beg the trouble of a pardon; if I have mi tted those honors due to your deserts.

Sir, Without a Complement, I am your Friend, and that one word speaks me wholly yours.

Sir,

Sir, Pray admit this stranget to your knowledge, his
deserts will requite your trouble.

Sir, Since I must be conquer'd by your courtesies,
'tis my glory to be your slave.

Sir, Having your favor I am rich, without it none
so miserable.

Sir, I shall not be more importunate than mannerly.

Sir, This Visit is as welcome, as the greatest honor
you could do me.

Sir, May your own Vertues be your Guard.

Sir, I congratulate your happy presence.

Sir, May this meeting create a lasting League of
Amity betwixt us.

Sir, I should be entirely happy, should I finde an
occasion to imprint the Characters of your Vertues in
my brest, by a more firm acquaintance.

Sir, Your Civilities have endear'd you to me; you
shall rule as a Plant in the Orb of my affections.

Sir, May your love be fortunate, that delights may
stream into your bosom.

Sir, The pleasures of the morning wait upon you.

Sir, Your Vertue and Eloquence make you im-
mortal upon earth.

Sir, From the first time that I beheld you, I have
made it my zeal to express my self your most humble
servant.

Sir, If you love, as you say you do, you will have
patience: True love will last a siege.

Sir, It is the design of my Ambition to be passion-
ately your most faithful servant.

Sir, The pleasure I have in your love, and the assu-
rance of my own innocency, hath caused me to give
this new remembrance of my being wholly yours.

Sir, Rather than loose your company, I would
compass the utmost bounds of the Terrestrial Globe.

Sir, I am yours, and will be so, though fate & death
forbid.

Sir, I am in earnest, 'tis not my humor to treat my friends with dreams.

Sir, This your Barbarity to your Friend, shall not make me forget you, nor my own duty, for though the strongest love oftentimes degenerates into the greatest hate, yet I am resolved to live and die yours.

Sir, Your suit is an impertinent trouble to us both, for be assured it is as possible for the Stars to forget their course, as for me to love you.

Sir, Nothing shall rob my heart of the fair image of your Vertues, but Death it self.

Sir, Your Bounty exceeds the small stock of my Merits, that durst not have entertained such an ungrateful thought, as to be worthy of those favors you afford me.

Sir, It is by your bounty I am enabled to make a Present, accept therefore of this small one, that the world may testify how much I glory to proclaim the first Founders of my estate.

Sir, I have found you so much my faithful friend hitherto, that I doubt not but you will appear so hereafter, it need require.

Sir, Fortune is now propitious, and hath sent you this grateful acknowledgement for all your favors.

Sir, Your Minde contains a Spring of Vertue, each day affords me a fresh Character of your Friendship.

Sir, Your reality hath gained my affection, and I want nothing more, than an occasion to testify my acknowledgements.

Sir, Fortune is now turn'd Strumpet, and extorts from me an interest for the sum of favors she formerly did trust me with.

Sir, Fortune, I thank her, hath now brought me acquainted with Necessity; for this is my opportunity of embracing so rich a Treasure as your self.

Sir, Be wise, and as the Proverb saith; *Look before*

you leap; he is happy that can withstand a Temptation with a noble Resolution.

Sir, Should I twine my arms to Cable, sit up all night like a Watching Candle, and distil my Braines through my Eye-lids, yet I must love you; I then loving you, and you me, who is the third person shall hinder us?

Sir, You seem to be a man of much reading, you talk of nothing but of warbling Rhapsodies.

Sir, You understand your Authority over me, I dare not deny my endeavors to perform whatsoever you shall please to command.

Sir, Heaven which hears and answers prayers, give a blessing to all your vertuous desires.

Sir, The late courtesies you did me, are but borrowed, and like an honest Tenant, I shall provide my Rent against the time of your demand.

Sir, I would advise you to be careful of your Honor, but I doubt you were never yet right worshipful.

Sir, Let this suffice, I am satisfied; your innocency hath cleared my jealousy.

Sir, I am ignorant wherein I am guilty of any thing may prompt you to suspect either my love, or duty.

Sir, I cannot be so tedious in the performance of your Commands, as you are to employ me.

Sir, Farewel, you are grown rude; I dare not hear you farther.

Sir, I hate your base desires, you and your lust continue, till shame work an amendment.

Sir, Sin is a brave Orator; you give your lusts the golden titles of pleasure and delight, but forget what bitterness attends the end.

Sir, I submit to your Censure, either to approve or to condemn, you are the Oracle of the Court.

Sir, Be not daunted, Love and Fortune joyn with the Courageous.

Sir, I should sin, should I suspect your Vertue, whose glory it is to vanquish all deceits.

Sir, Such is my interest in your prosperity, that I will never condemn fortune, whilst she makes you her Darling.

Sir, Pardon me, if my presumption hath run beyond the rules of good manners.

Sir, Adieu, may pleasures be your attendance, whilst I court your return.

Sir, In all your dangers, let my bosome be your religious sanctuary.

Sir, Your Bounty hath added so many feathers to my wings, that I am in haste to do you service.

Sir, May we from this day date our immortal friendship.

Sir, I cannot stoop too low in my observance to your desires.

Sir, Your fortunes are your own, but your fate is mine.

Sir, You humble your self in exalting me.

Sir, I would beg a favour of you, but my modesty bids me stay.

Sir, I am ready to obey, no man can be more proud of your commands.

Sir, Let me beg your acceptance of a trifle, onely the earnest of my gratitude.

Sir, 'Tis your presence that compleats our joys.

Sir, My blessings are derived from you.

Sir, Pursue your pleasures, my life shall be engaged to your interest.

Sir, I would thank you for the honour you have done me, but shame and my fearful blushes teach me a farther duty.

Sir, I must blushing leave you, having nothing to requite you with but words.

Sir, You are kinde in this friendly Visit, your
welcome,

welcome, and my thanks are infinite.

Sir, Let us embrace as friends, and not as Courtiers.

Sir, Sleep is not more welcome to the wearied Traveller, than you are to my House.

Sir, My entertainment speaks me most freely welcome.

Sir, Let me know your ground for this suspicion.

Sir, How have my actions rendred me suspected?

Sir, Envy hath no power to hurt your fame.

Sir, Malice can never blemish your deserts.

Sir, My submission waits upon your pardon.

Sir, Nothing is wanting, but my all, your presence.

Sir, One that desires to serve you sends this paper to salute your hands.

Sir, You bestow too great an Honor on him that is your creature.

Sir, Teach me to be grateful, I dare presume my soul would be apt to learn any thing that might tend to your service.

Sir, My Thanks and the endeavours of my life are a debt I owe to you.

Sir, I shall be your debtor, if you keep me in your minde.

Sir, I have one sute, and shall dare to beg no more.

Sir, I flatter my own discretion in nothing more than in loving you.

Sir, I am proud when a kinde opportunity makes me yours.

Sir, Understand your own worth, and then know I can have no power to slight any occasion of serving you.

Sir, Your love is the Exchequer of my Wealth.

Sir, The rough humours of your age, are unfit to be compelled with the smooth brows of youth.

Sir,

Sir, I beseech you be more sparing of your courtesies, lest the world take you for a prodigal.

Sir, Be not so inconstant in your affection, lest in the conclusion you appear too much like the Marygold, to open at the Sun-shine of prosperity, and to shrink before the clouds of adversity.

Sir, By your singular Character, the Lady seems to be so rarely accomplish'd, that to her onely, I commit the Treasures of my life and fortunes.

Sir, My late confidence hath this excuse, that neither Fate nor Fortune delighteth in a Coward.

Sir, I will rather hazard my reputation, than be negligent of your Commands.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your graces and courtesies, with an unwearied constancy in the roads of Vertue.

Sir, Let me be still a sharer in your favors, so shall I grow proud of my own fortunes.

Sir, This part of the world shares in your prosperity, since you were born to serve your Prince, and to command his people.

Sir, My onely glory in your service, is to be humble and to obey.

Sir, Your Endowments shine beyond the degree of brightness.

Sir, Your inventing new Fables, speaks you a good Poet, and me a good subject for your Romantick Fancy.

Sir, Your good Fortune and noble Resolutions shine so clear in all employments, that it appears Nature made all things to honor you.

Sir, Your Vertues are so well known, you cannot think I flatter.

Sir, I never had those ambitious thoughts to think you could affect so imperfect a creature as my self.

Sir, Your Vertues may give a lustre to a Princes Court.

Sir,

of Complements.

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Sir, Without you, the States necessities encrea'e.

Sir, I could not allot more moderate limits to my Ambition, than to do you service.

Sir, You can never die, succeeding Chronicles will give a life to your Heroick acts.

Sir, If you command, I will despise the worst of fate, or bow to the infelicities of cruel fortune.

Sir, My appetite is sick, for want of a capacity to digest your Favours.

Sir, Whatsoever your designs are, let your reputation continue fair.

Sir, He that tramples on your fame, stamps upon the reputation of the whole Court.

Sir, Your Vows have so amaz'd me, I know not how to answer.

Sir, In all shapes and under the most fearful aspects that can appear, I am yours.

Sir, I will forbear commending you, since all that I can say is dishonorable to your deserts.

Sir, The chief objects of my thoughts hath been the glory of your Name.

Sir, I prostrate my presumption at your feet, I shall lose happiness if you forsake me.

Sir, My very thoughts are yours, you have an interest in them as well as me.

Sir, All my acknowledgments come far short of the obligations I owe to your honor.

Sir, You mistake my disposition, if you judge I affect praises, Heaven never made me so intemperate.

Sir, Should not my friendship appear on any occasion to serve you, it would remain as a recluse.

Sir, The World would be so unpeopled, and Nature would loose her pride, were there no such men as you to maintain their Honours.

Sir, Your Vertue can be recorded by none but by your self.

Sir,

Sir, Though you injure me, my humility shall make me silent.

Sir, Though your anger seems to thunder, I can forbear no longer.

Sir, Your favors come so fast, they will neither suffer me to be miserable, nor to seem so.

Sir, Your actions are so vertuous, they carry an authority always with them.

Sir, Build not too much on your confidence, lest you tyre him whom you have so often injur'd.

Sir, If you alledge excuses for so poor a trifle, you make your self a stranger to my love.

Sir, You fetch your conceits too far, they transcend the subject on which you do bestow them.

Sir, Your fortunes are fair, but your judgement may be admir'd.

Sir, Your excellent qualities might become the presence of a Prince.

Sir, It is by your contents or discontents, that I measure the necessities and fatalities of this world.

Sir, Your favors have raised me so high, that I seem to stand upon a precipice, and to discern my fall with the greater terror.

Sir, I have long since learnt, a Lovers religion is to swear and forswear.

Sir, I have a new life in being yours, your goodness gives me a new creation.

Sir, Futurity shall crown the Reliques of your Honored Ashes with Palms and Laurels.

Sir, I shall not hold my self absent from you, whilst I retain any room in your heart and memory.

Sir, You are the heir of a rich inheritance, the evidence of your Vertue entitles you to Heaven.

Sir, 'Tis no wonder there is so little goodness in the world, since by the rich stock of Vertue that rests in you, others are become bankrupts!

Sir,

Sir, I owe my good Fortune to your favourable assistance.

Sir, My wishes go along with your endeavours, may your desires be happily performed.

Sir, I should prove cruel to my self, should I neglect one that nobly loves me.

Sir, Forbear your hasty protestations, I do believe your soul's without a blemish, and I glory in my choice.

Sir, Leave your superfluous Language, I am none of those Ladies that are enamoured with flattering Acrosticks; or to have their names so dis-jointed in an Anagram, 'twould puzzle ten Magicians to set them together again.

Sir, You have a good smack at Poetry, and I grant you too, Love and Poetic are divine, commonly infused together; yet 'tis ordinarily tyed to rules of flattery.

Sir, Your Oratory makes me suspect your faith, let it suffice I love you; Nor shall it be long ere *Hymen* shall seal the Contract.

Your very servant, Sir.



Complements towards Ladies, Gentlewomen, Maids, &c.

MAdam, It is a vain illusion, if you dream that ever you can gain a reputation by my ruine.

Madam, The grace of eloquence is seated on your lips.

Madam, Your beauty is the conqueress of man who is never to be satisfied with the lustre of your eyes,
Fair

Fair one, your feature and your vertues excel all mortal sence.

Madam, When I see you I am in paradise, it is then that my eyes carve me out a feast of Love.

Madam, Mortal eyes are never to be satisfied with the wonders of your beauty.

Madam, Your complexion clear as is the skie, was never fram'd but to be ador'd.

Madam, Though my person is removed from you, my purpose is not, for I still retain and will till death, the resolutions of being, Madam, Yours.

Madam, I dare be confident you have too much Vertue to study the Art of dissimulation.

Madam, Be faithful to him that dares look on death to preserve you, or indure all the despights of fortune to defend your reputation.

Madam, Your beauty hath so bereav'd me of my fear, that I do account it far more possible to die, than to forget you.

Fairest, Take this for a certain truth, I shall rather choose to abhor my self, than to pitch my affectionate resolutions on any object but the excellence of your beauty.

Madam, Your Kindred may be cruel in keeping us asunder, but my heart shall never stray from the duty it bears to your Vertues.

Madam, I shall ever sacrifice the best of my endeavours to the favour of your affections.

Madam, It was not through a conceit of my own deserts, that I have shot at so fair a mark as your Vertuous and innocent fair self, my presumption hath onely this excuse, it was directed by Love, and I may well stray, when my guide is blind.

Madam, You have vanquished me, I am an eternal prisoner to your beauty.

Fairest,

Fairest, Your beauty is Loves Copy to read wonders on.

Madam, Your soul is so divinely bright, that what otherwise dare not approach to you, lest it sees its own deformity.

Madam, You have my prayers at all times, though you go hence, we cannot be absent from one another, since I have placed you in the secret cabinet of my heart.

Oh Madam, If the thoughts of your departure make me melancholly, the real absence will be a misery worse than death.

Fair Maid, It is cruelty to frown at parting, that cloud bids me expect a storm, but oh what bliss I find in this deceit; you seem angry by your frowns, and yet each brow lodges loves deity within it.

Lady, I did not intend to have written to you, but my affection hath overswayed my reason, be not still cruel lest you make me so desperate, that I shall be no longer either my own or yours.

Madam, Since I want merits to equalize your Virtues, I will for ever mourn for my imperfections.

Dear Love, My heart will not suffer my tongue to utter that fatal word farewell, since when I leave you, I shake hands with my most perfect object of Beatitude.

Madam, If you know not how to love, I know not how to live, unless in torments.

Madam, Be pleased to wear this Diamond, which comes with an Ambition to recover a greater lustre by your smiles.

Madam, Make me poor, or miserable, use your pleasure with me, so you enrich me with your love.

Dear Lady, Must I needs part with all my felicities at once, Then adieu fair Sun of my soul, and suppose I am with you, for we cannot part, since our hearts so firmly are united.

Fair,

Fair One, Adieu, Be still more fortunate, and less cruel, whilst I, though the most unhappy, resolve to continue constant.

Madam, Unless you give me your self, it lies not in your Art or power to requite that affection wherewith I do adore you.

Madam, I never yet offered my affections to any beauty but your own, since then you have the pre-heminence above all others, be favourable to him that gives it, and with it, himself wholly to your disposal.

Madam, give me but the favour to suffer me to discover my affections, and then if you shall think fit, silence me to perpetuity.

Madam, Remember my respects when you are gone hence, It will be some consolation to me, though I have not the sight of your fair eyes, if I may be assured you have me but sometimes in your thoughts.

Fair Lady, My whole estate is sumn'd up in your smiles.

Madam, What crime of mine hath raised your angry frowns?

Madam, To call you fair, is an Epethite beneath your beauty.

Madam, *Cupid* hath fixt himself in your eyes, and wounds all that come but near him.

Blush fair Creature, Blush, since to be coy, is to be cruel, and to be cruel, is to be otherwise than what you seem, a Beauty.

Fairest, It is now high time to cherish my desires, let them be no longer prisoners to the shades of silence.

Dear Madam, Your love is the perfection of my desires.

Fairest, Make me so happy, as to raise my affections to the honor of being yours.

Madam,

Madam, Be wise and dote not so much upon your own beauty, the man with the bald pate can so alter your physnomy, that in a short time it shall fright you more than a Judge doth a Thief.

Madam, 'Tis past your Art to shun me, I will put a Girdle round about the world but I will finde you,

Madam, You are the Queen of Beauties, your vertues give a commanding power to every mortal.

Fair Lady, 'Tis your beauty is the divinity which mortals desire to know and to admire.

Lady Fine, Your Tyrant-beauty hath but a short reign, you cannot say 'tis yours, for you cannot dispose of it, nor possess it long.

Madam, 'Tis true you are handsome, but remember Faces are like Books, they that study them do best know them, and the truth is, they are liked onely as they please the Courteous Reader.

Madam, Why will you shun me; let me but view my wealth, otherwise where is my comfort more than if I should think to feed my eyes with looking on a Cask of Jewels in the dark?

Dear Lady, I am happy in loving you, but the most unhappy if you deny your love.

Dear Madam, Compleat my Joys, or the Gods themselves will rob me of you.

Madam, I am sick of love, be you my Physitian or I shall suddenly expire.

Coy Mistrills, Once I loved you, but have learned more wit now than to follow such a blinde guide as Cupid.

I faith Widdow, I am in love, and 'tis with you, the untoward boy Cupid has wounded me, 'tis such a busie Urchin no person can be quiet for him, He glides through the Isle of man in a minute, gets into Middlesex,

sex; and keeps his Christmasts there, till he's fir'd out, with heat and flames.

Scornful Girl, Can you imagine I ever did intend to dote, especially on that small stock of beauty of yours, which serves only to convince me: you are not extremely ugly.

Excellent Beauty, Painters, Poets, nor Players were ever guilty of half so many cruelties, as you (by the darts of your eyes) do exercise on those that admire you most.

Dear Madam, When I am absent from you, I am sick of love, but every visit gives somewhat of consolation to my passion.

Lady, I am wholly yours, it is your beauty that hath taken me from my self.

Madam, Your Vertues are my meditations; you and my thoughts are never absent.

Madam, you are the admiration of the world, like a fair picture you draw all mens eyes to see and wonder.

Fair Creature, You are that rich Cabinet wherein Nature hath lockt up all her rarities.

Madam, So to usurp an Authority, is according to neither Law nor Reason.

Fair one, This kiss from your inspiring hand, will add to my former happiness.

Madam, This Favor, and you Crown your Servant.

Madam, Your Beauty hath the Art to teach Christians to turn Idolaters.

Madam, Be merciful or I am miserable, your eyes are as the Ambassadors of life or death.

Divine Lady, Could I be one of those wise men that rule the stars, you might then conclude, I might be able to govern my own affections.

Madam, If there be a Heaven to reward vertues,
your

your name will be recorded in the Register of Saints.
Madam, Your frowns are the emblems of death,
but your smiles give me a second being.

Madam, To be absent from your service is a Torment,
since every of your Commands afford me a new Creation.

Madam, I have pass'd my vows, to confirm them,
I give you my heart and hand, to continue yours till death.

Madam, Confirm me in your favour with a smile.

Fair One, I'll pay the last tribute of my lips to your fair hands.

Madam, Your heart is like pibble, smooth, but stoney.

Madam, Continue constant, and be assured, I will rather loose my life, than part with my resolutions of serving you.

Madam, Since you are born into the world to be admir'd, you should not eclipse your self from him that can live no longer than he serves you.

Most Divine Lady, I could live an Age upon those Lips.

Madam, I am real, my love is white as Truth, and innocent as Vertue.

Oh Madam, Be like your self, fair and not resembling *Narcissus*, benighted with the clouds of scorn.

Madam, May heaven smile upon you, farewell and prosper.

Madam, You are all sweetness, and I the admirer of your Vertues, Oh let me fly into your bosom.

Madam, Be not cruel but save that creature whose life depends on you, whose every power owes not himself but you.

Madam, You are a Deity to whom my heart presents its devotion.

Madam, My soul is in a flame, and remains a Sacrifice

crifice till you shall please to accept it.

Madam, May I become the scorn of time, when I prove so monstrous as to give you the least occasion to repent your love.

Madam, Oh let me confirm my happiness upon your Lip, and study there by some new way of number, to multiply my bliss.

Madam, The treasuries of Grace and Nature were quite exhausted, to accomplish your perfections.

Madam, My language is as my Intentions, plain and real, he that makes use of golden words, does it only to gild over the corruptions of his soul.

Dear Madam, I am ravished with the well-tuned Harmony of your pleasant voice.

Lady, I return to you all your Vows, be free, as the Air you breath in.

Madam, Can you be so unjust as to deem my language feigned? I will sooner forget to eat, than to honor you.

Madam, Far be it from me, to speak a language should displease your ear.

Farewel incomparable Mistriss.

Madam, Had I a hundred hearts I should want room to entertain your love.

Madam, Be assured I will either enjoy you, or die a Martyr in your quarrel.

Madam, for your sweet sake my meditations are loaded with Metaphors; I am valiant, witty, and will be any thing to be yours.

Mistriss, To be plain with you, I love you, but I want utterance, and that is a good sign.

Sweet bit of beauty, the delight of mine own soul I am come to visit thee, and have brought with me a hundred thousand salutations.

Most resplendant Lady, I am full of the fruits of love, and should be proud if you would be pleased to participate.

Dear

Dear Mor'el of Modesty, How I love you,, and so sincerely, that I protest to make you Mistress of my thoughts, Lady of my returns, and commit all my Moveables into your hands, and upon the same I give you an earnest kiss in the high road to Matrimony.

My Dear Girl, Thou hast catcht me, my heart thou hast had before, now here's my hand.

Fair One, Seal my pardon for my former rudeness, and may I forget my love if I loose my civility hereafter.

Madam, I owe all that I have to your Beauty, it is the sole Commandress of my thoughts.

Dear Madam, The breath of new blown Roses is not more sweet than yours, I could kiss thee, till I engender on thy lips.

Madam, By your fair self, I love you with as much true zeal as *Anchorites* do their prayers.

Dear Mistress, I am in paradise when I but dream of your perfections.

Fair Lady, A thousand *Cupids*, call me to kiss your hands.

Fairest, By the Law of Love and Arms, I may demand a kiss.

Madam, You are the fairest Nature ever did design for wonder.

Madam, The perfume of your sweet breath informs me your Mother fed on Roses when she bred you.

Madam, I shall be more grateful, than to slight those benefits you shewre upon me.

Fair One, You have taught me to despise my self. I can do nothing but admire your Vertues.

If I am void of Reason, Fairest creature, suffer Love to be my Advocate, that will not allow of limits.

Mistress, Be not angry if I tell you, my love when once abused, may turn into a fury.

Without

Without doubt Madam, if the Gods, as Poets fancie, created Beauty it was their Master-peice, since they themselves are unable to oppose that force which they ordain'd.

Madam, It is impossible any one should see your beauty and not become a captive.

Madam, I shall forbear to talk of Beauty, or of Vertue, unless you are present.

Madam, I should be ignorant of what is rare, did not your Vertues instruct my understanding.

Madam, They that diminish your worth or Beautie, dare rob all that is good, and sin against truth it self.

Madam, It was the spring of your Beauty, that first rais'd in me those noble desires, which soon after burst'd into streams.

Dear Madam, Thus I embrace thee as my Wealth and Honor.

Fairest, Your absence will be death to him that loves you above all that can be dear or precious; should Armies keep us distant, I would charge through a Grove of Pikes, and encounter with Death himself, but I would gain you.

Madam, Your features bound me in fetters as soon as first I saw them, and the excellent endowments of your minde hath since retained me not onely your prisoner, but your servant.

Madam, You are the Epitome of Nature, in whom is compris'd all that favours of what is sweet or glorious.

Madam, give me leave to call you mine, and one day the effect shall be your own.

Dear Madam, spake once more, Angels will listen to the Musick of your Voice.

Madam, you have laid a charm upon my soul, my senses are captivated by the incomparable Harmony of your hand and voice.

Madam,

Madam, The thankful Lute shews how much it does rejoyce to be graced with the touch of your fingers.

Madam, It is the glory of great minds, to forgive great faults, and upon the acknowledgement of my error, you cannot finde an object more deserving your compassion.

Madam, May your own Vertues attend you ever, that you may continue as faithful to me, as I esteem you dear.

Madam, The chiefest grief I bear with me from this place, is the sence of leaving my heart where I cannot lay my self.

Madam, I have a heart, but it is worn in your breast.

Dear Madam, Conceal not your eyes from me, they are the two bright stars by which the Barque of my affections steer's to the wish'd for shore of my felicity.

Madam, I court the love of all, but yours I would purchase with my life.

Madam, Continue to be good, and hold him still in your memory, whose onely felicity it is to hope to be enshrined in so fair a monument.

Madam, I have been like a lump of Ice, till of late the heat of your favours, revived my besotted spirits, but the darts of your piercing eyes have so altered the whole frame of man in me, that I am become perfect flame, which nothing can quench but the pleasant streams of your love.

Madam, The Magnetick stone, observes not the summons of the North star, with more activity, than do your commands.

Madam, When I want a will to continue yours, may I no longer be my own.

Madam, You are already the most accomplished

Lady in the world, may Heaven compleat its bound in making you as happy as you are fair.

Madam, This kiss to your fair hand.

Madam, Be assured my love and loyalty shall be inseparable, while I have life to retain any affections for your beauty.

Fairest Virgin, Such is my zeal for your divine virtues, that though it is my ambition to live and love you, yet should an opportunity be offered, the constancy of my dying heart should manifest how much I am yours in death.

Madam, I will be steadfast as inviolated faith, immovable as a rock; and till death will glory in my constancy as the chiefest Jewel of my life.

Madam, My desires lie captiv'd at your feet; but one glance from your sparkling eyes, will enliven them again, and add a fresh Vigour to your languishing prostrate.

Dear Madam, Desire but my content, let me but have your wishes, and I will be in a continual thirst to do you service.

Madam, My inclination binds me as much to please you, as my duty does to serve.

Madam, 'Tis my misfortune to be but half made: Heaven hath given me desires, but not deserts.

Madam, I should be simple and unworthy, should I imagine this Present worthy your acceptance, since what we think are rarities are not truly so, unless by the character of your esteem.

Madam, I have sent you but a small token, choosing to be thought rather ignorant than ungrateful.

Madam, To abide with you, is to inhabit with Graces, since nature hath designed you for the storehouse of all her most excellent rarities.

Madam, Imagine me to be yours, and fear not but ere long the effects shall answer your expectations.

Dear Lady, Speak again, Angels will be mute and listen to your voice.

Madam, I am silenced with your breath, each word of yours lays a Charm upon my soul.

Madam, You are favourable in this that you will suffer me to make my own Apology.

Madam, You are Mistress of most rare perfections, such as command the world to express abundance of Duty, both by admiration and obedience.

Madam, In those smiling dimples, Cupid hath pitched his Tents.

Madam, You are all Vertue, from your sweet lip the morning gathers blushes.



Letters for all Occasions.

I. A Tender of Service to the Kings most excellent Majesty.

May it please your Majesty,

I Am not ignorant of the great presumption, where-
with at this time I give a trouble to your Majesty;
Nor can my deserts give me any hopes that the least
beam of your love should shine on any thing that in
me can be thought a merrit, since I have learned, you
may command in all things, and it is contrary to the
duty I owe to your Excellent Majesty to disobey in any.
But that your Majesty may know, you have a Subject
that durst be Loyal even in disloyal times, I have now
attempted to arrive at the height of my felicities,
C a which

which is not onely to be honest, but to be known to be

*Your Majesties most humble servant
and obedient subject.*

2. *A Tender of service to the Queens most excellent Majesty.
May it please your Majesty,*

THough I am a stranger to your Majesty, yet since I bear the glorious title of a Loyal Subject, I have hence assurance that your Majesty will vouchsafe to give this boldness a favourable aspect, for indeed I should doubt my own fidelity to my Royal Sovereign, should not your Majesty countenance my duty with an acceptance of my service; let me now onely beg the trouble of a pardon, and I shall for ever study as in duty bound, to manifest my self

*Your Majesties Loyal Subject,
and most humble Servant.*

3. *Respects from an Honorable Lady, to the Queen.
Madam,*

IF my passion had not over-ruled my reason, I would certainly have kept my Letters from becoming so mean an object for your sacred eyes, till some commandment of your own had put them upon occasion to give them attendance, but the care I have to preserve my self in the Honor of your memory, and favour, will not suffer me to continue any longer silent; I therefore most humbly pray your Majesty, to continue your self in assurance even from hence, that my devotions are ever aspiring to your Service; which yet I should half suspect to be less perfect, if my inclinations might not own as great a part of that ambition, as my obligations, but the one accompanying the other, will establish me for ever, in an unchangeable resolution of being,

*Madam, Your Majesties most
humble Servant.*

4. *A person of Quality to a worthy Lady, the one a Protestant, the other a Roman Catholick.*

Madam,

THough a sinner of one Religion, I am come to pay my vows to a Saint of another, for I approach to your presence with as profound a reverence as I am capable of bearing to a creature, when your Ladiship is pleased to pardon the presumption of your servants, you excel in goodness; but when withall you descend so low as to admit of their poor desires, for real services, you exceed your self; I have but little to say, but my heart would easily tell me of enough to do, if my power to serve you were correspondent to my will, yet howsoever I shall be daily praying that you may be as happy as the world knows you to be worthy; and especially that the expence of so ignorant a life as mine, may one day serve for some throw or stick, towards the erecting of that great building; Till then I am prostrate at your feet, and with a fervent zeal shall continue,

*Madam, the Adorer of your
Vertues, &c.*

5. *One Lady to another, with Complements of extreme kindness.*

Madam,

WHen neither the place nor the person can make a worthy oblation, that devotion were better mannered which should sacrifice to your memory upon the Altar of Silence; But yet so much desire I to live in yours, as that I rather choose to appear in this kinde to your trouble, than to suffer any thing like forgetfulness, to seem to entomb those affections of mine to your service; which want not Life, howsoever they are deprived of Lustre, wherewith to crown the

estimation which your worth hath begotten in my soul, and will certainly inhabit there, while there is any sence in

*Madam, the most affectionate of
all your servants.*

6. A Letter of kindness from one friend to another.

Sir,

YOU may imagine I dream or dote, otherwise I should not speak thus loud, nor thus far off, nor make so long a reach to you still, by the arms of my ill written lines; But I thought once you were near hand, and coming to visit me, when soon after I understood you design'd your self for other ends, which yet put me into such a Valiant choller, as some of them know who were nearest to me, and must bear with my humours; lest I should want them I might be angry with my self; for I can do nothing but in earnest, though that earnest, proves commonly as true a nothing, as if I were in jest; pray let me have an account of your health, and of those affairs wherein you may guess my love may say I am concerned, for be assured you shall never be owner of any care, whereof I will not have a part, either by taking, if you will give it; or else by stealing it, if you will not give it, but will needs be the first to offend justice so far, as to hide it from

Your most real, real friend, &c.

7. From one Friend to another.

Sir,

THe express of your goodness hath raised me to a degree of happiness, beyond even mine own power of wishing, and after such heighth of good fortune, this only regret can take hold of me, that you did impose something upon me as disagreeable, as
this

his was complying with the very utmost of my ambitious desires, that so I might thereby have had the satisfaction of giving you an experience, that I shall ever have an infinite joy in performing any Action, which by the difficulty thereof, may the better serve to express my obedience to your commands, as becomes, Sir,

Your most humble servant.

8. A Lady to a Gentleman, concerning his sick Mistress.

Sir,

I Was too sensible of those troubles which I left with you, not to enquire whether you are eased of part of them, or not; And therefore I beseech you, send me word how the Noble sick Lady doth, whose health I infinitely wish; both for your sake and mine own: Besides that, even the world is concerned, that so excellent a creature, who is so hardly found, may not be so quickly lost. Favor me in this particular, and the Kindness shall make me, Sir,

Your obliged servant.

9. The Gentlemans Answer, to a Lady concerning his sick Mistress.

Madam,

I Am infinitely engaged to you for the sence you have of my troubles, and the love you bear to the Life of my Life; she is yet extream ill, and yet so good, that I fear Heaven will deprive us of her Vertuous Society. I am so highly sensible of not onely yours and my own, but of the concerns of all that know her, that if there be not health enough in the world for us all, may heaven give her a liberal portion of it, though it be abated out of mine; so much I owe to her vertues, and not a little to your self, for your care of her, and Madam,

The humblest of your servants,

10. *The Lovers first Address to his Lady.**Madam,*

I Am indebted to my Friends for the knowledge of your Vertues, and to your self for the Acknowledgements you are pleased to exercise in your remembrance of me; a person who hath nothing to make him considerable, but what your favourable Opinion thinks fit to allow. And the custom whereby I am made over to misfortune, forbids me the hopes of conceiving that ever I can be so happy as to be admitted into the number of your Servants; which is infinitely desired by, Dear Madam,

*The Admirer of your Worth, &c.*11. *The Lovers Complemental Letter to his Mistress.**Incomparable Lady,*

I Was happy in receiving a Command from you, and shall be proud in my performance, since it is the glory of Kings and Princes to be concerned in your Service; Let but one accent fall from your divine lips, and the very windes are ready to convey it, the melody of your warbling Voice can charm the *Siren* to a silence, and compel the *Crocodile* to spare his dissembling sorrows. Dear Madam, the sight of your beauty is sufficient to create fresh blood in withered reins of age, and give a new life to expiring mortals: If you are sad, Angels themselves are so. Pardon my proximity, Divine Lady, I am in a Labyrinth greater than the Cave that enclosed the Cretan Minotaure; 'Tis easier to eat fire and not be burnt, or to cut Diamonds with Glass, than to speak your real Praise; O then how happy am I in your love! That love that gives Speech to a dumb man, that love that makes Ideots turn Orators, and inspires the Age with such admirable Fancies, that all people become Poets, onely out of a duty to your Deserts, that they celebrate your Praises,

Praises, which is a Task too great for them, as it is for, Excellent Lady,

Your sincere Admirer.

12. *The Ladies Return to her servants Lines.*

Kind Sir,

WHen I think of you, I am in a maze, insomuch that I suppose you to be every thing that is good; Majesty is placed on your brow, your Tongue for its eloquence may be Musick for the Gods, your looks are so pleasant and so airy, that *Cupid* appears there in his best grace; and when you walk, the earth doth humbly seem to shrink, as being sensible of the weight it bears. But hold, my passion runs beyond the bounds of modesty, Discretion now perswades to give the preheminence to *Pallas*, not to *Cupid*, you were pleased to try a Conclusion on my feminine Capacity, and you may believe (upon necessity) I can reverberate accordingly. But, Dear Sir, though I must acknowledge my affection is of a large extent, yet (since I have conversed with the Poets) I cannot but admire at the prodigiousness of your Sex in former times; should I believe all to be gold that glisters, I might see my error as well as others have done before; however Sir, I dare not apprehend you to be otherwise than Noble, a little more experience may wipe off all my womanish suspicion, for such is my high esteem of your worth already, that I want but little of saying how much I am

Yours.

13. *A Ladies fore-warning her Friend of another Ladies Society.*

Sir,

Perhaps you may pretend that this procedure of yours is onely to awaken me, for the better tryal of my faith and constancy; but believe me, it is not

safe to jest with edged tools, or to play with fire; Nor is it any ways commendable in you, to associate your self with the wanton Lady, I need not name her, since you know to whom that Epithete belongs. 'Tis true, she is reported to be handsome, there is then the more danger, and wiser men than you have been ensnared with the bewitched Allurements of a strange woman: To be merry with a Lady, or to converse and walk, and use language tending to Courtship, with a Lass that delights to hear her self commended, is frequent with men, and may be born with, when managed with discretion, but to stake your reputation upon so slender an account as to offer Courtship to that same piece of Vanity, argues much fondness, little wit, and less constancy: Let me therefore earnestly desire you, for the sake of your own fair credit, to forbear these extravagancies, that you may rid me of that suspicion which as yet lies heavy upon my heart, I shall then retain the same opinion of you which I have hitherto had, that you are a man master of your self, and too true a Lover to admit of any other sharers in your affections but my self, since our late Contract, and the Truth of a Gentleman, have laid such a lawful Injunction upon you. Pray, if you are minded to cure my distracted thoughts, use some sudden means, lest my distemper grow too violent for a remedy, till then I shall (not rest but) remain

Yours, even in impatience.

*14. One Ladies Advice to another, near Marriage.
Good Soul,*

[T is an unruly Age we live in, and my love hath occasioned this trouble to you: I understand there is a Gentleman Mr. A.B. is extremely prodigal of his pretences to you, in the way of Love and Marriage: my Caution is onely this, that you have an eye to your
OWN

own welfare, build not upon empty promises, for if you once suffer him to please his humour before he is firmly yours, you will certainly forfeit your own Honor. Consider, as he is above you in purse, and the portions of this life, (Beauty onely excepted, for of that Nature hath given you a bountifull proportion) whether his intentions are real or feigned, make him your own, and then if you fall in two, (you may understand the phrase, by observing the occasion) he will be bound by the Laws of God and Nature, to bear a part with you in whatsoever happens. The truth is, I had not taken upon me to give you this admonition, did not report speak loudly of his passion for you, and of his conditional promises to be yours hereafter, if you consent to be his first: Such a love hath subtle limits, and more *Meanders* than a harmless maid can easily discover. It is reported too, that you incline somewhat to believe him, and are apt to think he means nothing but what is honorable, yet know this from one more experienced in things of this nature than you are, that if he should perform his Vow to you after he hath feasted his appetite, yet such a Breach in your reputation, will continually admit of strange sallies, checks, and opprobrious terms, as Strumper, Slut, Light House-wife, &c. and what did you afford me, that another man might not have had? and when the glass is once broken, it is not easily cemented: Dear Soul, keep heaven about you, and let good thoughts guard your innocency, so shall your Honor be unspotted, and your life happy; which is the earnest desire of

Your cordial friend and servant, &c.

19. *A Lover to his false Mistress.*

Stain to thy Sex,

Hath modesty now forsook thee, that thou durst abuse that affection, that adored thee? did I
ma-

manifest my self a dotard to gain thy love, and having had a multitude of promises from thee, of constancy and firm affection, darest thee now to admit of anothers flame? Now thou seemest more deformed than ever I thought thee fair, so ugly a Monster is Ingratitude. By this I do perceive thou didst enjoin me to smother our affections, onely that thy new servant might not have any occasion to be jealous; I will hate thee for thine own sake, and him; for robbing me, although but a trifle; And that my revenge may soar high enough to reach thy Perjury, I will begin with him, and then proclaim thy lechery, and how thou hast disserted me, after a long League of Friendship, after thou hadst past thy Vows to be none but mine, and hast admitted a stranger to thy bosome: Was it for this that I delighted daily to be praising thee? How did I spend my time in making *Encomiums* upon thy Beauty, Vertue, and thy Person that I once so much admired? I will now study to contradict my own fond opinion, and so decipher thee, that thou shalt seem as odious to the world, as thou dost to me, else let Fate do so, and more to

Base Wretch,

Thine once, but now his own.

16. *On sending a Book.*

Madam,

THat you may perceive I do not forget you, let this poor Present inform you; it is the Famous Romance, Entituled, *Pharamond*, and written by the Author of *Cassandra and Cleopatra*, were it not a Piece of great worth, I should not have thought it fit for your perusal; However were it otherwise, I dare assure my self it would not be unwelcome, since to question that, were to doubt of your good will to

Madam,

Your faithful servant.

17. *A*

17. *A Lady to her discourteous Lover.*

Sir,

T Here was a time, and that within your own memory, that you were pleased to flatter me with the glorious Titles of *Divine Mistress, Most Accomplished Lady*, and what not? Yet to manifest the frailty of all these Expressions, and how little you meant what you so often reiterated, you were lately pleased to give me a flat denial to my poor request. Certainly Sir, I should have been commanded by you in concerns of higher moment, and not onely so, but that your slighting of me may be more apparent, you have not bellowed your Visits as you use to do: If I have given you any occasion thus to estrange your self, I should not think you so blame-worthy as at present I take you to be; But that you may see I am not quite void neither of good nature, nor affection, I must needs confess I do somewhat doubt my own deserts, as well as your disposition, and am resolved to continue, till you shall totally renounce me,

Wholly yours.

18. *A Brother, on the occasion of his Brothers not writing.*

Dear Brother,

T Hough your occasion enforce you to turn Tenant to your own time, yet I had thoughts that such a trifle as my self, might be admitted into your memory, at some interval or other. It is now four or five Letters you are indebted to me for, however I confess my self so much engaged to you on other account, that I fear you would think your self too great a looser, should we but quit scores. Dear Brother, cast an eye upon your Books, when perhaps I appear amongst your Debtors, you will make more of me than a blank, or cypher; which that you may do,

do, I will still bear the badge of your obligations, and when I appear false, let me be cast aside as none of your Coyn, but as a Counterfeit : in the mean time, Sir, call me what you please, so you pardon the Errors of this trouble, which I concluded might be more fitly offered, than my acknowledgements should be concealed; but I shall sin no further against your patience, onely believe me to be, as formerly,

Your affectionate Brother to command.

19. A Gentleman to a Lady, in his Friends behalf.

Madam,

THrough an ardent desire to become your debtor, I have attempted to crave a favor of you in behalf of a Friend, whose deserts when once known, will speak both his thanks and commendations; I am advertised by him that there is a Lady, to whose young Beauty you have no small relation, and he having a passion for her, knows not how to gain the favorable opportunity to kiss her hands; 'Tis therefore my request, that you remember me when you see him, and if you can further his resolutions, be assured the acknowledgement shall be great, as your civility, and with all observance paid by, Madam,

Your real Friend and Servant.

20. Another to the same purpose.

Madam,

Pardon me if I tell you, you cannot be just, if you spare your civilities to me, since my affection is such to your service, that I shall ever esteem it the glory of my life, to be employed by your commands; since therefore necessity doth compel you, receive this Gentleman as my Friend, that I may honor your merits, and endeavor to get some for my self, that I may

may be the more capable of performing those duties which shall become due from, Madam,

Your very Servant, &c.

21. *A Letter of Complements from one Friend to another.*

Sir,

YOU have so well studied the Art how to oblige, and withal how to express your favors, that for my part I am ignorant how to proclaim either my thanks or services without a blush, for putting so harmless a creature in so ill a habit; Nor indeed shall I ever be able to satisfy my self therein, unless I could tell, with a safe conscience, how to play the thief, and steal your words and actions from your self. Let me now onely adventure to tell you, that it is a kinde of tyranny in you, to make me so much your servant by force, who was walking so fast that way, upon the feet of mine own free will. We have here nothing noteworthy, but that we all live so fairly in friendship, as if faction were a stranger to our train; As for my self, if I were any thing, the love I bear you would multiply it, and the favors which I receive by you, would dignifie it; And howsoever, the honor of your Commands, if I may hope for them, will give me such a being, as without immodesty I will boast of to the universe; Nor shall any soul be found more faithful to any ones commands, than mine to

Yours.

22. *An Answer to the former Letter.*

Sir,

I Have been in your debt too long for your last Letter, the words whereof were delivered by your own choice hands, as so many fair pictures drawn by an experienced Artift, onely let me tell you, I can discover a little daubing here and there, but as you are
my

my friend, I dare not doubt your ingenuity. Indeed I do not think it possible for entire affection to be more generously express'd, I can but return thanks to you, or rather indeed such an answer, as may better consist of thoughts than words. I must crave your pardon, now I am compell'd to let you know I have scarce time enough allowed me to say how much I am, Sir,

Your very faithful Servant.

23. *The Lover to his deliberating Mistress.*

My only Joy,

WH should strange fancies, and indigested humours create a breach in that affection which hath been so often, and so firmly knit between you and I? If I have offered any occasion for your dislike, let me be unpardonable; but if you will give me flights and neglects for my real love, it is you must be unjust: for shame let not any dispute be raised now, just now that we are travelling in the way to our felicity. From whence come these ingestions of yours, that things will look hereafter with a worser face, and that you fear your condition will have an ill change? Do you hold intelligence with heaven? Or can you divine, or dive into the hidden mysteries, or secret cabinet of a Deity? Pray recollect your thoughts, and remember what affectionate promises, nay firm protestations, did not long since pass between us, then, when we called the little Birds, and the listening silent Streams to be witnesses to our Oaths: Remember those silver drops which I so often courted to catch as they then glided from your eyes; if all this shall seem as musick too harsh for your ears, I must take the liberty to exclaim: But I dare not show so much rigour towards you, you whom I so much love and honor, I will rather accuse my own merits, or my fortune, since my only happiness is taking wing, and the Life of my Life thinks me un-

unworthy to be beloved ; However, my resolution is fixed, do you study to be unkinde , my heart shall nevertheless continue either

Your Servant, Or, your Sacrifice.

24. *Civil Complements from one Friend to another.*

Sir,

TO be Civil is to be Noble, and both these Qualities extel in you, it is therefore needless for me to give you thanks, or acknowledgements for your favors to me, since your generosity will never make me a debtor, for what you paid to your own inclination and vertue : I received your Letter in such a time of solitude, that my heart bade it most freely welcome ; for your lines did not onely pleasure me , but engage me, insomuch that I am hugely desirous to have more such Visitants , after they have taken leave of onely your hand ; for by those marks I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at your condition, whether in health or not : Since then it will be such a satisfaction to me to hear from you, I beg of you to engage me once more, that I may use my endeavors to contribute somewhat to your content, for it is the chiefest aspiring hopes of,
Your eternal Friend.

25. *A Gentleman to his Lady, whom he fears would make a New Choice.*

Dear Soul,

WHAT Melody can be sweeter Musick , than the simpathizing of our Loves, I am not able to divine , and am apt to believe the point may puzzle your wit , although it be a pregnant one. Then since (at least) I esteem my self in Paradise whilest I am in your favour , wherefore , Oh wherefore doth report whisper to me, that you (whom I ever took to be firm as truth) should now begin to waver in your thoughts to me ? Dear Heart, let me not be forgotten in a moment,

ment, let not me whom your Beauty and your Vertues have ravished with admiration, become so vainly expensive of my time, as to loose that Jewel, dear to me as my life. I will not, nor dare I believe you can be so unkinde, but shall hereafter tell the erring world you are all goodness, and that there are those Ladies even in this our age, that will not forget their Vows, and know how to be constant in the best, or worst of times, as well as, Most worthy Lady,

Tours, in the bonds of true affection.

26. *A rich old Gentleman, to a fair young Virgin.*

Young Lady,

Let not my years be an obstacle to your love, since I have those gifts of fortune, that will not onely maintain our affections, and keep the fire of love in a continual flame, but will also afford you all those Ornaments which Art hath designed for the adorning such tender and beautiful Buds of Nature: Besides, though I come not to you with a powdred Lock, or in the mode of a young Gallant, yet know my Girl, my zeal for you can be as hot, and as sincere, as the sprucest Pretenders in the world: and if age doth make me seem in your apprehension, as a withering tree, yet I have Gold will keep its colour, and it is that which in this world is ones best friend. Pray have me in your thoughts, and I shall watch for an opportune season, wherein I may make my self farther known to be, Fairest Lady,

Your most affectionate Servant.

The Answer.

27. *A beautiful young Virgin, to a decrepit, rich, old Gentleman.*

Grave Sir,

You are too far distant from me in years, to be admitted into my affections, since you are arrived to

to the pitch of Dotage, and I yet ignorant of what is Love; However, I must do you so much justice as to commend your discretion, for fishing with a Golden Bait; for believe me, next to Beauty, I cannot imagine any thing to be more taking among mortals, than the glorious name of Wealth: I could be content to keep my Coaches, my Pages, Lackeys, and Maids, but I confess I could never endure the society of a bald pate; How can you think, Reverend Sir, that I should love you, when by the temptations which you offer, you clearly manifest your opinion, that if I should marry, it must be to your Gold, rather than to you: I confess a Silver Myne is a pretty toy for a thing of my years to dote on, but I have a childish humour peculiar to my self, that is, never to humble my affections so, as that they suffer Treasure, as a Load-stone, to draw them to its beck. 'Tis true, wealth will be welcome to me, to maintain my Train, but the Person of that more lovely creature, Man, will ever be more welcome to a Maids Embraces. Can you think me so weak, as to exchange the Flower of my Youth, for a bundle of Snow, or rotten Dirt? No Sir, Gold with a man is good, admirably good, but it is Man that in the School of Love, passes for the principal Verb; for my own part, rather than joy in my self to a meer wedge of Gold, I shall choose to accept of a bundle of Rags, so they have any affinity to a Man.

*Old men are grey, Old men are grey,
I'm a lassy bonny young Lass,
And I prishet Old man away.*

By this time, good old man, you know my minde; be wise, and wed your self to heaven, and I shall thank you, if in your death, you remember to bequeathe your Gold to

Your young Adviser.

28. *A Letter of Courtesy from Friend to Friend.*

Sir,

I Have no kindness for this Letter, for I heartily wish it lost, that you may finde me before it perform the service it was sent for: But you may perceive by its contents (for they are short) that I hope it will not be long ere you make me happy in your company. I am the more easily perswaded it will be suddenly, since I am informed you are about the Equinoctial of your return to Town, and my earnest desire to see you, may convince you that I hold you to be as it were a Sun in my Hemisphere. My occasions compel me to forsake my usual road of being tedious, and must conclude with that real truth of being, Sir,

Yours undivided, though at distance.

29. *One Gentlewoman to another in behalf of a Friend.*

Sir,

ERe I had so much good fortune, as to thank you for your former kindnesses, I am opportuned by an honest friend to recommend him to your favor; He hath an humble suit to you, and as he assures me, a very just one, and hath omitted other opportunities, onely that it might pass your hands. Sir, if you have any good will left for me, pray bestow part of it on him, and let the rest plead my excuse for this fresh presumption, which if you please to interpret as a desire I have to serve you, you will judge aright of

Your debtor, and humble servant.

30. *The forsaken Maid, to her treacherous Friend.**Most unkinde Man,*

IT is my exceeding wonder that you should be one, to make up the number of those that dare to be wicked; Now do I see my folly, when I hugg'd you in my bosom, and believed those Oaths and Protestations,

tions, which you have most villanously broke: Now can I call to minde the advice my experienced friends gave me, never to trust to the pretentious of your Sex; Oh! can you see me on my knees, with wet and swollen eyes, and yet not learn to love me, nor hate your self! Or have you no regard to that innocent lamb, as yet but in my womb, which though of a small Volumn, yet it is but your self in a leslier Frame: if you believe, or but think it is not yours, let me be ript up, and then you will perceive each member to bear the true image of your own, and your name is likewise near it, for since you told me it should be called, I wrote it in my very heart. I have nothing more to say, but onely to desire you to be so true to your self and me, as to remember and perform your Vow; if not, be so merciful as to rid me of a loathsom life, for if you do neither, my disgrace will be publick, and rather than live your Strumpet, I should esteem it a greater happiness (since my misfortunes have brought me to the misery) to die.

Your Sacrifice.

31. *The Lady to her importunate Lover.*

Sir,

Since you are resolved to be troublesome, I shall likewise resolve to be impatient; let me not be any more perplexed with your impertinent pretences, or assure your self, if my advice be slighted; and you continue as vain as formerly, I have so much interest in those that have worth and honor, as to engage them to correct your insolency, and that not with Fist or Cane, but Weapons less vulgar, and more dangerous, therefore be advised before it be too late, since I am designed for another, and not likely however to be

Thurs.

The Answer.

32. *The Lover to his Threatning Lady.**Worthy Lady,*

CAN you think I can live, and want your love ? Or can you imagine I can fear Death it self , when I am inspired by the thoughts of you ? I will not be so uncivil as to tax you with cruelty, or say your heart is made of Adamant , but be assured who ever dares be so vainly proud as to assault me, I have a Sword sharp as his , and a Pistol that barks as loud as his; but if I chance to fall in so fair a Quarrel, my Soul is so entirely fixt to your vertues, that if any chance afterward to injure you , or defile your honor, it will appear in your defence, for I have made it my resolution to be, Dear Madam,

*Yours living, or in death.*33. *A Letter of Enquiry, from friend to friend.**My good Friend,*

I Am designed now to be troublesome to you , but it is onely that I may be satished in two points, first I am to tell you , I live as a thing without rest or patience, and shall continue so , till I hear how you escaped in the late accident ; for I hold my self concerned in all your dangers , and shall readily enlarge mine, so I may contract yours. But if I may suppose (as well as hope) that you are safe, the next happiness that my ambition aims at , is your society ; which if I can obtain, I may perhaps recover my understanding, and shall thereby be the more enabled to render all acknowledgements due from

*Your Friend, so love and serve you.*34. *Comfortable Advice to a Friend on the death of a Son, or other near Relation.**Dear Sir,*

I Am hugely sensible of your great loss, and as great grief , and that is it that hath given wing to my affe-

affections, thus to advise you, as you are a Christian, not to afflict your self too much, since it was the pleasure of Almighty God to summon his servant to himself, cast your self into the arms of his Mercy, and he will certainly give you a full measure of Comfort; for it is that is the Fountain of Consolation, nor doth any thing in this poor world happen by chance, but according to his divine Pleasure and Counsel, sin onely excepted; nor is any thing accidental to him, though they seem so to us, for his wisdom hath ordained all things from all eternity: And if a little Sparrow, or a hair of our Head have a share in his Providence, consider then, how such an infinite Power, which is vested with such an infinite wisdom and goodness, can possibly let any thing arrive to any such creature, as for whom he died, which shall not be absolutely good and necessary for him. For Jesus sake, Sir, be your self, or rather petition to him, that in this urgent occasion you may be more than so: God make, and keep you ever happy, or make you less miserable than I fear you are now making your self. This is, and shall be the desires and prayer of, Sir,

Your cordial well-wisher, and very humble servant.

35. *A Tender of Service to a Mistress.*

Divine Lady,

YOU are the first to whom I ever became bound in the bonds of Love, and hold it as well my duty as my interest, no longer to conceal how much I honor and admire you. I had thoughts, Madam, divers times to acquaint you herewith before, since it hath been my great happiness to be admitted into your fair presence, but durst not take the confidence till now; if my affections have been too powerful for my discretion, and so compelled me to commit an error,

ror, I doubt not your goodness will excuse it, since it was purely out of a sincere zeal to do you service; nor could I dissemble my ambition any longer. Let it suffice, Dear Lady, that I am now a prisoner to your Beauty, and from the Bar of Love do make it my suit, that you please to honor me with a favorable answer to these Lines, that you may enable me to make a happy Reply, or otherwise such a one as may be too late esteemed unhappy, as bearing the doleful tidings of his fate, that vows to be

Tours, though in death.

The Answer.

36. *A disdainful Lady to her Servant.*

Sir,

I Received your amorous Epistle, and cannot, as I am a Woman, and a Christian, but have so much charity as to pity, though I cannot love you, since it is a duty I confess I conceive to be due to all persons either Sick or Lunatick: but I confess my nature is of another constitution, for you are the first, to my remembrance, that I ever hated, which now at length I thought good to let you know, because indeed I do not apprehend how you deserve my dissimulation; Let it suffice, I shall study to revenge this insolency, but yet so, as not to honor you with the knowledge of how, or wherein: And as for the felicity which you think you have, in being able to make a Reply, either happy or unhappy, you may choose whether it shall be made, or not: but if it comes to my hands, it shall then be at my choice, whether to be burned, or read, for the sake of a little laughter. But my advice is, that you spare the pains, for it will be but lost labor upon

Your Friend, if you will be your own.

37. *A sick Lady to a Gentleman.*

Sir,

I Hough I want strength to express my self so amply as I would; yet this may serve to let you see I do not forget you, though I am indisposed to think of any: but there is no thanks due from you for this civility, since I do it for my own advantage, for I always finde such a satisfaction in all the respects which I pay you, as that I expect, if not an amendment, yet a contentment at the least from the honor which I give my self of saying with abundance of truth, that I am

Exceedingly yours.

The Answer.

38. *A Gentleman to a sick Lady.*

Madam,

IF I were able to express the Joy which I received from your late Letter, I am confident you would not be ill pleased with mine; yet though the Letter was most freely welcome, as being your Ambassador, I confess when its Errand was delivered, whereby I understood the condition you were in, I could not forbear some passionate incivilities to the poor Paper, but I do not despair of obtaining your pardon for it; for, you ever profess to love kindness, and I am very believing, that you cannot finde more in the heart of any creature than mine. That I may conclude, you may in time be brought to think so, be pleased to follow my Advice; be extream careful to preserve your self this Winter, for the season will not easily assist you towards a speedy Recovery. but I hope the prayers of all your friends will, and I want not the consolation of believing that some use may be made of his, who is Madam,

Infinitely yours, to serve you.

D

39. The

39. *The Lover to his unbelieving Mistress.**Fairest Lady,*

IT is my unhappiness to love, and not to be believed, what assurance shall I render to satisfy your credulity, if death or danger may convince you, but your commands, and then let your experience be the Judge. Is there that wretch that hath offended you, name him, and make me your scourge, or shall I combat with some furious Lion, or try my strength against an angry Bear? These, or what may seem more dreadful shall be eagerly performed, since fortune must needs favour those whom your love inspires; let me but once obtain that, and I shall fear nothing but a surfeit of Joy and Happiness, as being mortal, yet Bright Goddess,

*Your humble Votary.**The Answer.*40. *The Lady to her Lover.**Dear Sir,*

I Received your late Epistle, which was not with me before I wished it; but give me leave to tell you, I do observe your affection to be but lukewarm. for (though I do not delight in great Titles yet) I know it hath been usual, and is still, for Lovers when they have an occasion to express their zeal for a Lady, to give all their adornments that the Art of Words or Memory can add to a deserving Beauty. This I say only to inform you, that I can notify your neglect in this particular. But I will conclude it was either your bashfulness, or else your subtlety to try my simplicity and love; But for the future pray remove all doubts, and assume no more a Counterfeit for liberty of trying my patience, when you know I would pull out my own heart did it entertain a thought of alteration; fear not me, but do you your self remember those

those protestations you have so solemnly and devoutly made, and thereby enflamed my affection. Let Virtue and constant Love be still your inseparable Companions, so may you conclude, I shall esteem you my treasure, and will be no less

Tours, to perpetuity.

41. *The Lover to his Mistress, having gained her affection.*

Life of my Love.

BEing overjoyed for the great treasure I am lately blessed with, I could not contain myself till I had wrote to thee, to assure thee once more of the great felicity I enjoy since the happy Contract between thy dear self, and me; I never was really happy till now, I had before but a meer glance of Paradise, but now an absolute possession; now all my joys are become acquainted with my sense, before I was onely made up of Fancies and Airy imaginations; I had then but a glimpse of those fair flowers, the Roses and Lillies of thy cheeks, but am now happily arrived to the unimaginable pleasure of gathering. My senses are much too narrow to entertain their bounteous flowings, they have fed even to a surfeit, and I have nothing more to fear, than my happiness, lest excess swell me till I burst: Then will Cupid be more cruel than before, since when I was but sick of love, and dangers were not so great as now; But why do I talk of danger? I will fear nothing whilst I have thy love to guard me, for by the force of that, I dare promise myself not onely happiness and safety, but all the blessings that can attend a zealous Lover, as I have been and will be, while I have power to be (my Dear)

Thine onely, and for ever.

41. *A Gentleman to his Lady, upon his urgent occasions of taking a Journey.*

Honored and dear Lady,

HAd not Christianity tyed me to a stricter rule, I could even curse the severity of my fate, since necessity compels me to be banished from you, and consequently from my self; for let me go never so far distant, my heart will be always in your custody, and the thoughts of your dear Self, shall be my onely consolation. But that I should be thus enjoyned to remove my person from you, in whom consisteth all my comfort and delight, is no small grief to me, especially considering the life I apprehended in your favour, the Heaven that I discovered in your Smiles, and all those *Elixirum* Joys that adorned your countenance; yet since it must be so, be assured, my Dear, Dear, I shall not forget the Vows of my Devotion, and I will be proud to publish your Vertues to the ignorant world, till I become completely happy in an Experience of your Constancy; nor shall I move in any other Sphere than what your influence doth govern, and will sooner languish to the worst of Deaths, than love any but your Divine self. Thus my (onely Joy) leaving my heart in your tuition, I onely beseech you to be tender of it, for its own, for yours, or for my sake, and in expectation of my happy return, I rest

Your faithful humble servant.

The Answer.

43. *A Lady to her Lover, upon his taking a Journey.*

Dear Sir,

I Would pour forth as many Curses on my fate as you can invent for yours, but that I have an ambition to be like you in all things, especially in what become,

becomes a Christian, and a Lover. But since, as you say, necessity doth compel you to take a Journey, (and I dare not doubt the least account of your lips) I must study to be content, and to exercise all that patience Heaven will be pleased to afford my Prayers; and since you have honored me with the custody of so great a charge as is your most noble Heart, be confident I shall cherish it as the Apple of mine own Eye, and as a Hostage for my fidelity and your security, I assign you mine, be equally careful of it, as you honor your self, or me, and I shall be no less studious to declare your worth, than to preserve my own fame, which never can be tainted while I remain, as I have resolved,

Yours ever, in constancy and service.

44. *A crack't Virgin to her deceitful Friend, who hath forsok her for the love of a Strumpet.*

Base Man,

NOW you appear so foul, that nothing can be more monstrous; is this the fruit of your Promises, and Vows, was it for this that you so often swore you never spoke to me without the thoughts of a pure love, and ambition to be mine, and that you never let fly an Oath in my presence, but when your heart was enflamed by a fire of Vertue, and that in all your actions, worth was the Load-stone that attracted your industry; how comes it then to pass, that you forsake me, ruine my Reputation, and leave me to become the Map of Shame and Ignominy; and not onely so, but with a wretch'd confidence glory in your impiety, and think to wipe off all your injurious actions with a slight or careless humor; and this reproach that is like to befall to you as well as me, is occasioned through a lascivious love which you bear to an impudent Woman; nay, a known

Strumpet, whose eyes discover in sparkles the deceitfulness of her heart, and whose very smiles are more ominous than the tears of a dissembling Crocodile; for shame consider, if not for my sake, for your own. What delights or conversation can you enjoy in the company of a lude Whore, who loves another as well and better than she doth you, or one indeed that hath no real affection for any? I fear the custome of your sinning, hath taken away the sense of your own good, and you are grown deaf, and desperate, otherwise you durst not provoke the divine Vengeance, or expose your self to Vertues Curses, and the scorn of all good men, for the notorious injuries you have done (perhaps to others but too soon) to

Wicked Wretch,

Your friend, till you abused her.

45. *The Lady to her slandered Servant.*

Sir,

WHen you were last with me, there passed some circumstance of affection between us both, but having considered the great affair that we then had under consultation, I must desire your pardon, if I crave leave to recal my forward fondness, since my fortunes and my happiness lie at stake; not that I do utterly determine to abandon all manner of good will for you; but onely that little time may satisfy me concerning some reports of you that have lately reached my ears. Sir, I hope they are false, and in that confidence, I gave neither credit nor countenance to the former; but till I may be convinced they are so, 'Tis my request that you shew your love by abstaining from any further visits to

Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

The Answer.

46. *The slandered Lover to his Lady.*

Most worthy Lady,

I know not how to render you sufficient thanks for that Noble favour, so glorious, and therefore like your self, neither to countenance my accuser, nor condemn me till you had heard my answers; Honour'd Lady, it is not unknown to you, that I dare not do any thing of justice to you, and that I have been ready, and will be so, to lay my life at the feet of your service, so far I am from fastning a falshood on your fair Honour, that the proudest he that durst do it, shall know I will be ambitious to justify you, and correct him; and that I speak truth, there need no greater argument than my zeal for you, when I would not allow of the least whispering against you, even then when you were most unkind to me; therefore Good Madam, continue your wonted worth, and those good thoughts you once had of me, and be assured, if I cannot be so happy as to thrive in your estimation, yet through a glory I have to be seen in your service, I will never suffer any to traduce your fame, and if I cannot obtain the Honour of being your servant, I shall be happy in the Title of

Madam,

Your slave, or vassal.

47. *The Jealous Lover to his beloved.*

Dear heart,

You cannot but understand the extream perplexities that persecutes the whole frame of my minde; it is occasioned through a cordial love, which I bare to you, to you sweet Lady, why then will you be so severe to expose me to the hazards of desperation, if you have any love, pity, or reason, give some assurance, at least encouragement, that in time

I may be happy, otherwise while I consider your excellent Vertues, the incomparable Endowments of the Divine Soul, I mistrust my own merits, and you thereby become cruel in setting me upon the torments of suspicion; O think not that I can retain the Idza of your Beauty without the hopes of enjoying you, or the absolute ruine and desolation of my self: Dear Soul, it is not the frownings of a Father, or Brother, that I value, but if you frown, or storm, or seem angry, you shoot a dart into my bosom; since your sorrow is my suffering, and your complaints are to me an Agony worse than death; therefore Divine Lady; be like your self, vertuous, constant, and resolved; give some life to my hopes, remove my jealousy, that I may expect to call you mine, and be Master of my own senses, that I may be convinced there shall not need any further expostulation, since I discourse with an understanding Lady, and dare assure the world there are Women in it of worth, vertue, and sincerity, that scorn to be disloyal, as much as doth, My onely Joy,

Yours onely, to be commanded.

The Answer.

48. A Lady to her Jealous Lover.

Suspicious Sir,

WHat occasion have I given you to retain any evil or doubtful thoughts of my love or modesty? it is true, and probably you have heard it, a Gentleman lately was pleased to bestow a visit on me; nor could I do less than afford him a civil salutation. Sir, I am not ignorant of the severity of the *Italians* exercise; but we are now in *England*, where the practice of humanity acquaints us with the true use of conversation; I know too, that Love is always seasoned with a smack of Jealousie, however your own wisdom,

dom, and the confidence I thought you had of me, might inform you, that an uncorrupted heart is Cannon proof against temptations as well as slanders: But to satisfy you, if you dare rely on my word, there passed not a Syllable between us, which a Divine, or you your self might not have heard, otherwise be confident, if there had been no limits to the hands of respecting you, I should yet have had a regard to my own credit, and neither have given ear to immodest parley, or any undecent carriage. Be from henceforth confident of my Loyalty, for in a little time it shall convince you, that I love you truly, and with so sincere a resolution, as to be, Sir,

Yours, not to live without you.

49. *Civilities from one Lady to another.*

Dear Madam,

MY Ambition is still to continue in your favor, yet that may prove as importunate as it is unjust, because I never could deserve it, yet I have no power to frustrate the effect of that whereof you warrant the Cause which occasions my admiring of your worth. And since you have been pleas'd to assure me of your friendship, and your favour, I can do no less than offer my service, which shall ever be in readiness to attend your Commands: I have had some young Gallants with me of late, who promise more Visits, and have sent some Complements; by the next I hope to be better furnished with somewhat new, to accompany what I have so often said, and shall perpetually, that I am, Madam,

Yours, wholly at your Command.

50. *A Gentlemans request (for a sum of Money)
to his Friend:*

Sir,

A Cause me not for my Ambition to be still in your favour, since by that I freely beg what I would not ask, nor care to receive from any body whom I do not onely affect, but extreamly honour; The urgency of my occasions have prevailed with me, to send this messenger to you for the sum of, &c. onely for one moneths time, at the expiration of which, you shall be certainly paid. Sir, you may well wonder, how I that deserved so little, can so confidently desire so much; but my unwillingness to forscit my word with one Friend, hath put me to engage it to another. This suit if you will please to grant, you will infinitely oblige me, however if you deny me, I should be ungrateiul and unworthy should I disown those engagements which have otherwise made me sufficiently

Your Debtor, and your Servant.

51. *A Lady to a Gentleman, on his Recovery from
a Fit of Sicknefs.*

Noble Sir,

BY your favour, which is a great one, I have met with the good News I hoped for; I mean your Recovery from those dangers your late Sicknefs was said to threaten. I had the unhappy intelligence from one whom I knew to be just in his reports, and I was therefore bound in Honour as well as Conscience to believe him: But now you are well, I am safe, and not in so much danger of being frighted by the mis-reports of others. Here are now so many
about

about me, and they chatting at all once, that I can with difficulty write one word of sense, however my heart like a Carriers horse, trots in the old path and pace, and cannot be distracted from resolving, nor my hand from expressing that I am, and shall be ever

Your very Friend, and Servant.

51. *The Recovered Gentleman, to the aforesaid Lady.*

Madam,

MY indisposition hath been double, the want of health and your good company, which hath been most particularly desired; since my inclination invites me to take a pleasure in your Society, your Letter was extreamly welcome, you may believe me, Madam, for you cannot but know with what respect I have continually adored your favours, in recompence for all I have received, and what I may not despair to hope for, I will serve you Madam, if I can not onely from one end of the world to the other, but from this very day, to the last of my life, and shall defie all your commands, if they shall dare to exceed my inclination and resolution to obey. I will not crave your pardon for not writing till now, since the King, if he will be just, cannot punish me for not performing impossibilities; nor will you, I know, be so unmerciful now I want the use of my own hand, to deny me another mans. But though I have been his Debtor for it hitherto, I will make hard shift to subscribe my self now, and ever, Madam,

Your obsequious Servant.

53. *The Lover to his Mistress, upon his fear of her entertaining a new Servant.*

Fairest Lady,

WHat can there be to compose an accomplished minde, that you want? Beauty, Generosity, a Noble Birth, solid Wisdom, affable Demeanor, insomuch Lady, that you are truly the Center where all the Graces meet, and you do not onely approach absolute Perfection, but enjoin all others to a high and fervent Observation; nor can I boast of any respects I do you, since your Vertues command more than I am able to wish, and it is my glory, and I esteem it the pride of my life to justifie my soules desire to serve you, and an honour to my Bondage, that I may be accepted for your slave. Command me then most Excellent Lady, but withal remember that your Commands be love; for without love I can have no life, nor do I value death so I may bear your love with me to the grave; Yet, my Dearest Lady, let me not be mistook, though I am happy in being your subject, yet, like a Sovereign Prince, I cannot endure a Competitor; The feud being much alike between Rivals for Love, and those for Kingdoms; I have more of man in me, to brook anothers Claim, especially any presumptuous hand to seize my right. Let me beseech you then, for Humanity sake, and Vertues, for yours and mine, to use a circumspection, lest you betray your Vertue to Corruption, or my small stock of Valour to irrecoverable dangers. For be assured, if my hopes are frustrated either by your will, or ignorance, I will defie the world, you, all women for your sake, and my self; but if any daring Arm shall stretch it self out in violence to your Honor, I will in duty force it to retire, or make it perish in the extension, and be extreemly happy if my best blood may be expended in the service, since I have

have vowed to entertain the Resolution of being,
Madam,

Mons but yours,

and

Yours till death.

34. *A Fair young Virgin, to an old Rich Miser,
whom her Guardian did design should Wed her.*

Honorable Sir,

FOR I must ever acknowledge the truth of that old Proverb, that says *Age is honorable*; for all that, give me leave to tell you, though I am under the tuition of another, yet I am Mistress of my own affections; and in truth, neither your wisdom, your gravity, no nor your riches can charm me to affect you; Sir, be so much your self as to desist from your suit to me; be in charity with the world, and in love with Heaven; build Hospitals, that you may merit the prayers of the poor, and spend not your precious time in dotage upon a Woman; for to be plain with you, I will sooner wed my self to a Nunnery, or some loathsome Goal, than become your Bed-fellow, and shall ever have a greater estimation for a Wiseman in Rags, than a Fool in his Richest Trappings; if you visit me, or send to me any more, I shall conclude you troublesome and frantick; be advised then, since you know the minde and resolution of, Sir,

Yours in the way of Friendship.

35. *The Ingratiating Gentleman to his angry Mistress.
Excellent Lady,*

I Beseech you to consider, I cannot live unless you love, then be so merciful as to save what your frowns are able to destroy; if you imagine my Husbandry will be profuse, your love will teach me to be frugal: Do you mistrust Incontinency? love will quench those flames; Do you fear I may be guilty of extra-

extravagancies, love will teach me to be solid; Are you afraid of want? love is content with a little, and studies things that are impossible, it overcomes all doubts and intricacies, and facilitates things that are most difficult. Be not then so credulous to the whispers of Calumniators, though these suggestions are buzzed into your ears, yet consider whether there be any ground for such like Jealousies, or the ends of those that raise them, onely to poison my Reputation and my Happiness; let my honest and real Assertions be weighed in the ballance of your serene Judgement, that I may be admitted into your favour, or else know my doom, and die quickly, that Fame may do me so much honor and justice, as to Record me, Divine Lady,

Your abused Martyr.

56. A Gentleman of good Birth, but small Fortune, to a worthy Lady, after she had given a denial.

Worthily Honored Lady,

HAd I not apprehended some small spark of encouragement, as it seemed to issue from your gracious acceptance of my affections, I had certainly forborn to have put you to this second trouble, or my self to a fresh presumption, as knowing such Divine Stars of Beauty are to be beheld with more than an ordinary Veneration. Excellent Lady, I humbly beg of you, nor to reflect upon my Confidence, nor startle me with my inequality of Birth, lest the sense of losing you, send me to Hell with terror. My presumption hath this Apology, it is more ease to reach to the lofty Bough, than to stoop to the humble straw; and when a man attempts things Noble, though he fail in his designs, it is a glory to undertake them. And though, Madam, you are truly great as well as good; yet Histories will tell you, there have been

been Queens, and Persons of highest Honor have cast their smiles on such whose accomplishments might claim respect. For my own part, I may and dare say it without ostentation, my Birth is not base nor mean, and my affection nobly loyal : Oh let not my fears suggest to me that some other by an intrusion will deprive me of my Souls Treasure, your love, a Happiness that I would purchase with any thing more dear than liberty or life ; Oh be not then so severe as to say, Honor forbids you to affect me, though you could like my person, there is death in every accent of such a sound ; But if you do resolve for a servant more meritorious than my self, you will ease my torments by giving me to understand so much, since I intend not to trouble you with any more lines, but resolutely to fall, Celestial Lady,

A Sacrifice to Love, and you.

57. *A Lover to his Mistress, who had lately entertained another Servant to her bosom, and her bed.*

Madam,

I Am now arrived to that pitch of Learning, as to understand the Vanity of your Sex, you have incomparably well proved, that though men can put a bridle into the nostrils of wilde Beasts, out-do the Craft of Serpents, and dive into the most hidden secrets of Nature, yet the industrious thing called Woman can out-do him, and confound his noble understanding. From henceforth therefore I will shun your Sex as the infectious poison of a Pestilence ; Now could I curse my Credulity, my self, and all Women for your sake ; was I not fore-warned by the example of a wicked *Helen*, that occasioned the desolation of famous *Troy*, by that of *Eryphile*, *Cleopatra*, *Misselia*, *Panthea*, *Rhodopis*, and many others ? but why should

should I trouble my brain to sum up Examples, when each woman is a Plague her self to all but those Adulterous Lechers that bear Hot-houses in their bodies, and Stoves in their boyling blouds. I perceive my love was not sufficiently immodest for you, I have been too cold in my Amours, therefore it is you slight me, and entertain some Monster of a more able back; whom (not unlikely) your roving wanton eyes have discovered from your window to bear some heavy weight, and not shrink his well-made Joynts under his ponderous load; may you enjoy him, but may you receive the rewards due to your Adultery and Perjury; for be assured Heaven hath continual supplies of Vengeance for such abominable offenders; And that it will be just to you, and your deserts, is not opely the desire, but the belief of

Your most abused Friend.

The Answer.

58. The Lady to her Lover, in defence of her own Innocency.

Unkind Sir,

I Do not a little wonder at the frenzie of your crackt brain, since you dare thus confidently to call my love and modesty in question, and onely for the civil Entertainment which in honor I was obliged to afford a Friend; whence come all those dreadful and satyrical Expressions that you imagine are now too good for one that but lately you pretended to love entirely, and spared not Vows and Imprecations to create a credulity in me? Certainly the Furies were your Dictators when you wrote; I will grant you that a Lover may be allowed to be a little jealous, it is but the overflowings of his affection, but I hold it not fit he would be mad, ranging mad, as I fear you are. Sir, believe me, your intelligence is false, and

inno-

innocency can with safety stand all the Assaults of a slanderous Tongue : Pray recollect your thoughts, and punish my Accuser, that my worth may not lie longer under the burthen of a Calumny : Be less suspicious, and assure your self I shall be ever loyal, though now I write in passion, so far I dare engage, since I already finde it is my chief content and happiness to be thought worthy of being, Sir,

Yours, though hugely wronged.

59. *A Lady to him whom she affects.*

Sir,

I Should have been happy if Heaven had given me merits to deserve your affections, since I hold it no great difficulty to afford you mine : But that we may discourse with a little freedom, I will borrow so much time from my other Affairs, as to meet you at, &c. onely I shall give you this Caution, that as I am a Virgin, you will shew your self so far a Gentleman as not to offer any thing that may savour of incivility ; pardon me, that I lay such an Injunction on you, it is not that I question you are otherwise Noble, but onely what is commonly expected from a Maiden, that hath a respect to her own modesty and credit, and may therefore very well become, Sir,

Your Friend and Servant.

The Answer.

60. *A Lover to his Amorous Lady.*

Dear Madam,

I Do so well understand my respects to you, that (pardon my boldness if I say) your care was somewhat needless. Lady, it is you that I adore, and can you then imagine I would injure you, you that I would gladly make my own, and be proud of such a Purchase ? Again, my Birth is not so base, as to tyrannize over

over Ladies, especially you, the best of Ladies; when the Skie puts on her bespangled Garments, the glittering Stars, I will expect you with all the reverence and submission due to your noble Merits, from, Divine Lady,

Tours, if you think me worthy.

61. *The Affected Lover to his Mistress.*

Glorious Lady,

WE read and understand by the industrious help of History, how stones have danced after *Amphion* to the *Theban* Walls, that the Mountainous *Ossa*, and the lofty *Panchaya* likewise danced to the *Odrifian* Lyre, that *Dolphins* forsook their wilde Natures, when they heard the melody of *Arions* Harp, humbling their backs of scales, to bear him from the violence of *Neptuns*, and his angry waves. It is then beneath a wonder, if the world stand amazed at your voice; should the fierce *Tiger*, or the raging *Bear* but hear you speak, they would change their unbridled natures into the modesty of devout Adorers: One accent from your delicate and incomparable lips, are sufficient to give life to a dying man, and to revive into Childe-hood the chil and cold clods of Age. One smile of yours can work more miracles, than *Esons* Experience found in *Adedans* Bath. How happy am I then in your love! I am nothing beneath the great Monarch of the greatest Empire, and may I fall from all Fortunes, to my absolute ruine, when I forget to be, Most Honored Lady,

Your Beauties slave.

The Answer.

62. *A Lady to her Affected Lover.*

My Happiness and Joy,

YOur large Commendations, and liberal Expressions towards me, do certainly assure me that your affection to me is real; yet though I cannot requite your courtesies with a reprehension, I think I ought in justice to give you this Cautionary Information, that though you may think as you say, others may be of another minde; and some Critick may chance to finde those faults in your Rhetorick, which you that see with the Multiplying-glass of Love cannot perceive; Therefore lest you forfeit your wisdom, forbear these Hyperbolies hereafter, since the reciprocal tryals that have passed between us, do sufficiently declare the mutual coherency of our affections: Let me implore you to be more reserved in this point, if you respect my love, or me, for what need such lofty lines, that savour so much of flattery, when you know I have made it my resolution to be

Tours, and onely yours.

63. *A Lady to her despairing Lover, who had desisted his suit at the first Repulse.*

Sir,

I Have expected either to have seen or heard farther from you, but I perceive you are but a raw Soldier, and but lately engaged under *Cupid's* banner, otherwise you would not have given over the Skirmish for a small Repulse; For though I can afford you a room in my heart, and all the love that is there is for you and your worth, yet you might well tax me with lenity, or suppose me extream forward, should I yield at the first summons, without having the least experience either of your love, or loyalty; But be confident (for I dare write more than I durst speak, since

since this Paper cannot blush, though I may) I have had a very high respect and honor for you, since the first moment that made me happy with your presence; I suppose a word to the wise may be sufficient, if you have a kindness for me, you perceive I am ready to go out of the road of a Maidens modesty, onely to meet with you: Be not so much like your Sex, as to slight me, now you have that thrown upon you, which with so much ardency you seemed to court before; for I can judge of Justice as well as Love: but if you will favor me with your company, or at least a line or two, you will not onely give me abundance of satisfaction, but engage me to be Sir,

Yours for ever.

64. *A Gentleman to a fair Lady, whom he accidentally discovered at a Window.*

Lovely Lady,

Justice and Honor kiss your Hands, and so far plead my Cause as to tell you, you are obliged to shew me favor, since for your sake I have undergone the vehement tortures of an expecting Lover, but now being grown impatient, I have taken a resolution to be rather importunate than bashful; for my nature is too high to suffer me to stoop to, or flie from any attempt that hath the countenance of what is Noble: Fairest Lady, my Ambition is to visit you, if my love may prevail with you to afford me so great an honor, and I question not (since Heaven delights to be loved, and you like one of its Inhabitants journeyed here for a small space, appear Angelical) but you will be in condition as in beauty; For if the Divinity of your Person lay a charm upon my senses, it is but Justice that you endeavor to recover me before my Distemper render, me incapable of any remedy; how-
ever

ever it shall be my glory, if I cannot live your servant, that I can die, Lovely Creature,

Your Devout Admirer.

65. *A sick Lady to her Lover, enjoying him to forbear his Visits, she being infected with the Small-Pox, or some other Malignant Distemper.*

Sir,

I Am now become a Prisoner to my Chamber, and though it were charity in you to bestow your Visits, yet my own sense of justice informs me I ought to continue close, since that fate that hath befallen me, may else be so spiteful as to seize on you: it is a Distemper that hath used a violence to my whole body, and hath not spared my face; lest therefore I become your wonder, I conjure you by all the love you have, or ever had for me, to absent your self for some time, till you may see me with more safety and convenience; for if you should venture your person, now mine is in some danger, my grief would be augmented, since I know it is more wisdom to hazard the one half of my Estate, than all, and if I must lose my self, I would not have Death to be so triumphant as to possess my second self, and to glory in his Conquests so far as to make me a Bankrupt: You will do well to let me hear from you, at least send your Prayers in my behalf to the Heavenly Throne, for so it becomes a Christian and a Friend, and you will therein do justice to your self, and Sir,

Tours in sickness, or in health.

66. *The fearful Lover, to his supposed unconstant Mistress.*

Madam,

I T is now most apparent to me, that there is no credit to be given to a Woman, have not you and I con-

confirmed so strong a League of Love and Friendship as was possible to be done, yet you can forget all your Promises, your Vows, and sober Protestations, as if they were but as so much winde, and might be broken as soon as made. This you have most perfidiously done, and under the pretence of fear that your Misfortunes are drawing nigh, as if you had discretion enough to chalk to your self the way to your Felicity, or as if you held a Correspondence with Wizards that could divine what the effects of our loves should be; if I must be slighted now at last, when I thought to be most happy, yet at least pray let me not be forgotten, that you may justly say you were once loved by a real Friend, and if it be my Misfortune to be deprived of you, may you meet with one whose affections may be sincere as mine, that would be, Madam,

Yours, if you please.

The Answer.

67. A Lady to her fearful Lover.

Worthy Sir,

YOur downright railing against our Sex, seems to me, onely as the heat of your passion, which I will favour with the construction of your love. But I cannot but extreamly admire what Devil it should be should enflame you with so much fear and Jealousie: I Remember all those Vows and Protestations that passed between us, and you shall know, I dare not to be so wicked as to tempt Heaven and Vengeance, so as to break my least promise to any soul alive, especially with you; Be therefore wise, and more resolved, you might have forborn your tainting language of my chalking out a way to my felicities, or holding a correspondence with Witches, or of Taxing me point blank with perfidiousness before

fore you heard my answer ; such usage would tempt many a Young Maiden to scorn and forger love: when I see you next we may discourse farther on this Subject ; tell then and ever be confident, I am

Yours, if you think fit.

68. *A Wife to her Extravagant Husband.*

Vain and Miserable man,

CANST thou open thy eyes and not fear lest every one that sees thee should revenge those Adulteries and lascivious actions of thine, wherewith thou hast brought upon thee the Curses of a chaste Wife, with her dear and innocent Babes ? doth not thy Conscience tell thee there is an everlasting Law-giver sits in triumph against the day of Vengeance, to Judge such perverie sinners as thee ? . Or dost thou imagine that those strict duties (commanded from the beginning) were but matters of Policy, or that position of Man and Wife being one flesh, was meerly breath and Exhalation ? surely it is so esteemed by Atheists and prophane Livers, but I fear to the Eternal horror of thy Soul, thou wilt roar in the pit of everlasting perdition, from whence it is difficult to get Redemption ; Therefore be no more foolish, but call to minde how thou hast mispended thy most precious time, endeavour to redeem it, and open the eyes of thy understanding ; that thou mayest repent, and sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto thee ; Consider the lips of a whore are sweet as Honey to the taste of fools, but in her heart is the sting of Scorpions ; yea, the Poyson of Aspes lie under her lips ; wilt thou then adventure the stinging, when there is no Cataplasm for the sore ? wilt thou forget the Vertuous Wife of thy bosome, for a Strumpet that is not onely disloyal, but impudent ? darest thou despise thy Children, those gifts of the Almighty Providence

vidence, resembling Olive Branches about thy Table, those Buds of the Divine Blessings promised to the good man; wilt thou run and wallow in the loathsome sink of Lust, and carnal Brutality? thou that mayest trace the fair Walks of Contentment with honest and chaste Embracings! Oh, be more advised, Let the Contract of your Nuptial Vows prevail with thee, I conjure thee return to the pleasant Springs of our Amity, that I may wash thee clean again with the tears and kisses of a loving Wife, that thou mayest see thy children flourish, and that I may no longer be as my present condition renders me,

Thy sorrowful and miserable Wife.

The Answer.

69. *A Lover to his Distempered Lady.*

My Joy,

YOU are now more cruel in your Sickness, than I ever found you in your Health, it was a severe Command you sent to me; what though you are sick, if I do not see you, I shall be so too, and perhaps may go out of the world before you: I understand your indisposition to be great, and that your Disease hath abused you to your face, but I hope you understand me so well, as to conclude my love doth not consist in outward forms, I have reason to command my passion, and by that I am perswaded it was a Vertuous *Cassandra*, not a Fair *Helen* that I courted, a spirit that was truly noble, not the thin skin of a fair feature; however I am confident the beauty of your Person, as well as that of your Minde, cannot be subject to a ruine by any sinister Accident: Time that undertakes to wrestle with all things mortal, may give it a trip hereafter, and then our souls shall enjoy a blisful Union to Eternity: Dear Soul, recal your *Mandate*, and give me leave to be happy once more,

more, for till I see you, I am in continual pain, however I have this consolation, that I can be

Tours languishing.

70. *A Lady to her Servant, that for some private reasons concealed his Birth and Fortunes.*

Honored Sir,

MY Ambition hath been of so long a growth, that now it is become too big to be concealed; therefore I beseech you, if you have any respect for a young Lady, satisfy my request, which is onely that I may better know you, and be better known to you. You seem to be a Gentleman every way compleat, if I may receive your Character, though from your own mouth, I shall believe it as an Oracle, for I perswade my self you are truly Noble; if your intentions are as I have reason to believe, and that you bear any kindness towards me, you will not deny this reasonable civility; nor can it be thought discretion, but rather a strange extravagancy in me, to receive your affections, or to pledge my own, unless I can have some account of your worth, more than what I have read in your visage, which I confess is sufficient (if our conditions may correspond) to entitle me, Sir,

Tours, as you shall please.

71. *The absent Lover, to his supposed unconstant Mistress.*

Madam,

Dare not rashly condemn you, but pardon my love, if I take upon me to inform and to advise you; There are those that whisper strange things concerning you, as that you afford your self more liberty than is consistent with the modesty of your sex; and that at unreasonable times you have been

seen to accompany such persons, whose conversation is sufficient to render you weak and scandalous : I know, Madam, report is commonly a Tatler and a Liar, nor dare I entertain a loose thought of one whom I so dearly love, I cannot think my self lost to your Memory, but my fears make me apt to hearken to any thing, wherein there is any use made of your name ; I impute it as I do, to my distraction, not your defects, but withal be so circumspect, that the mouths of scandalous people may be stopped, that envy it self may by seeing your Vertuous disposition, arrive to the same happiness that I enjoy, which is, to love and admire you, which I shall ever do while you have vertue, and I have power to be

Yours

72. *A Gentlemans advice to his Mistress, how she should blinde the eyes of her watchful friends.*

My Lifes life,

I Perceive thy Guardian, who is no Friend of mine doth not onely watch me, and all my words and actions, but hath his Enissaries to do the like, and there are those that do assure me, the Servants are charged to slip behinde the Hangings, and to watch who they are that shall visit thee ; my advice therefore is, that always in his presence we seem as strangers and counterfeite our looks, that we may thereby perhaps allay the heat of his Jealousie, but remember when thou seest my brow full of frowns, as if I had resolution to be angry, it is but a Copy of my countenance, and that originally I am as I shall be ever happy, and therefore thy most pleasant friend, believ it for a play, not a truth, and if thou dost but act the part as well as I, it shall not be long ere *Hymen* shall draw the Curtain, and discover to all the world, that in spite of either their care or envy, thou art mine

in the interim be assured, I shall in Love and Loyalty continue as an unmoved Rock,

My dearest Dear, thy affectionate Servitor.

73. *A Gentleman to his new Mistress, upon his relinquishing an old one.*

Lovely Lady,

HAVING lately had the happiness to see you, I am now withdrawn from my designs of marrying with another, I cannot deny but some treaty was had concerning that affair with, &c. but your excellent beauty hath put a stop to my career, and hath made me ambitious of meriting your favour, and that you may not think me wavering, since I have left one that I might finde a better; be assured, Madam, I will never enter into the bonds of Matrimony with any but your incomparable self. I had not perhaps took this presumption upon me, if I had not had some encouragements, or if I had not at least fancied as much, when I was lately where you were. I beseech you, Dear Lady, pardon this rudeness, and give me the opportunity to wait upon you, that I may verbally and really give you a farther testimony of the love and honour I have had for you, since I made it my resolution to live and die.

Yours.

74. *A Captious Lover to his Vertuous Lady.*

Mistress, &c.

I Did perswade my self that you were absolutely resolved to be mine, and that no perswasions or allurements could prevail with you to vary from your former thoughts, but I now finde you are as changeable as your Sex, and it is easier to hold a slippery net by the tail, than to finde a Woman that is true and constant. Had I given you any occasion, you might have had some pretence for your frequenting the company of the young Gallant, or admitting him into

your Society, but my affections have been unspotted, and never had so much as a small flaw, or mote in them till now. Now, that you like an unjust, and wanton, if not lascivious piece of Vanity, have given occasion to no small number that observed your behaviour, to talk and besmear that fair reputation that you before enjoyed, which was the main motive that spurred me on to conclude our Contract. And since that time I have took you to be mine, and therefore may with the more freedom reprove you, and advise you. I shall now say no more, but expect you should satisfy my disturbed thoughts, by giving me an account of what passed between you, and then hoping you will be more reserved for the future, you may still conclude me as before,

Your affectionate real Friend.

The Answer.

75. *A Vertuous Lady to her Captious Lover.*

Sir,

I Am apt to believe it for a certain truth, that *Cupid* and *Jealousie* are inseparable Companions, and true love is oftentimes mixed with suspicious fears, but it is my wonder, that you who are a man of reason should so flatly condemn me before you hear what my offence hath been. Sir, give me leave to tell you, I have now a fair occasion to mistrust your demeanour hereafter. The Gentleman that was in my company deserves rather your acknowledgements for his noble deportment, than your extravagant censure: but perhaps you will absolutely conclude me idle, for being so much as seen with any man, since I was designed to be yours only, however you may do me the justice to consider there were others of my Sex with me, nor had I been in his company, had not the importunate intreaties of the rest prevailed with me.

Beside

Besides, though I am in election to be your wife, I hope you do not intend to make me your Slave, but will allow me a reasonable conversation with persons above the reach of a Calumny; I beseech you Sir, be satisfied with this account, and take this for a certain truth, I will hence forward forget the hopes of being a Bride, before I will cast you into such another hell of tormenting Jealousies, but shall study to render my self as shall become, Sir,

Yours, if it may be.

76. *A Lover in Commendation of his Mistress.*

My Bliss,

I Was sufficiently amazed when I beheld your person, and the beauty of your outward shape, inso-much that I concluded Nature designed you for her Store-house, wherein all her Rarities and Novelties were dispersed and intrusted; I looked, and as I looked, I admired, but having afterwards attained to understand the vertues of your minde, I could not then but clearly perceive what a rich treasure of precious Jewels were inclosed within the fair Casket. Since which time, I have been proud of mine own judgement, and think the better of my self for fixing upon so glorious an object. This is not flattery, but justice; and as you have set my affections on a flame, it is as just that you should study some way for satisfaction, since I am a thought, word, and deed,

Madam, yours, wholly at your devotion.

77. *A Ladies thanks to a Gentleman for a civility lately received.*

Worthy Sir,

I Should be a stranger to Worth and Honour, should I be so far unacquainted with the Generosity of our Nature, as not to understand it to be truly Noble

in all things, it studies to do courtesies, and hates to receive acknowledgements, yet I must be so upright to my self, as to own your late civility for a most noble favor, which I confess I received with some kinde of amazement, as being my self so much undeserving; and lest my services should be beneath my wishes, if I can have your acceptance, my endeavors cannot be unrewarded, for that alone will render them considerable; And if I can be happy in any thing, it must be in proclaiming to the world how much I am, Noble Sir,

Your Honorer, and most humble Servant.

78. A Gentleman to a sick Lady.

Madam,

I Am so happy as to sympathize with you in your want of Health, my minde assures me, you cannot be distempered by any bold Disease, but I must be so too, you have this evidence for it, since I have had an extream fit of discontentment from the time I last saw you: Now I am somewhat amended, my indisposition is a little qualified, which gives me encouragement to hope, as I do desire, that your condition is the same, otherwise, rather than you should want a Companion in your misery, I would choose to be ill again; That I may therefore be fore-wanted of my own Misfortunes, be pleased I beseech you to let me understand how you do, and withal make me happy by receiving some Commands from you, since it is the glory of my life to appear, Madam,

Yours, in all occasions.

The

The Answer.

79. *A sick Lady to a Gentleman:*

Noble Sir,

MY distemper leaves me, but all in vain, since I cannot be thoroughly well till I see that you are so, I could once willingly have dyed, because I cannot live to requite your kindness: but now I begin to be past all hope of dying, for death came towards me so fast, that the very joy thereof, hath wrought in me a recovery. Sir, my health consists onely in the ability which I hope suddenly to have, that I may visit you; since you will not be so favorable as to prevent me by coming hither, but whether to come to me, or I to you, I hope you will not deny me the honor to own what I have hitherto profest, to be still, what I was before, and will continue, Sir,

Yours, to serve and honor you.

80. *A Husband to his Lascivious Wife.*

Wicked and wretched Woman,

HAST thou forgot all goodness, that thou darest lift up thy adulterous eyes to behold the Christal light? Hast thou no sense of thy own filthy deformity? Dost thou not know the world brands thee for a Whore, a notorious Strumpet? Art thou not sensible how thou hast made me become a scorn and by-word to all that know me? Not that the credit of an honest man can be dashed by the infidelity of a Strumpet: but so it is, that the corruption of the times have created a custom, to set the Wives sins upon the Husbands forehead; thy children are either hated or pityed by all, and I my self dare not look upon them, lest I permit my fears to whisper to me thy Whoredoms, and their Bastardy. Our Relations, and those that were formerly our bosom Friends, do now forsake us, crying, they will not accompany them-

themselves with such as belong to the house of shame, or that tread the paths of incontinency, consider these things and repent, lest thy impenitency do farther provoke Divine Justice, and Heaven pour forth Vengeance as a reward for all thy impieties, and withal remember, this is the advice of, *Monstrous Woman,*
Thy sad, and much injured Husband.

81. *A Gentleman to his Friend, returning thanks for sending him a Book.*

Worthily Honored Sir,

I Would have rejoiced to have had an opportunity to serve you before you sent me that ingenious Piece, Entituled, *The Lives of the Statesmen and Favorites of England since the Reformation*; But I am now bound to make it the business of my life to render for all an humble and hearty acknowledgement, both for your own sake, and for the Gifts; for though nothing could be unwelcome to me that you should send, yet I know not what could have been more welcome, except your self, who I know not how to requite, but must proclaim you a Noble Friend, and a charitable Gentleman, and shall multiply my wishes for your prosperity, since you have without merit of mine, bound me for ever, Sir,

Your thankful Servant.

82. *A Gentlemans request to his Friend for a sum of Money.*

Sir,

L Et me not be held no Friend, because I send to borrow money, I had rather want that, than lose your love; but Sir, if you shall think fit to pardon my boldness, I desire your patience so far, as to measure the length of your Purse-strings, since a present and urgent occasion puts me on this strange adventure:

venture : The sum is but five pounds, which shall be paid within a moneth, if you dare take my credit ; for the assurance, and for interest you shall have my thankful acknowledgements. Thus not doubting of your civility in this case, I rest as ever,

Your Friend and Servant.

The Answer,

83. *A Gentleman to his Friend that sent to borrow Money.*

Sir,

Our Friendship would be held by a slender thread if a five pound weight could snap it. I have not thought fit to pardon any boldness, but do esteem myself happy in that I have a Purse or strings to serve you, your credit is sufficient ; and therefore I have sent you the sum required, and shall expect no other interest, than the like courtesie (if you think it one) when you shall be troubled by

Your hearty real Friend.

84. *A Lover to his Mistress.*

Bright Lady,

I Am now in love with my own eyes, and wit, for were not the first exceeding good, they could not endure the lustre of your Beauty, and I am apt to believe the latter may be sharp, since it hath so exact a Character of your worth. Be more just to your self and me, than to think I flatter you, look into your self, and then you will wrong neither, and when you finde I have done you right, call not my affection in question for making the discovery, since it is my duty to serve you and truth in all things honorable ; But if by commending my own services, I am so presumptuous as to exceed your pleasure, let your pity seal my pardon, since my default was only the

E s

effect

effect of love, and I shall doubly be engaged to be
Madam,

Tours now, and ever.

The Answer.

85. A Lady to her Lover.

Sir,

YOU do well to love your own eyes, and wit, and
I will own the first to be good, and the latter
sharp, but if they both went together as you place
them, your brains might be on the out-side of your
head, and then if you prove mistaken, blame your
self, your eyes, your wit, and not me: But that I
may be just to you, where there is no fault, there is no
need of pardon, though the worth of ones affection
oftentimes appeares more in words than in reality,
however if you will take the liberty and trouble to
commend me, I must and will claim the priviledge to
subscribe my self, Sir,

Your obliged Servant.

86. A Gentleman to his Rival.

Sir,

IF you understood what an Honor I have for the
accomplished Lady, you are pleased to afford your
Courtships too, and what a reciprocal return I have
for my affections, you would either out of civility or
judgement cease to be so ridiculous, as to endeavor to
rob me of her, whom her Parents and her self hath
blessed me with; And though perhaps she out of a
Maiden modesty, will assure you it is not so, yet I
can justifie as much, and make it apparent to your
own judgement; besides the time is drawing near
when our wishes will be consummated, and then,
you, and that part of the world that know her, may
learn whether what I have now said be a truth or
fable.

fable; Couzen not your self, she hath a notable waggish wit, and uses it onely to make you her sport: Sir, be wise, and think not with ease to attain to a happiness that I have tugged for; you are a Gentleman whom I have known, nor are your Relations strangers to me, were it not for that reason, I should not have brooked your visits to her hitherto, to the disturbance of my quiet: But from this time remember I have desired and warned you to forbear, as you cherish your safety and reputation, that so we may continue friends, for be assured you cannot finde out a more ready way to provoke my wrath, than your perseverance, which will occasion me to proclaim my self, Sir,

Your incensed Enemy.

87. *A Virgin to her Parents, that would have her matched to one whom she cannot love.*

Most Dear Parents,

[Beseech you, let the Rules of Nature be so prevalent with you, as not to marry me to the man whom you design, but if you do resolve that I shall marry, let it be to one that I shall love, or to my grave: be not over-ruled by the thought of Avarice, lest you become inhumane to your own blood, and make me

Your sad, sorrowful, and afflicted Daughter.

88. *A Gentlemans first Address to his Mistress.*

Beauteous Lady,

YOur feature is so glorious, that I must needs acknowledge I do verily believe Nature hath not one Piece of Art that she can more boast of, nor is there any Lady under Heaven to whom I owe a greater reverence, were your affections but correspondent to mine, I would vie for happiness with the proudest Prince under the bright Canopy of the Celestial

lestial Orb, but without your love, I cannot live, which will be a sufficient evidence, that you are the efficient cause of my ruine: Madam, I humbly implore your favor, make me your adopted servant, and use me, and what is mine, as yours, for I account no glory greater than that of being, Lovely Lady,

Your obedient Vassal.

8c. Another to the same effect.

Asirer of Women,

Pardon the presumption of a stranger, that having lately lost his heart, makes an enquiry for it of one who is composed of nothing but what consists of Innocence and Vertue, and from thence I have this consolation, that knowing it is in your possession, I question not but you will be noble to it, either for love or pities sake: Dear Lady, give me leave to pay my visits to it, and if I may be so happy, let me accompany it, by being registred among the chief of your adorers. I confess my encouragements are small, having attempted nothing yet that might make me capable of your smiles, and being acquainted onely with your worth; yet such is the over-ruling power of your Beauty, that though my eyes were but once blessed with a sight of your peerless Perfections, my soul immediately became a Captive to your Vertues; and being now at your disposal, I shall hope to finde you merciful, that I may not languish in an adverse fortune, since you are naturally tender, and I am, fair Nymph,

Yours wholly, in the bonds of firm affection.

90. A Courteous Lass to her Paramour, who had gotten her with Childe.

Dear Sir,

I Am now constrained to confine my self to a retired life, such is the fruit of our late dalliance, that
I am

I am become obvious (and without your company shall be odious) to all that see me , and like your self , the Babe in my womb is continually exercising it self in an activity that affords me but little rest. You cannot forget your promises to marry me , ere you could prevail with me to satisfy your pleasures ; Sweet Sir , let your stay be short , for proximity is dangerous to both our Reputations , I languish till you come , and till then , and ever shall remain , My Dear Soul ,
Tours , to love , and live with you.

91. *A Gentleman to his (once scornful, but now)
 Affectionate Mistress.*

Madam,

YOur sighs and flatteries are not prevalent enough , since I have now disposed of my resolutions so firmly , as that they are beyond the power of either of us to recal. Nor am I one of those puny Lovers , that think it reasonable to lay my love at your feet , after it hath so inhumanely received your slights. I once loved you too well , but now have so opened the eyes of my understanding , that I can more plainly see my own worth , and your frailty. You are now so kinde as to make vows of love to me , and I am so little an infidel as to believe you , and therefore since you have a love for me , I conjure you by that love you bear me , that you trouble me no more , but henceforth study to forget that I ever was so much as

Your loving Friend.

92. *A Kinde-hearted Gentlewoman to her boasting
 Favorite.*

Ungrateful man,

Hath my love to you deserved no better than your scorns ? did I receive you to my embraces through my weak belief of your treacherous Vows ,
 and

and do you requite me with the ruine of my Reputation : Degenerate Monster , can you be so sottish as to think you do not wound your own fame, when you strike at me , will not all men abhor you ? and though they permit you a hearing , yet esteem of you as one of Natures Prodigies. But to be more plain with you, be so wise as to forbear your foul reproaches , lest you receive a Pistol, or a Ponyard , from some one or other that may be sensible of your unworthy usage to, Base Wretch,

Your mortal Enemy.

93. *The Lover to his inconstant Mistress.*

Lady,

YOur love was once my Paradise , nor did I esteem my self happy in ought else, but now perceiving your Ambition hath betrayed your Honor, and corrupted your affection towards me , give me leave to tell you , since you can forget to love, I can as easily forget to sigh , and from this minute shall disown you for being the object of my delight, since I think it not at all difficult to finde a Mistress of more worth and constancy. May you possess a Husband equal to your deserts , I wish you no greater Plague.

Farewel.

Songs

*Songs Alamode, Composed by the most
Refined Wits of this Age.*

Song 1.

AS in those Nations, where they yet adore
Marble and Cedar, and their aid implore,
'Tis not the workman, nor the precious wood,
But 'tis the worshipper that makes the God ;
So cruel Fair , though Heaven has giv'n thee all,
We mortals Vertue, or (can) Beauty call,
'Tis we that give the thunder to your frowns,
Darts to your eyes, and to our selves the wounds ;
Without our love which proudly you deride ,
Vain were your Beauty, and more vain your Pride.
All envy'd beings that the world can show,
Still to some meaner thing their greatness ow.
Subjects make Kings, and we the numerous Train
Of humble Lovers constitute thy Reign,
Onely this diff'rence Beauties Realm can boast,
Where most it favors, it enslaves the most ;
And those to whom 'tis most indulgent found,
Are ever in the surest fetters bound.
No Tyrant yet but thee was ever known,
Cruel to them that serv'd to make him one ;
Valor's a Vice, if not with Honor joyn'd,
And Beauty a Disease when 'tis not kinde.

Song 2.

FAirest Nymph my delay
Shames me, a Lover
Which I will now repay,
Since I discover
Those Beauties and Graces

Which

Which so adorn thee,
 And makes thee grow proud,
 That it hath born thee,
 At the Wakes and the Fairs,
 And ev'ry Meeting,
 He's onely happy can
 Dance with my Sweeting;
 Where all that stand about,
 Still gaze upon her,
 And those the Crow'd keep out,
 Are talking on her.
 As she walks through the Meads
 With other Lasses,
 All Flowers bend their heads
 Still as she passes.
 Striving to offer them-
 Selves to be gather'd,
 That she might Garlands wear,
 Ere they were wither'd.
 As she at Ball in the
 Cool ev'ning play'd
 For little Victories
 And Wagers layd;
 As the Ball, so their hearts
 When they came nigh her,
 Leapt for joy equally,
 As they stood by her.
 Ask the Rose why so red,
 She said, she kist it,
 The Lilly why so pale,
 'Cause her lips mist it.
 The blushing Cherry said
 'Twould be her debtor;
 'Cause one soft touch of hers
 Did ripen't better.

Song 3.

Break, break, distracted heart, there is no Cure
For this thy Souls most desperate Calenture,
Sighs which in others passion vent,
And give them ease when they lament,
Are but the billows to my hot desire,
And tears in me me not quench, but nourish fire :
Nothing can mollifie my grief,
Or give me passion, or relief.
Love's flames when smother'd always do devour;
And when oppos'd have the same fatal power.
Then welcome Death, let thy blest hands apply
A Medicine to my grief, I'll die, I'll die.

Song 4.

Welcome blest hand, whose white out-vies
The Lillies, or the Milky way,
Nor can the spacious azure Skies,
Cloath'd in the glories of the Day,
Reveal so great a brightness as that hand,
Compar'd to which the Snow it self is tann'd.
Welcome blest hand, whose ev'ry touch
Is able to recal a Soul
Fled hence, whose sov'raign Pow'r is such ;
That it no mortal can controul ;
My brest with as much joy that touch receives,
As condemn'd Prisoners do their wisht Reprieves.
But prithee *Celia*, what design
Led thy fair hands unto my brest ,
Was it a love to thine own shrine,
Or pity to a thing oppress'd ?
For thou might'st feel't swoln with those griefs which
At first begets, and cruelties improve. (love
Thou couldst not think to finde my heart
Within its wonted place of rest,
That's turn'd recluse, and set apart,
To the fair Cloyster of thy Brest,

There

There 'tis confin'd, but to a liberty,
To be imprison'd there, is to be free.

Therefore if thou my pulse wouldst feel,
Or would my constitution know,
Touch thine own cruel breast of Steel,
And that will tell thee how I do ;
For in that happy Treasury doth lie,
The sacred power to bid me live, or die.

Song 9.

L Et Votaries rearing up Altar and Shrine,
Court straight-lac'd Religion till they be weary.
I nought will offer but full Cups of wine,
As a sacrifice to th' fat god of Canary.

What pretenders call holy,
Is dull Melancholly,
'Tis onely rich Wine,
Has the Power Divine,

When they sigh and sob to make us all merry.

Let crack-brain'd Students with Volumes devour,
And let the starch'd Puritan miinde Revelations,
While themselves do pine, and their faces look sowre,
And Quacks kill themselvs with inventing Purgations.

Come give us more Sack,
While our brains do crack,
We'l steep our dry souls
In liberal Bowls,

And cherish our hearts with diviner Potations.

Let Adventurers sail, till they plough up the Main,
Of stones they call precious, let 'em bring home a Mine
The light of our Noses their Rubies shall stain,
And our Carbuncled Faces their Diamonds out-shine.

With peril and pain,
Those trifles they gain,
They wander and rome,
Whilest we sit at home,
And think w'have the *Indies*, if we have but good wine.

Yet

Yet sure the *Leviathan* happy would be,
Who's made to tippie and frolick i'th deep,
If *Bacchus*, not *Neptune*, were god of the Sea,
And the Ocean Sack his senses to steep:

Nor would any man fear
To be shipwracked there,
Since if he were drown'd,
By th' Jury 'twould be found
That he was but dead drunk, and so fell asleep.

Song 6.

Beyond the malice of abusive Fate,
I now am grown,
And in that state
My heart shall mourn
The loss it has receiv'd,
When of its onely joy it was bereav'd;
The Woods with Echoes do abound,
And each of them return the sound
Of my *Aminor*'s name: *Alas*, he's dead,
And with him all my joys are fled,
Willow, willow, willow, must I wear,
For sweet *Aminor*'s dead, who was my dear.

Song 7.

When *Phillis* watch'd her harmless sheep;
Not one poor Lamb was made a prey;
Yet she had cause enough to weep,
Her silly heart did go astray,
Then flying to the Neighboring Grove,
She left the tender Flock to rove,
And to the windes did breathe her love.
She sought in vain,
To ease her pain,
The heedless windes did fan her fire,
Venting her grief,
Gave no relief,
But rather did encrease desire.

Then

Then sitting with her arms across,
Her sorrows streaming from each eye,
She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,
And in despair resolv'd to die.

Mock Song 8.

ON yonder Hill a Beacon stands,
My Gloves will hardly fit your hands.
I think 'twill freeze to night,
Tobacco is an *Indian* weed,
Jeffery can neither write nor read,
I'm sure some Dogs will bite.

Pease-porridge is a Lenten dish,
Pudding is neither flesh, nor fish,
Some Cheese will choak a Daw,
The Mayor of *Quinborough's* but a Clown,
The Lawyer wears a dagled Gown,
Was Tyler and Jack Straw.

The Sun sets away in the West,
Is not the *Popes* Religion best?
Yes, when the Devil's bind.
Room for my Lord Mayor and his horse,
The Spaniard took *Breda* by force,
With butter'd fish he din'd.
Hark how my Hostess puffs and blows,
Maids ha' any Corns on your feet or toes,
Let's play a Game at Bowls.
The Courtier leads a merry life,
The Parson loves a handsom wife,
Duke Humphrey din'd in Pews.

Song 9.

WHen cold Winters wither'd brow
Wax'd sad and pale with sorrow,
Had overcome the darksom night,
And coming was the morrow,
I heard a Lad with Buglet clear,
A Jubet, and a Hollow,

Cry, Come away,
 'Tis almost day,
 Forake your Beds and follow.
 Then with a Troop well arm'd for sports,
 Upon their Couriers mounted,
 Such as *Venus* Joys withstood,
 When she the wilde Boar hunted,
 We on the Downs
 With a Pack of Hounds
 Whom Nature had befriended,
 Pursu'd poor Wat,
 New rais'd from squat,
 Her first sleep scarcely ended.
 Then over Hills, and over Dales,
 And over craggy Mountains,
 Through the Woods and shadowed Groves
 Enrich'd with Christal Fountains,
 The little Brooks with murmurs sweet,
 And pretty Birds with wonders,
 Sing careless Notes,
 Through their well tun'd throats,
 And fill the Air with thunders;
 Ecchoes shrill,
 From the Vaults of the Hill,
 The Selvages and Satyrs,
 Elves and Fairies do awake,
 And Sea-Nymphs from the waters,
 They listen to our larger strain,
 Attentively delighted,
 Courting the day
 For a longer stay,
 That we might not be benighted.

Song 10.

Tell me gentle *Strephon*, why
 You from my embraces fly?
 Do's my love thy love destroy?
 Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay,

Stay, O stay, and I will feign
(Though I break my heart) dildain:

But lest I too unkinde appear,
For ev'ry frown, I'll shed a tear.

And if in vain I court thy love,
Let mine at least thy pity move,
Ah! while I scorn, vouchsafe to wooe,
Methinks you may dissemble too.

Ah! *Phillis* that you would contrive
A way to keep my love alive,
But all your other chdrms must fail,
When kindness ceases to prevail.

Alas! No more than you I grieve,
My dying flame hath no reprieve;
For I can never hope to finde,
Shou'd all the Nymphs I court be kinde;

One Beauty able to renew
Those pleasures I enjoy'd by you,
When Love and Youth did both conspire,
To fill our breasts and veins with fire.

Song. 11.

A *Marillis* told her Swain,
Amarillis told her Swain,
That in love he should be plain,
And not think to deceive her,

Still be protesting on his truth;

That he would never leave her.

If thou dost keep thy vow, quoth she,

If thou dost keep thy vow, quoth she,

And that thou ne'r dost leave me,

There's ne'r a Swain in all this plain,

That ever shall come near thee

For Garlands and embroyder'd Scrips,

For I do love thee dearly.

But Colin, if thou change thy love,

But Colin, if thou change thy love,

A Tygres then I'le to thee prove,
If e're thou dost come near me.

Amarillis fear not that,
For I do love thee dearly.

Song 12.

When Celadon gave up his heart
A Tribute to *Affrea's* eyes,
She smil'd to see so fair a prize,
Which Beauty had obtained more than Art:
But Jealousie did seemingly destroy
Her chiefest comfort, and her chiefest joy.

Base Jealousie, that still dost move
In opposition to all blifs,
And teachest those that do amifs,
Who think by thee, they tokens give of love:
But if a Lover ever will gain me,
Let him love much, but fly all jealousy.

Song 13.

Sweetest Bud of Beauty, may
No untimely Frost decay
Th' early Glories which we trace,
Blooming in thy matchless Face.
But kindly opening like the Rose,
Fresh Beauties every day disclose,
Such as by Nature are not shown,
In all the blossoms he has blown,
And then what Conquest shall you make,
Who hearts already daily take,
Scorcht in the morning with thy beams,
How shall we bear those sad extreams,
Which must attend thy threatening eyes
When thou shalt to thy noon arise?

Song 14.

Is not ith' pow'r of all thy scorn,
Or unrelenting hate,
To quench my flames, or make them burn

With

With heat more temperate,
 Still do I struggle with despair,
 And ever court disdain,
 And though you ne'r prove less severe,
 I'll dote upon my pain.

Yet meaner Beauties cannot dain
 In Love this tyranny,
 They must pretend an equal flame,
 Or else our passions die.
 You fair *Clarinda*, you alone
 Are priz'd at such a rate,
 To have a Votary of one
 Whom you do Reprobate.

Song 19.

CALL for the Master, O! this is fine
 For you that have *Londons* brave Liquors of wine
 For us the Cocks of the Hectors
 Wine wherein Flies were drown'd the last Summer,
 Hang't let it pass, here's a Glas in a Rummer,
 Hang't let it, &c.

Bold Hectors we are of *London, New Troy*,
 Fill us more wine : Hark here, Sirrah Boy,
 Speak in the *Dolphin*, speak in the *Swan*,
 Drawer, Anon Sir, Anon.

Ralph, George, speak in the *Star*,
 The Reckoning's unpaid ; we'll pay at the Bar,
 The Reckoning's unpaid, &c.

A Quart of Clarret in the *Mitre*, score :
 The Hectors are Ranting, *Tom* shut the door ;
 A Skirmish begins, beware Pates and Shins,
 The Piss-pots are down, the Candles are out,
 The Glasses are broke, and the Pots lie about.
Ralph, Ralph, speak in the *Chequer*. By and by,
Robin is wounded, and the Hectors do thie,
 Call for the Constable, let in the Watch,
 The Hectors of *Holborn* shall meet with their match,
 The Hectors, &c.

At Midnight you bring your Justice among us,
But all the day long you do us the wrong;
When for Verrinus you bring us Mundungus:
Your Reckonings are large, your Bottles are small,
Still changing our Wine, as fast as we call;
Your Canary has Lime in't, your Clarret has Scum,
Tell the Constable this, and then let him come,
Tell the Constable, &c.

Song 16.

Your merry Poets, old Boys
Of *Aganippes* Well,
Full many Tales have told Boys,
Whose Liquor doth excel;
And how that place was haunted
By those that lov'd good Wine,
Who tippl'd there, and chaunted
Among the Muses Nine;
Where still they cry'd, Drink clear boys,
And you shall quickly know it,
That 'tis not lousie Beer, boys,
But Wine that makes a Poet.

Song 17.

THe thirsty Earth drinks up the Rain;
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
The Plants suck in the Earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The Sea it self, (which one would think
Should have but little need to drink,)
Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'reflow the Cup.
The busie Sun, and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face, no less
Drinks up the Sea, and when that's done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.
They drink, and dance by their own light,
They drink and Revel all the night;

Nothing in Nature's sober found,
 But an Eternal Health goes round,
 Fill up the Bowl, and fill it high,
 Fill all the Glasses here, for why
 Should every creature drink but I ?
 Why, man of morals, tell me why.

Song 18.

Fine young folly, though wear
 That fair Beauty, I do swear,
 Yet you ne'r could reach my heart ;
 For we Courtiers learn at School,
 Onely with your Sex to fool,
 Y'are not worth our serious part.

Song 19.

BE thou that art my better part,
 A Seal impress'd upon my heart ;
 May I thy fingers Signet prove,
 For Death is not more strong than Love,
 The Grave's not so insatiate,
 As Jealousies enflame debate.
 Should falling clouds with floods conspire,
 Their waters would not quench Loves fire ;
 Nor in all Natures Treasury,
 The freedom of affection buy.

Song 20.

TO friend and to foe,
 To all that I know,
 That to Marriage Estate do prepare,
 Remember your days
 In several ways,
 Are troubled with sorrow and care :
 For he that doth look
 In the married mans book,
 And read but his *Items* all over,
 Shall finde them to come,
 At length to a Sun,

Shall empty Purse, Pocket, and Coffer.
In the pastimes of love,
When their labors do prove,
And the Fruit beginneth to kick,
For this, and for that,
And I know not for what,
The woman must have, or be sick.
There's *Item* set down,
For a Loose-bodied Gown,
In her longing you must not deceive her ;
For a Bodkin, a Ring,
Or the other fine thing,
For a Whisk, a Scarf, or a Beaver.
Deliver'd and well,
Who ist cannot tell,
Thus while the Childe lies at the Nipple,
There's *Item* for wine,
And Gossips so fine,
And Sugar to sweeten their Tipple ;
There's *Item* I hope,
For Water and Sope,
There's *Item* for Fire and Candle,
For better for worse,
There's *Item* for Nurse,
The Babe to dress and to dandle.
When swaddled in lap,
There's *Item* for Pap,
And *Item* for Pot, Pan, and Ladle ;
A Corral with Bells,
Which custom compells,
And *Item* ten Groats for a Cradle ;
With twenty odd Knacks,
Which the little one lacks,
And thus doth thy pleasure bewray thee :
But this is the sport,
In Countrey and Court,
Let not these pastimes betray thee.

Song 21.

I Dote, I dote,
 But am a Sot to show it,
 I was a very fool to let her know it,
 For now she doth so cunning grow,
 She proves a friend worse than a foe,
 She will not hold me fast, nor let me go :
 She tells me I cannot forsake her,
 Then strait I endeavor to leave her,
 But to make me stay,
 Throws a Kiss in my way,
 Oh then I could tarry for ever.
 Thus I retire,
 Salute, and sit down by her,
 There do I fry in frost, and freeze in fire ;
 Now Nectar from her lips I sup,
 And though I cannot drink all up,
 Yet I am fox'd with kissing of the Cup ;
 For her Lips are two brimmers of Clarret,
 Where first I began to miscarry ,
 Her breasts of delight,
 Are two bottles of White,
 And her eyes are two cups of Canary.
 Drunk as I live ,
 Dead drunk beyond reprieve,
 And all my senses driven through a sieve ;
 About my neck her arms she layeth ,
 Now all is Gospel that she saith,
 Which I lay hold on with my fuddled faith :
 I finde a fond Lover's a Drunkard,
 And dangerous is when he flies out ,
 With hips, and with lips,
 With black eyes, and white thighs,
 Blinde Cupid sure tipled his eyes out.
 She bids me rise,
 Tells me I must be wise,

Like her, for she is not in love, she cries ;
This makes me fret, and fling, and throw,
Shall I be fetter'd to my foe ?

I begin to run, but cannot go :

I prethee Sweet use me more kindly,

You were better to hold me fast,

If you once disengage

Your Bird from his Cage,

Believe it he'll leave you at last. .

Like Sot I sit,

That fill'd the Town with wit,

But now confess I have most need of it ;

I have been fox'd with Duck and Dear,

Above a quarter of a year,

Beyond the Cure of sleeping, or small Beer,

I think I can number the months too,

July, August, September, October,

Thus goes my account,

A mischief light on't,-

But sure I shall go when I'm sober.

My legs are lam'd,

My courage is quite tam'd,

My heart and all my body is inflam'd,

As by experience I can prove,

And swear by all the Powers above,

'Tis better to be drunk with wine than love ;

For 'tis Sack makes us merry and witty,

Our fore-heads with Jewels adorning,

Although we do grope,

Yet there is some hope

That a man may be sober next morning.

Thus with command,

She throws me from her hand,

And bids me go, yet knows I cannot stand ;

I measure all the ground by trips,

Was ever Sot so drunk with tips,

Or can a man be over-seen with lips ?
 I pray Madam fickle be faithful,
 And leave off our damnable dodging,
 Then do not deceive me,
 Either love me, or leave me,
 And let me go home to my lodging,
 I have too much,
 And yet my folly's such,
 I cannot hold but must have t'other touch ;
 Here's a health to the King ; How now ?
 I'me drunk , and could chatter I vow,
 Lovers and fools say any thing you know ;
 I fear I have tyred your patience,
 But I'me sure 'tis I have the wrong on't ;
 My wit hath bereft me,
 And all that is left me,
 Is but enough to make a Song on't :
 My Mistriss and I
 Shall never comply
 And ther's the short and the long on't.

Song. 22.

WHy should we not laugh and be jolly,
 Since all the world is mad ?
 And lull'd in a dull melancholy ;
 He that wallows in store,
 Is still gaping for more,
 And that makes him as poor,
 As the wretch that ne'r any thing had.
 How mad is that damn'd Money-monger
 That to purchase to him and his heirs,
 Grows shriv'd with thirst and hunger ;
 While we that are bonny ,
 Buy Sack with ready money,
 And ne'r trouble the Scrivners, nor Lawyers,
 Those Guts that by scraping and toiling,
 Do swell their Revenues so fast,

Get nothing by all their tormoiling,
But are marks of each tax,
While they load their own backs;
With the heavier packs,
And lie down gall'd and weary at last.
While we that do traffick in Tipple,
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,
Whose jaws are so hungry and gripple;
We ne'r trouble our heads,
With Indentures or Deeds,
And our Wills are compos'd in a word.
Our money shall never indite us,
Nor drag our free mindes to thral,
Nor Pyrates nor Wracks can affright us;
We that have no Estates,
Fear no plunder nor rates;
We can sleep with open gates,
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.
We laugh at those fools whose endeavours
Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines,
When we that spend all are the savers;
For if thieves do break in,
They go out empty agen,
And the plunderers lose their designs.
Then let us not think on to morrow,
But tipple and laugh while we may,
To wash from our hearts all sorrow;
Those Cormorants which,
Are troubled with an Itch,
To be mighty and rich,
Do but toil for the wealth which they borrow.
The Mayor of the Town with his Ruff on,
What a pox is he better than we?
He must vail to the man with his Buff on;
Though he Custard may eat,
And such lubbarly meat,
Yet our Sack makes us merrier then he.

Song.

Song 23.

NEver more will I protest
 To love a Woman, but in jest ;
 For as they cannot be true ,
 So to give each man his due,
 When the wooing fit is past,
 Their affections cannot last.
 Therefore if I chance to meet
 With a Mistress fair and sweet,
 She my service shall obtain,
 Loving her for love again :
 Thus much liberty I crave,
 Nor to be a constant slave.
 For when we have try'd each other,
 If she better like another,
 Let her quickly change for me,
 Then to change am I as free :
 He or she that loves too long
 Sell their freedom for a Song.

Song 24.

Now fie on foolish love, it not befits,
 Or man or woman know it ;
 Love was not meant for people in their wits,
 And they that fondly show it,
 Betray the straw and feathers in their brain,
 And shall have Bedlam for their pain :
 If single love be such a Curse,
 To marry is to make it ten times worse.

Song 25.

Turn *Amarillis* to thy Swain,
 Thy *Damon* calls thee back again ,
 Here is a pretty Arbor by,
 Where *Apello*, where *Apello*,
 Where *Apello* cannot spy,
 There lets sit, and whilst I play,
 Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay.

Song 26.

Courtiers, Courtiers, think it no scorn,
That silly poor Swains in love should be ;
There is as much love in rent and torn,
As there is in Silks and Bravery ;
The Beggar he loves his Lase as dear,
As he that hath Thousands, Thousands, Thousands,
He that hath Thousands Pounds a year.

Song 27.

Take a pound of Butter made in *May* ;
Clap it to her Arse in a Summers day,
And ever as it melts, then lick it clean away ;
'Tis a Med'cine for the Tooth-ach, old wives say.

Song 28.

Bess black as Charecoal,
Was found in a dark hole
With *Kis* at the Cat and the Fiddle ;
But what they did there,
None safely can swear,
Yet Gentlemen, Riddle my Riddle.
Troth I would be loath,
Were I put to my Oath,
To swear *Kis* with *Bess* did ingender ;
Yet it would tempt a man,
Bridle all that he can,
His present well-wishes to tender.
But 't was found at last,
E're a twelve-month was past,
That *Christopher Bess* had o'se-master'd,
For her belly betray'd her,
And so she down laid her,
And brought him a jolly brown Bastard.

Song 29.

The Glories of our Birth and State
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no Armor 'gainst our Fate,

Death lay's his Icy hands on Kings :

Scepter and Crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal laid,

With the poor crooked Scithe and Spade.

Some men with Swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh Laurels where they kill ;

But their strong Nerves at last must yield;

They tame but one another still.

Early or late,

They bend to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,

While the pale captive creeps to Death,

The Garland wither's on your brow,

Then boast no more your mighty deeds,

Upon Death's purple Altar now,

See where the Victor Victim bleeds.

All heads must come,

To the cold Tomb ;

Only the Actions of the just

Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

Song. 30.

Sweet Jane, sweet Jane,

I love thee wondrous well,

But am afraid,

Thou't die a Maid,

And so lead Apes in Hell.

For why my dear, 'tis pity it should be so,

Thou't better then to take a man

And keep thee from the foe,

Thou art so pretty, and fine,

And wondrous handsome too,

Then be not coy,

Let's get a boy,

Alas what should we do,

I see thy brow,

And

And I know
What colour it is below,
Then do nor jeast,
But smile the rest
E'faith I know what I know.

Song 31.

Victorious Beauty though your eyes,
Are able to subdue an Host,
And therefore are unlike to boast;
The taking of a little prize,
Do not a single heart despise.

Song 32.

Chloris, it is not in your power
To say how long our love will last,
It may be we within this hour
May loose those joys we now may taste.

The blessed that Immortal be
From change in Love are only free.
And though you now immortal seem,
Such is th' exactness of your fame;
Those that your Beauty so esteem,
Will finde it cannot last the same:
Love from my eyes has stohn my fire,
As apt to waste, and to expire.

Then since we mortal Lovers are,
Let's question not how long 'twil last,
But while we love let us take care,
Each minute be with pleasure past:
It were a madness to deny
To live, because w'are sure to die.

Fear not though love and beauty fail,
My Reason shall my heart direct;
Your kindness now will then prevail,
And passion turn into respect:
Chloris, at worst, you'l in the end
But change your Lover for a Friend.

Song.

Song 33.

Celemana, of my heart
 None shall e're bereave you ;
 If with your good leave I may
 Quarrel with you once a day,
 I will never leave you.

Celemana.

Passion's but an empty name,
 Where respect is wanting ;
 Demon, you mistake your aim,
 Hang your heart, and burn your flame,
 If you must be ranting.

Demon.

Love as pale and muddy is,
 As decaying Liquor,
 Anger sets it on the Lees,
 And refines it by degrees,
 Till it works it quicker.

Celemana.

Love by quarrel to begot
 Wisely you endeavor,
 With a grave Physicians wit,
 Who to cure an Ague Fit,
 Puts me in a Fever.

Demon.

Anger rouses Love to fight,
 And his onely bait is,
 'Tis the spur to vain-delight,
 And is but an eager bite,
 When desire at height is.

Celemana.

If such drops of heat can fall
 In our wooing weather,
 If such drops of heat can fall,
 We shall have the devil and all,
 When we come together.

Song 34.

TWelve sorts of meat my wife provides,
And bates me not a dish;
Of which, four flesh, four fruit there are,
The other four of fish.

For the first Course, she serves me in
Four Birds that Dainties are;
The first a Quail, the next a Rail,
A Bitter, and a Jar.

Mine appetite being cloy'd with these,
With Fish she makes it sharp,
And brings me next a Lamp, a Pout,
A Gudgeon, and a Carp.

The second is of Fruit well serv'd,
Fitting well the season;
A Medlar, and a Hartichoak,
A Crab, and a small Reason.

What's he that having such a wife,
That on her would not dote?
Who daily does provide such fare,
Which costs him never a groat.

Song 35.

BE gone, be gone, thou perjur'd man,
And never more return,

For know that thy inconstancy,
Hath chang'd my love to scorn;
Thou hast awak't me, and I can
See clearly there's no truth in man.
Thou may'st perhaps prevail upon
Some other to believe thee.

And since thou canst love more than one,

Ne'r think that it shall grieve me.

For th' hast awak't me, and I can
See clearly there's no truth in man.
By thy Apostacy I finde,

That love is plac'd amiss,
And can't continue in the minde,

Where

Where Vertue wanting is.
 I'm now resolv'd, and know there can,
 No constant thought remain in man.

Song 36.

S Trait my green Gown into Breeches I'll make,
 And long yellow Locks, much shorter I'll take,
 With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down a.
 Then I'll cut me a Switch, and on that ride about ;
 And wander, and wander, till I finde him out ,
 With a Hey Down, Down, a Down, Down a.
 And when *Phylander* shall be dead,
 I'll bury him, I'll bury him,
 And I'll bury him in a Primrose bed,
 Then I'll sweetly ring his Knell,
 With a pretty Cowslip Bell,
 Ding Dong Bell, Ding Dong Bell.

Song 37.

L ook, see how unregarded now
 That piece of beauty passes,
 There was a time when I did vow
 To that alone, but mark the fate of faces :
 That red and white works now no more on me,
 Than if it could not charm, nor I not see.
 And yet the face continues good,
 And I have still desires.
 And still the self same flesh and blood,
 As apt to melt, and suffer from such fires :
 Oh some kinde power unriddle where it lies,
 Whether my heart be faulty, or my eyes.
 She every day her man doth kill,
 And I as often die,
 Neither her power then, nor my will,
 Can quest'onable be, what is the Mystery :
 Sure Beauty's Empire, like the greatest States,
 Have certain Periods set, and hidden Dates.

Song.

Song. 38.

Dear give me a thousand kisses,
Pay the Debt thy lips do owe;
Let the number of those blisses,
To ten thousand thousands grow,
Till to infinites they flow:
Let the sweet perfumed treasure
Of thy breath, my spirits fill;
So enjoying endless pleasure,
Breaths rebreathing, let us still
Breathe one breath, and wish one will.

Song 39.

Little love serves my turn,
'Tis so enflaming,
Rather than I will burn,
I'll leave my gaming;
For when I think upon't,
Oh 'tis so painful,
'Cause Ladies have a trick,
To be disdainful.
Beauty shall court it self,
'Tis not worth speaking,
I'll no more Amorous pangs,
No more heart-breaking.
Those that ne'r felt the smart,
Let them go try it,
I have redeem'd my heart,
Now I despise it.

Song 40.

NO more, no more,
I must give o're,
For Beauty is so sweet,
It makes me pine,
Distrust my mind.
And surfeit when I see't:
Forgive me love,

If I remove
 Unto some other sphere,
 Where I may keep
 A Flock of Sheep,
 And know no other care.

Song 41.

C *Chloris* farewell, I now must go;
 For if with thee I here do stay,
 Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
 I shall grow blinde, and lose my way.
 Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
 Amongst the rest me hither brought;
 Finding this Fame fall short of truth,
 Made me stay longer than I thought.
 For I'm engag'd by word and oath,
 A servant to anothers will;
 Yet for thy love would forfeit both,
 Could I be sure to keep it still.
 But what assurance can I take,
 When thou fore-knowing this abuse,
 For some more worthy Lovers sake,
 May st leave me with so just excuse.
 For thou may'st say 'twas not my fault,
 That thou didst thus unconstant prove;
 Thou wert by my example taught
 To break thy oath, to mend thy love.
 No *Chloris*, no, I will return,
 And raise thy story to that height,
 That strangers shall at distance burn,
 And she distrust me reprobate.
 Then shall my Love this doubt displace;
 And gain such trust, that I may come
 And banquet sometimes on thy face,
 But make my constant Meals at home.

Song, 42.

TO little or no purpose I spent many days
In ranging the Park, th' Exchange, and th' Plays.
For ne'r in my Rambles till now did I prove
So lucky to meet with the man I could love.
For oh, how I am pleas'd when I think of this man
That I finde I must love, let me do what I can,
How long I shall love him I can no more tell,
Than had I Feavor when I should be well,
My passion shall kill me before I will show it,
And yet I would give all the world he did know it,
But oh, how I sigh when I think he should woo me,
I cannot deny what I know would undo me.

Song. 43.

SHall I lie wasting in despair,
Die because a woman fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care,
'Cause anothers Rosie are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery Meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be.
Shall I mine affections slack,
'Cause I see a woman black,
Or my self with care cast down,
'Cause I see a woman brown,
Be she blacker than the night,
Or the blackest Jet in sight,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how black she be.
Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,
'Cause I see a woman kinde,
Or a well disposed Nature,
Joynd in a comely feature?
Be she kinde or meeker than
Turtle-dove, or Pellican,

If she be not so to me,
What care I how kinde she be.
Shall my foolish heart be burst,
Cause I see a woman curst,
Or a thwarting hoggish natu
Joyned in as bad a feature,
Be she curst or fiercer then
Brutish beasts, or savage men,

If she be not so to me,
What care I how curst she be.
Shall a womans Vertues make,
Me to perish for her sake,
Or her merits value known,
Make me quite forget my own,
Be she with that goodnes blest,
That may merit name of best,

If she seem not so to me,
What care I how good she be.
Shall a womans Vices make,
Me her Vertues quite forsake,
Or her faults to me made known,
Make me think that I have none,
Be she of the most accurst,
And deserve the name of worst,

If she be not so to me,
What care I how bad she be.
Cause her Fortunes seem too high,
Should I play the fool and die?
He that bears a noble minde,
If not outward help he finde,
Think what with them he would do,
That without them dares to woo,
And unless that minde I see,
What care I how great she be.
Cause her Fortunes seem too low,
Shall I therefore let her go,

He that bears an humble minde,
And with Riches can be kinde,
Think how kinde a heart he'd have,
If he were some servile slave,
And if that same minde I see,
What care I how poor she be.
Great, or good, or kinde, or fair,
I will ne'r the more despair,
If she love, then believe,
I can die, e'r she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can slight and bid her go,
If she be not fit for me.

What care I for whom she be.
Poor, or bad, or curst, or black,
I will ne'r the more be slack,
If she hate me, then believe,
She shall die e're I will grieve,
If she like me when I woo,
I can like and love her too,
For if she be fit for me,
What care I what others be.

Song 44.

O H Chloris 'twas unkindely done,
First to invade me with your eyes;
And when my yielding heart was won,
Then to begin your Tyrannies ;
The generous Lion streight grows meek,
And gently spares the fawning chase,
But the submissive wretch may seek
In vain for pity from that face ;
Where while enchanting Syrens sing,
Th' allured Mariner is wrack't;
So whirling gulphs destruction bring,
And overwhelm what they attract,

Song 45.

Help, help, O help, Divinity of Love,
 Or *Neptune* will commit a rape
 Upon my *Chloris*, she's on his bosom,
 And without a wonder cannot scape.
 See, see, the winds grow drunk with joy, and throngs
 So fast to see love's *Argo*, and the wealth it bears,
 That now the tackling, and the sails they tear,
 They fight, they fight, who shall convey
Amintor's love into a bay,
 And hurl whole *Sea's* at one another,
 As if they would the welkin smoother?
 Hold *Boreas*, hold, he will not hear,
 The Rudder cracks, the Main-mast falls,
 The Pilot swears, the Skipper bawls,
 A shore of Clouds in darkness fall,
 To put out *Chloris* light withal;
 Ye Gods, where are ye, are ye all asleep,
 Or drunk with Nectar? why do you not keep
 A watch upon your Ministers of fate?
 Tie up the winds, or they will blow the *Sea's*
 To heaven, and drown your Deities.
 A calm, a calm, Miracle of love,
 The Sea-born Queen that sits above,
 Hath heard *Amintor's* cries,
 And *Neptune* now must lose his prize.
 Welcome, welcome, *Chloris* to the shore,
 Thou shalt go to Sea no more;
 We to *Tempe's* Groves will go,
 Where the calmer winds do blow,
 And embark our hearts together,
 Fearing neither Rocks, nor weather,
 But out-ride the storms of love,
 And for ever constant prove.

Song. 46.

NOw, now, *Lucania*, now make haste,
If thou wilt see how strong thou art,
There needs but one frown more, to waste
The whole remainder of my heart.

Alas undone, to fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,

And now, now, now, am dead.
You look to have an Age of tryal,
E're you a Lover will repay,
But my state brooks no more denial ;
I cannot this one minute stay.

Alas undone, to fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,

And now, now, now, am dead.
Look in my wound, and see how cold,
How pale and gasping my soul lies,
Which Nature strives in vain to hold,
Whilst wing'd with sighs, away it flies.

Alas undone, to fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,

And now, now, now, am dead.
See, see, already *Charon's* Boat,
Who grimly asks why all this stay ?
Hark how the Fatal Sisters shout,
And now they call, Away, away ;

Alas Undone, to fate I bow my head,
Ready to die, now die,
And now, oh now, am dead.

Song. 47.

WHen as *Leander* young, was drown'd,
No heart by love receiv'd a wound,
But on a rock himself sat by,
There weeping superabundantly.
His head upon his hand he laid,
And sighing deeply, thus he said ;

Ah

Ah cruel Fate, and looking on't,
 Wept as he'd drown the *Hells-pens*,
 And sure his tongue had more exprest,
 Had not his Tears, Had not his Tears,
 Had not his Tears forbad the rest.

Song 48.

OH ! how I hate thee now,
 And my self too,
 For loving such a false,
 False thing as thee,
 Who hourly canst depart,
 From heart to heart,
 To take new habor, as thou didst in me ;
 But when the world shall spie,
 And know thy shifts as well as I,
 They'l shut their hearts, and take thee in no more,
 They that can dwell with none must out of door.
 Thy pride hath overgrown,
 All this great Town,
 Which stoops, and bows, as low
 As I to you ,
 Thy falshood might support,
 All the new Court,
 Which shifts, and turns almost as oft as thou.
 But to exprest thee by,
 There's not an object low, or high,
 For 'twill be found when ere the measure's tride ;
 Nothing can reach thy falshood, but thy pride.

Song 49.

Yonder he goes,
 Takes Corns from your Toes,
 Cures the Gout,
 And all Woes ;
 Call him hither ;
 His skill I will try,
 Before I pass by,

Or sure I shall die
This weather :
The reports of your fame Sir,
Call you again Sir,
Shew your skill, or shame your face ever.

Song 50.

HAng sorrow cast, away care.
Come let us drink up our Sack;
They say it is good,
To cherish the blood,
And eke to strengthen the Back ;
'Tis wine that makes the thoughts aspire,
And fills the body with heat,
Besides 'tis good,
If well understood,
To fit a man for the Feast :
Then call,
And drink up all,
The Drawer is ready to fill,
A pox of Care,
What need we to spare,
My Father hath made his Will.

Song 51.

HAve you any work for a Tinker Mistris,
Old Brais, old Pots, or Kettles,
I'll mend them all with a Tink, Terry-tink,
And never hurt your Mettles.
First let me have but a touch of your Ale,
'Twill steel me 'gainst cold weather,
Or Tinkers Freez:,
Or Vintners Lees,
Or Tobacco chuse you whether :
But of your Ale,
Your Nappy Ale,
I would I had a Ferkin.
But I am old,

And

And very very cold,
And never wear a Jerkin.

Song. 52.

HAve you observ'd the Wench in the street,
Sh'as scarce any Hose or Shoes to her feet,
Yet she is very merry, and when she cries, she sings,
I ha hot Codlings, hot Codlings.

Or have you ever seen or heard
The Mortal with a Lyon Tawny beard,
He lives as merrily as any heart can wish,
And still he cries buy a Brish, by a Brish.

Since these are so merry, why should we take care ?
Musicians, like *Comedians* must live by the air :

Then lets be blith and bonny,
And no good meeting balk,
For when we have no money,
We shall finde chalk.

Song. 53.

IF any so wise is,
That Sack he dispises,
Let him drink his small Beer and be sober,
Whilst we drink Sack, and sing

As if it were Spring,
He shall droop like the trees in *October*.

But be sure over-night,
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,

Soon as out of your bed,
To settle your head,
Take a hair of his tail in the morning.

And be not so silly,
To follow old *Lilly*,
For theres nothing but Sack that can tune us ;

Let his *No-assurcus*,
Be put in his Cap-case,
And sing *Bi-bi-to-vi-num Fe-ju-nus*.

Song.

Song 54.

Good Simon, how comes it your Nose looks so red,
And your cheeks, and lips, look so pale?
Sure the heat of your Toast,
Your Nose did so Roast,
When they were both sou'd in Ale:
It shews like the spire,
Of Paul's Steeple on fire,
Each Ruby darts forth (such Lightning) flashes,
While your face looks as dead,
As if it were lead,
And cover'd all o're with Ashes.
Now to heighten his colour,
Yet fill his pot fuller,
And nick it not so with froth;
Gramercy mine Host,
It shall save thee a Toast:
Sup Simon, for here is good broth.

Song 55.

How merrily looks
The man that hath Gold;
He seemeth but twenty,
Though three-score year old:
How nimble the Bee,
That flyeth about,
And gathereth Honey,
Within and without:
But men without Money,
And Bees without Honey,
Are nothing better than Dreams, Dreams, &c.

Song 56.

Good Susan be as secret as you can,
You know your Master is a Jealous man,
Though thou and I do mean no hurt or ill,
Yet men take women in the worst sense still;

G

And

And fear of Horns more grief in hearts hath bred,
Than wearing Horns doth hurt a Cuckolds head.

Song 57.

THe wise men were but seven,
Ne'r more shall be for me :
The Muses were but nine,
The Worthies three times three :
And three merry Boys, and three merry Boys,
And three merry Boys are we.
The Vertues were but seven,
And three the greater be,
The *Cesars* they were twelve,
And the fatal sisters three ;
And three merry Girls, and three merry Girls,
And three merry Girls are we.

Song 58.

AWomans Rule should be in such a fashion,
Onely to guide her Household, and her passion ;
And her obedience never out of season,
So long as either Husband lasts or Reason.
Ill fares the hapless Family that shows
A Cock that's silent, and a Hen that Crows.
I know not which live more unnatural lives,
Obedient Husbands, or commanding Wives.

Song 59.

APox on the Gaoler, and on his fat Jowl ;
There's liberty lies in the bottom o'th' Bowl.
A fig for what ever the Rascal can do,
Our Dung'on is deep but our cups are so too.
Then drink we around in despite of our Foes,
And make our cold Iron cry clink in the close.

Song 60.

WHen Wives do hate the Husbands Friends,
As Jealous of some fearless ends,
And still an Angry look she settles,
As if of late sh'ad pils'd on Nettles ;

Ware ho, ware ho, for then of force
The Mare will prove the better Horse.
When women will be ever nice,
Foolish, proud, and manly wise,
And their wanton Humour itches,
To wear their Husbands widest Breeches:
Ware ho, ware ho, for then of force
The Mare will prove the better Horse.

Song 61.

IF she be not kinde as fair,
But peevish and unhandy,
Leave her, she's onely worth the care
Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy.
I would not have thee such an Ass,
Hadst thou nere so much leasure,
To sigh and whine for such a Lass,
Whose pride's above her pleasure.
Make much of ev'ry buxom Girl,
Which needs but little courting;
Her value is above the pearl,
That takes delight in sporting.

A Catch 62.

HE that will win a widdows heart,
Must bear up briskly to her;
She loves the Lad that's free and smart,
But hates the formal Wooer.

Song 63.

LAdies, though to your conqu'ring eyes
Love owes his chiefest Victori:s,
And borrows those bright Arms from you,
With which he does the world subdu:;
Yet you your selves are not above
The Empire, nor the griefs of Love.
Then wrack not Lovers with disdain,
Lest Love on you revenge her pain;
You are not free, becaus: y'are fair,

The Boy did not his Mother spare.
 Beauty's but an offensive Dart,
 It is no Armour for the Heart.

Song 64

Phillis, though your powerful charms
 Have forc'd me from my *Celia's* Arms,
 That sure defence against all Pow'rs,
 But those resistless eyes of yours,
 Think not your Conquest to maintain
 By rigour or unjust disdain,
 In vain fair Nymph, in vain you strive,
 For Love do's seldom hope survive.
 My heart may languish for a time,
 While all your glories in their prime,
 May justify their cruelty,
 By the same force that conquer'd me.
 When Age shall come, at whose command
 Those Troops of Beauty's must disband :
 A Tyrants strength once took away,
 What slave's so dull as to obey ?
 Those threatning dangers to remove,
 Make me believe (at least) you love ;
 Dissemble well, and by that art
 Preserve and govern still my heart.
 But if you'l choose another way,
 To save your Empire from decay,
 Oh then for ever fix your throne,
 Be kinde, but kinde to me alone.

Song 65.

Amyntas he once went astray,
 But now again hath found his way,
 Mad Lovers oft do please themselves,
 With noise and janglings of the Bells,
 And fancie there some warbling Note,
 As Ecchoing from a Millriss throat,

And why disturb'd then, should they be,
Since Love on Earth's our Diety ?

But those who reason do preserve,
Make all things to their purpose serve,
Taught then by that example, I
Loves power now will soon desic,
Although fond *Cupid* once prevail'd
His passion's not on me entail'd,
No Son of his, I'll boldly say,
I'm made of Steel and not of Clay.

Hold, let me not this God despise,
For fear he rob me of my eyes,
His pow'r subjects, and can destroy,
I'll therefore stoop unto the Boy,
By yielding to his moderate fire
I may an easier way expire,
So sweet a death gives us no pain,
Whilst dying we revive again.

Song 66.

F Air *Phydels* tempt no more,
I can thy Beauty now no more adore,
Nor offer to thy shrine,
I serve a more Divine
And great: r far than you,
Hark the Trumpet calls away,
We must go,
Lest the foe,
Get the field, and win the day,
Then march bravely on,
Charge them in the Van.
Our cause Gods is,
Though the odd's is
Ten times ten to one.

Tempt no more, I may not yield,
Although thine eyes
A Kingdom may surprize,

Leave off thy wanton tales,
 The High-born Prince of Wales
 Is mounted in the field,
 Where the Loyal Gentry flock,
 Though forlorn,
 Nobly born,
 Of a ne'r decaying Stock;
 Cavaliers be bold,
 Bravely keep your hold,
 He that loyters,
 Is by Traytors
 Meerly bought and sold.
 One Kiss more, and so farewell
 Fie, no more,
 I prethee fool give o're,
 Why cloudst thou thus thy beams?
 I see by these extreams,
 A woman's heaven or hell;
 Pray the King enjoy his own,
 That th: Queen
 May be seen,
 With her Babes on *Englands* Throne,
 Rally up your men,
 One shall vanquish ten,
 Victory, we come to try
 Our Valour once agen.

Song 67.

Were *Celia* but as chaste as fair,
 How could I kiss the Snare,
 And never be
 Weary of my Captivity!
 But shee's a whore, that cools my blood;
 Oh that she were less handsom, or more good.
 Would you believe that there can rest
 Deceit within that breast?
 Or that those eyes,

Which

Which look like friends, are onely spies ?
 But shee's a whore, yet sure I lie,
 May there not be degrees of chastity ?
 No no, what means that wanton smile,
 But onely to beguile ?

Thus did the first
 Of women make all men accurst :
 I for their sakes give women o're,
 The first was false, the fairest was a whore.

Song 68.

THe morning doth waite,
 To the Meadows let's haste,
 For the Sun doth with glory shine on them ;
 The Maidens must rake,
 Whilest the Haycocks we make,
 Then merrily tumble upon them.
 The envy of Court,
 Ne'r aims at our sport,
 For we live both honest and meanly ;
 Their Ladies are fine,
 But to Venus encline,
 And our Lasses are harnalefs and cleanly.
 Then let us advance
 Our selves in a Dance,
 And afterwards fall to our labor ;
 No measure we meet ,
 Nor Musick so sweet
 To us, as a Pipe and a Tabor.

Song 69.

IN the merry moneth of *May*,
 On a morn by break of day,
 Forth I walked the Woods so wide ;
 When as *May* was in her pride,
 There I spied all alone,
Philliday and *Coridon*.

Much ado there was I wot,
 He could love, but she could not,
 His love he said was ever true,
 Nor was mine e're false to you.

He said he had lov'd her long,
 She said love should do no wrong.

Cupid would kiss her then,
 She said maids must kiss no men,
 Till they kiss for good and all,
 Then she made the shepherds call
 All the Gods to witness south,
 Ne'r was lov'd a fairer youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,
 As yea, and nay, and faith and troath,
 Such as silly shepherds use
 When they will not love abuse.
 Love that had been long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded.

And *Philliday* with Garlands gay
 Was crown'd the Lady of the May.

Song 70.

Down in a Garden late my dearest love,
 Her skin more soft than down of Swan,
 More tender hearted than the Turtle Dove,
 And far more kinde then bleeding Pellican;
 I courted her, she rose, and blushing said,
 Why was I born to live, and die a Maid?
 With that I pluckt a pretty Marygold,
 Whose dewy leaves shut up when day is done,
 Sweeting (I said) arise, look, and behold,
 A pretty Riddle i'le to thee unfold.
 These leaves shut in as close as cloyster'd Nun,
 Yet will they open when they see the Sun.

What mean you by this Riddle Sir, she said,
 I pray expound it: Then I thus began,
 Are not men made for Maids, and Maids for men?

With

With that she chang'd her colour, and grew wan,
Since now this Riddle you so well unfold,
Be you the Sun, I'll be the Marygold.

Song 71.

THe Pot, and the Pipe,
The Cup, and the Can
Have quite undone, quite undone,
Many a Man.

The Hawk, and the Hound,
The Dice, and the Whore,
Have quite undone, quite undone,
Many a Score.

Song 72.

Love is a sowre delight, and sugred grief,
A Sea of fears, and everlasting strife,
A breach of Reasons Laws, a secret thief,
A living death, a never dying life :

A bane for souls, a scourge for noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shaft that never hits.

A Labyrinth of doubts, and idle lust,
A raving Bird, a Tyrant most unjust ;
Yet mighty Love, regard not what I say,
But blame the light that led my eyes astray ;
Yet hurt her not, lest I sustain the smart,
Which am content to lodge in her my heart.

Song 73.

Then our Musick is in prime,
When our teeth keep triple time;
Hungry notes are fit for Knels,

May frankness be,

No quest to me,

The bag-pipe sounds, when that is swells.

A mooring night brings wholsom smiles,

When *John* an Oaks and *John* a Styles,

Do grease the Lawyers Satin.

A Reading day,

Frights *French* away,
 The Benchers dare speak Latin ;
 He that's full doth Verse compose,
 Hunger deals in sullen Prose,
 Take notice and discard h. r.

The empty Sp. t,
 Ne'r cherish't wit,
Minerva loves the Larder.
 First to Breakfast, then to Dine,
 Is to conquer *Bellarmino* ;
 Distinctions then are budding,
 Old *Suckliff's* wit,
 Did never hit,
 But after his Bag-pudding,

Song 74.

WHy should I not dally (my Dear) in thine eye,
 And chase the dull hours away ?

He that lets such a fair opportunity fly,

He loses his aim by delay,

And it's pity he ever should sip,

Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.

Upon thy fair Tresses (which *Phœbus* excel)

My diligent fingers I'le twiſt ;

O there's my desire for ever to dwell,

And I hope thou wilt never resist :

And e're and anon I will sip,

Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.

Upon thy fair Breasts I'le be mounted aloft,

And there in my Chariot I'le feel

The grain of thy Body more precious and soft

Than the web of *Arachne's* wheel :

And e're and anon I will sip,

Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.

I'le wander abroad in thy veins, and I'le seek

The Mazes of pleasure and love,

The Garden of *Venus* it is in thy cheek,

And

And thither my fancy shall move :

And e're and anon I will sip,

Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.

There upon the Lillies and Roses I'le light,

And gather my sweets like the Bee :

And I will not go far for a lodging at night,

For surely the Hive shall be thee :

And e're and anon I will sip,

Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.

Where when I am hurl'd, my nest I will build,

Of Honey-combs all in a rank ;

I'le buz in each corner until it be fill'd,

And make thee more full in the flank :

And e're and anon I will sip,

Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.

Come then with a Cornish let us combine,

(I know thou canst easily do't)

Thou shalt take my heart, and I will take thine,

And I'le give thee my hand to boot :

And e're and anon I will sip,

Electar and Nectar that flows from thy lip.

Song 75.

ALL in vain,
Turn again,

Why should I love her ?

Since she can

Love no man,

I will give over.

I'le not stay

To obey,

But will retire.

Why should I

Thither fly,

And not enjoy her ?

Let her still

Please her will,

With

With a denial ;
 She shall be
 Unto me,
 As a Sun-Dial.
 Let her blood
 Raise the mud,
 All in good season ;
 I'll not gaze
 On her face,
 Till I have reason.

Song 76.

HOW happy and free is the plunder,
 When we care not for *Jove*, nor his thunder,
 Having entred a Town,
 The Lasses go down,
 And to their O're-corners lie under.
*Why then should we study to love, and look pale,
 And make long Addresses to what will grow stale ?*
 If her fingers be soft, long, and slender,
 When once we have made her to render,
 She will handle a Flute,
 Better far than a Lute,
 And make what was hard, to grow tender.
*Then why should we study to love, and look pale,
 And make long Addresses to what will grow stale ?*
 If her hair of the delicate brown is,
 And her belly as soft as the Down is,
 She will fire your heart,
 In performing her part,
 With a flame that more hot than the Town is.
*Why then should we study to love, and look pale,
 And make long Addresses to what will grow stale ?*
 When the houses with flashes do glitter,
 We can sever our sweets from the bitter,
 And in that bright night,
 We can take our delight,

No Damsel shall scape but we'll hit her.

*Why then should we study to love and look pale,
And make long Addresser, but never prevail ?*

Song 77.

I'Me sick of love , Oh let me lie
Under your shades to sleep, or die ;
Either is welcomie so I may have,
Or here my bed, or here my grave.

Why do you sigh, and sob, and keep
Time to my tears, whilst I do weep ;
Can you have sense, or do you prove,
What crucifixions are in love ?

I know you do, and that's the why,
Y'are weeping sick of love as I.

Catch 78.

THere was three Cooks of Colebrook,
And they fell out with our Cook,
And all was for a Pudding they took,
From one of the Cooks of Colebrook.

Slash Cook,
Swath Cook,

And thou maist kifs mine Arse Cook,
And all was for a Pudding they took,
From one of the Cooks of Colebrook.

And they fell all on our Cook.

And beat him sore that he did look,
As black as did the Pudding he took,
From one of the Cooks of Colebrook.

Song 79.

LAst night I dreamed of my love,
When sleep did overtake her,
It was a pretty drowsie Rogue,
She slept I durst not wake her.

Her lips were like to Coral red,
A thousand times I kifs'd 'um,
And a thousand more I might hare stoll'n ;

For she had ne'r a miss'd 'um.

Her crisped Locks like threads of Gold,
Hung dangling o're the Pillow,
Great pity 'twas, that one so fair,
Should wear the Rainbow willow.

I folded down the Holland sheet,
A little below her belly,
But what I did, you ne'r shall know,
Nor is it meet to tell ye.

Her Belly's like to yonder Mill,
Some call it *Mount of Pleasure*,
And underneath there springs a Well,
Which no mans depth can measure.

Song 80.

I Feed a flame within,
Which so torments me,
That it both pains my heart,
And yet contents me ;
'Tis such a pleasing smart,
And I so love it,
That I had rather die,
Than once remove it ;
Yet he for whom I grieve,
Shall never know it,
My tongue 'does not betray,
Nor my eyes show it :
Not a sigh, nor a tear,
My pain discloses,
But they fall silently,
Like Dew of Roses.
But to prevent my Love
From being cruel,
My Heart 's the Sacrifice,
As 'tis the Fuel ;
And while I suffer this,
To give him quiet,

My

My faith rewards my love,
Though he deny it.
On his eyes I will gaze,
There to delight me,
Whilst I conceal my love,
No frowns can fright me;
Nor to be more happy
I dare not aspire,
Nor can I fall more low;
Mounting no higher.

Song 81.

Fly, Oh fly, sad sighs, and hear
These few words into her ear,
Blest where e're thou dost remain,
Worthier of a softer chain,
Still I live, if it be true,
The turtle lives, that's cleft in two,
Tears and sorrows I have store,
But, Oh thine, do grieve me more;
Die I would, but that I do
Fear my fate would kill thee too.

Song 82.

All the materials are the same
Of Beauty and Desire,
In a fair woman's goodly frame,
No Beauty is without a flame,
No flame without a fire.
*Then tell me what those creatures are,
That would be thought both chaste & fair.*
If modesty it self appear,
With blushes in her face,
Think then the blood that danceth there,
Must revel in some other where,
To warm some other place.
Then tell me, &c.

If on her neck her hair be spread,
 With many a curious Ring ;
 Why sure that heat that curls the head,
 Will make her mad to be in bed,
 And do the other thing.

Then tell me, &c.

Go ask but the Philosopher,
 What gives her lips the Balm ;
 What spirit gives motion to her eye ;
 Which makes her brest to swell so high,
 And gives moisture to her Palm.

Then tell me what those Creatures are.

That would be thought both chaste and fair.

Song 83.

T Is true, fair *Celia* , that by thee I live,
 That ev'ry kiss, and ev'ry fond embrace,
 Forms a new Soul within me, and doth give
 A Balsom to the wound, made by thy face ;

Yet still methinks I miss

That Bliss,

Which Lovers dare not name,

And onely then described is,

When flame doth meet with flame.

Those favors which do bless me ev'ry day,

Are yet but empty and Platonical ;

Think not to please your servants with half pay,

Good Gamesters never stick to throw at all.

Who can endure to miss

That Bliss,

Which Lovers dare not name,

And onely then described is,

When flame doth meet with flame.

If all those sweets within you must remain,

Unknown and ne'r enjoy'd, like hidden treasure.

Nature as well as I will lose her name,

And you as well as I your youthful pleasure.

We

We wrong our selves to miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name,
And onely then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame:
Our souls which long have peep'd at one another,
Out of the narrow Casements of our eyes,
Shall now by love conducted meet together,
And in their mutual pleasures sympathize.
Then, then we shall not miss
That Bliss,
Which Lovers dare not name,
And onely then described is,
When flame doth meet with flame.

Song 84.

I Keep my Horse, I keep my Whore,
I take no Rents, yet am not poor;
I travel all the Land about,
And yet was born to never a foot:
With Partridge plump, and Woodcock fine,
I do at midnight often dine,
And if my whore be not in case,
My Hostess Daughter has her place.
The maids sit up and watch their turns,
If I stay long the Tapster mourns.
The Cook-maid has no minde to sin,
Though tempted by the Chamberlin,
But when I knock, Oh how they bustle!
The Hostler yawns, the Geldings juggle;
If maid but sleep, Oh how they curse her,
And all this come of, deliver your Purse Sir.

Song 85.

I Wo' not go to't, I mun not go to't,
For love, not yet for see,
For I am a maïd, and will be a maïd,
And a good one till I dee;

Yet

Yet mine intent I could repent,
For one mans Company.

Song 86.

HE that marries a merry Lais,
He has most cause to be sad ;
For let her go free in her merry tricks,
She'l work his patience mad.
But he that marries a scold, a scold,
He has most cause to be merry ;
For when she's in her fits,
He may cherish his wits,
With singing heigh-down derry.
He that weds a roaring Girl,
That will both scratch and fight ;
Though he study all day,
To make her away
Will be glad to please her at night,
And he that copes with a sullen wench,
That scarce will speak at all ;
Her doggedness more,
Than a Scold or a Whore,
Will penetrate his gall.
He that's matcht with a Turtle Dove,
That has no spleen about her ;
Shall waste so much life,
In love of his wife,
He had better be without her.

Catch 87.

THe parch't earth drinks the rain,
Tree's drink off that again ;
Rivers the Sea's do quaff,
Soldrinks the Ocean off,
And when that health is done,
Pale *Cynthia* drinks the Sun.
Friends, why do ye chide,
And stern my drinking tide ?

Thinking

Thinking to make me sad,
I will, I will be mad.

Song 88.

COMmit thy ship unto the winde,
But not thy faith to woman-kinde ;
There is more safety in the wave,
Than in the trust that women have.
There is none good ; yet if it fall
Some one proove good among them all,
Some strange intents the Fates have had ,
To make a good thing of a bad.

Song 89.

LIke to the falling of a star,
Or as the flight of Eagles are,
Or like the fresh Springs gaudy hue,
Or silver Drops of Morning dew ;
Or like a winde that chaffes the flood,
Or Bubbles which on water stood ;
Even such is man whose borrowed light,
Is straight call'd in, and paid to Night :
The Winde blows out, the Bubble dies,
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies :
The Dew's dry'd up, the Star is shot,
The Flight is past, and man forgot.

Song 90.

LIke a Ring without a finger,
Or a Bell without a Ringer,
Like a Horse was never ridden,
Or a feast and no Guest bidden ;
Like a well without a Bucket,
Or a Rose, if no man pluck it :
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.
The Ring, if worn, the finger decks,
The Bell pull'd by the Ringer speaks.

The Horse doth ease, if he be ridden,
 The Feast doth please, if Guest be bidden ;
 The Bucket draws the water forth,
 The Rose when pluckt, is still more worth :

Such is the Virgin in my eyes,

That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.

Like to a Stock not grafted on,
 Or like a Lute not play'd upon.

Like a Jack without a weight,
 Or a Barque without a freight ;

Like a Lock without a Key,

Or a Candle in the day :

Just such as these may she be said,

That lives, ne're loves, but dies a maid.

The grafted Stock doth bear best fruit,

There's musick in the finger'd Lute.

The Weight doth make the Jack go ready,

The Freight doth make the Barque go steady ;

The Key the Lock doth open right,

The Candle's useful in the night :

Such is the Virgin in my eyes,

That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.

Like a Call without *Anon Sir*,

Or a Question and no Answer.

Like a Ship was never rigg'd,

Or a Myne was never digg'd ;

Like a Wound without a Tent,

Or Silver Box without a Scent :

Just such as these may she be said,

That lives, ne're loves, but dies a maid.

Th' *Anon Sir*, doth obey the Call,

The civil Answer pleaseth all ;

Who rig's a Ship, sayls with the winde,

Who digs a Myne doth Treasure finde ;

The Wound by wholesom Tent hath ease ,

The Box perfum'd, the senses please :

Such

Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies,
Like Marrow-bone was never broken,
Or Commendations, and no Token;
Like a Fort, and none to win it,
Or like the Moon, and no man in it;
Like a School, without a Teacher,
Or like a Pulpit, and no Preacher:
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.

The broken Marrow-bone is sweet,
The Token doth adorn the Great;
There's Triumph in the Fort, being won,
The man rides glorious in the Moon;
The School is by the Teacher fill'd,
The Pulpit by the Preacher fill'd;
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.

Like a Cage without a Bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd;
Like the Gold was never tryed,
Or the Ground unoccupied;
Like a House that's not possessed,
Or the Book was never pressed:
Just such as these may she be said,
That lives, ne'r loves, but dies a maid.

The Bird in Cage doth sweetly sing,
Due season sweetens every thing;
The Gold that's try'd from dross is pur'd,
There's profit in the Ground manur'd;
The House is by possession graced,
The Book well press'd is most embraced:
Such is the Virgin in my eyes,
That lives, loves, marries, e're she dies.

Song 91.

THe Wit hath long be-holden been
 Unto the Cap to keep it in ;
 Let now the Wit lye out again,
 In praise, to quit the Cap again.
 The Cap that owns the highest part,
 Obtain'd that place by due desert.

For every Cap (whatever it be)

Is still the sign of some degree.

The Cap doth stand (each Head can show)
 Above the Crown, the King's below ;
 The Cap is nearer Heav'n than we,
 A sign of greater Majesty :
 When off the Cap we chance to take,
 The Head and Feet obeysance make ;

For ev'ry Cap (whatever it be)

Is still the sign of some degree.

The Munmouth Cap, the Saylor's Thrunt,
 And that wherein the Tradesmen come,
 The Physick, Law, the Cap Divine,
 And that which crowns the Muses Nine,
 The Caps that fools do countenance,
 The goodly Cap of Maintenance,

And ev'ry Cap, &c,

The sickly Cap both plain and wrought,
 The Fudling Cap, however bought,
 The quilted, furr'd, the Velvet, Satin,
 For which so many fools learn Latin:
 The Cruel Cap, the Fustian Fate,
 The Perriwig, a Cap of late,

And ev'ry Cap, &c,

The Souldier that the Munmouth wear,
 On Castle-tops their Ensigns rear ;
 The Sea-man with his Thrum doth stand
 On higher parts than all the land ;
 The Trademans Cap aloft is born,

By vantage of (some say) a Horn,

And ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Physick Cap to dust can bring,
Without controul, the greatest King;
The Lawyers Cap hath heav'nly might,
To make a crooked Action right,
Which being round and endless knows
To make as endless any Cause.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

Both east and west, both north and south,
Where e're the Gospel findes a mouth,
The Cap Divine doth thither look;
'Tis square like Scholars and their Book,
The rest are round, but this is square,
To shew their heads, more stable are.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Mortly Cap a man may wear,
Which makes him fellow for a Peer,
And 'tis no slender part of wit,
To act a fool where great men sit.
But oh the Cap of London Town,
I wis 'tis like a Gyants Crown.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

The sickly Cap not wrought with silk,
Is like Repentance white as milk;
When Hats in Church drop off in haste,
This never leaves the Head uncas'd;
The sick mans Cap that's wrought can tell,
Though he be sick, his state is well.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Fudling cap by Bacchus might,
Turns night to day, and day to night;
It Jove-like makes proud heads to bend,
And lowly facts makes to ascend;
It makes men higher than before,
By seeing double all their store.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

This

This rounds the world within the brain,
 And makes a Monarch of a Swain ;
 When it is on our heads, we be
 Compleatly Armed Cap-a-pee :
 The fur'd and quilted Cap of Age,
 Can make a mouldy Proverb sage.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

The Sattin and the Velver Hive,
 Unto a Bishoprick doth drive ;
 Nay when a File of Caps y are seen in,
 A square, then this, and next a linnen.
 This triple Cap may raise some hope
 (If fortune smile) to be a Pope.

Thus ev'ry Cap, &c.

Though Fustian Caps be slender wear,
 The head is of no better gear ;
 The Cruel Cap is knit, like Hose,
 For them whose zeal takes cold i'th Nose,
 Whose Purity doth think it meet,
 To cloath alike th: head and feet.

This Cap would fain, but cannot be

The onely sign of no degree.

The Petriwig, oh, that declar:s
 The rise of Flesh, but fall of Hairs ;
 And none but Grandees can proceed
 So far in sin, that this they need,
 Before their Prince, which cover'd are,
 And onely to themselves go bare.

This Cap of all the Caps that be,

Is now the sign of high degree.

Song 91.

CAST our Caps and Care away,
 This is Beggars Holiday,
 In the world look out and see,
 Where's so happy a King as he ?
 At the Crowning of our King,
 Thus we ever dance and sing.

Wher. 91

Wher'es the Nat'on lives so free,
And so merry as do we ?
Be it Peace, or be it War,
Here at liberty we are,
Hang all Officers, we cry,
And the Magistrates too by:
We enjoy our ease and rest,
To the fields we are not prest.
When the Subsidy's encrease,
We are not a penny ceast;
Nor are call'd into the Town,
To be troubled with a Gown;
Nor will any go to law
With a Beggar for a straw.
All which happiness he brags,
He doth owe unto his rags.

Song 93.

I Lov'd a Lass a fair one,
As fair as e're was seen,
She was indeed a rare one,
Another *Sheba* Queen.

But fool as then I was,
I thought she lov'd me too,
But now alas sh'as left me,

Falero, lero, leo.

Her hair like gold did glister,
Each eye was like a star,
She did surpass her sister,
Which past all others far,
She would me Honey call,
She'd, oh, she'd kiss me too,
But now alas sh'as left me,

Falero, lero, leo.

A summer time to *Medley*
My love and I would go,
The Boat-man he stood ready,

H

My

My Love and I to rowe ;
For Cream there would we call.
For Wine and Cheesc-cakes too,

But now alas, &c.

Many a merry Meeting
My Love and I have had ;
She was my onely Sweeting,
She made my heart full glad,
The tears stood in her eyes,
Like to the Morning-dew,

But now alas, &c.

And when abroad we walked,
As Lovers fashion is,
Oft as we sweetly talked,
The sun would steal a Kifs ;
The winde upon her lips
Likewise most sweetly blew,

But now alas, &c.

Her cheeks were like the Cherry,
Her Skin as white as snow,
When she was blythe and merry,
She Angle-like did show :
Her Waste exceeding small,
The Fives did fit her shooc,

But now alas, &c.

In Summer time, or Winter,
She had her hearts desire,
I still did scorn to stint her,
From Sugar, Sack, or Fire ;
The world went round about,
No cares we ever knew,

But now alas, &c.

As we walked home together,
At midnight through the town,
To keep away the weather,
Ove her I'de cast my Gown,

No cold my Love should feel,
Whate're the Heavens could do,

But now alas, &c.

Like Doves we would be billing,
And clip and kifs so fast;
Yet she would be unwilling,
That I should kifs the last,
They're Judas Kisses now,
Since she hath prov'd untrue,

For now alas, &c.

To Maidens Vows and Swearing,
Henceforth no credit give,
You may give them the hearing,
But never them believe;
They are as false as fair,
Unconstant, frail, untrue,

For mine alas, &c.

If ever Madam Nature,
For this false Lovers sake,
Another loving creature,
Like unto her would make,
Let her remember this,
To make the other true,

For this alas, &c.

No riches now can raise me,
No want makes me despair,
No misery amaze me,
Nor yet for want I care:
I have lost a world it self.

My Earthly Heaven adieu,
Since she alas hath left me,

Falero, lero, loo.

Song 94.

BE not proud, pretty one, for I must love thee,
Thou art fair, but unkinde, yet dost thou move me,
Red are thy lips and cheeks like rosie blushes,

H 2

The

The flame that's from thine eyes, burns me to ashes.
And on thy breast, the place of Love's abiding,
Sits *Cupid* now enthron'd, my pains deriding.

Song 55.

THe silver Swan, who living had no note
Till death approach'd and lockt her silent throat,
Leaning her brest against a reedy shore
She sung her first and last, and sung no more.
Farewel all joys, oh Death come close my eyes,
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

Song 56. On Cupid.

C*upid's* no God, a wanton Childe,
His Art's too weak, his Powr's too milde ;
No active heat, nor noble fire,
Feathers his Arrows with desire.
'Tis not his Bow or Shaft, 'tis *Venus* Eye,
Makes him ador'd, and crowns his Deity.

Song 97.

MY Lodging it is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare,
But that which troubles me most, is
The unkindness of my Dear,
Yet still I cry, O turn Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the man that I long for,
And alack what remedy.

I'll crown thee with Garlands of straw then,
And I'll marry thee with a Rush Ring.
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
And merrily we will sing,
Oh turn to me my dear Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone canst,
Procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
And be deaf to my pit ful moan,

Then

Then I must endure the smart still,
And tumble in straw all alone,
Yet still I cry, Oh turn Love,
And I prethee Love turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone art
The cause of my misery.

Song 98.

A Mong Rose-buds slept a Bee,
Wak'd by Love who could not see,
His soft finger that was stung,
Then away poor *Cupid* flung;
First he ran, then flew about,
And to *Venus* thus cry'd out:
Help, Mother help, Oh I'm undone,
A Scorpion hath stung her Son.
'Twas a serpent, it could flie,
For't had wings as well as I;
Countrey swains call this a *Bee*,
But oh this hath murdered me.
Son, said *Venus*, if the sting,
Of a Flie such torment bring,
Think, oh think on all those hearts,
Pierced by thy burning darts.

Song 96.

HE deserved much better than so,
In the thick Woods to be lost,
Where the Nut-trees grew so low,
As if they had been nipt with the Frost,
Oh whither, whither, my Love dost thou go?

Song 100.

A Bout the sweet bag of a Bee,
Two *Cupids* fell at ods;
And whose the pretty prize should be
They vow'd to ask the Gods:
Which *Venus* hearing thither came,
And for their boldness stript them,

H 3

And

Then

And taking thence from each his flame,
 With rods of Mirtle whipt them;
 Which done, to still their wanton cryes,
 And quiet grown sh' had seen them,
 She kist and dry'd their Dove-like eyes,
 And gave the Bag between them.

Song 101.

See, See,

Chloris, my *Chloris*, comes in yonder bark,
 Blow gently winds, for if ye sink that Ark,
 You'l drown the world with tears, and at one breath,
 Give to us all an universal death :
 Hark, hark, how *Ariou* on a Dolphin plays,
 To my sweet Shepherdess his Roundelayes :
 See how the *Syrrens* flock to wait upon her,
 As Queen of Love, and they her Maids of Honor.
 Behold great *Neptunus's* risen from the deep,
 With all his Tritons, and begins to sweep
 The rugged waves into a smoother form,
 Not leaving one small wrinkle of a storm.
 Mark how the winds stand still, and on her gaze,
 See how her beaury doth the fish amaze ; ther,
 The Whales have beg'd this boon of winde and wea-
 That on their backs they may convey her thither.
 And see she Lands just like the rising Sun,
 That leaves the bryny lake when night is done :
 Fly, fly, *Aminator* to thy envy'd bliss,
 And let not th' earth rob thee of her greeting Kifs.

Song 101.

A Las poor *Cupid* art thou blind ?
 Canst not thy bow and Arrows find ?
 Thy Mother sure the wanton plays,
 And lays 'em up for Holy days.
 Then *Cupid* mark how kind I'le be,
 Because thou once wert so to me ;
 I'le arm thee with such powerful darts,

Shall

Shall make thee once more God of hearts.
My *Chloris* arms shall be thy Bow;
Which none but Love can bend you know;
Her precious hairs shall make the string,
Which of themselves wound every thing.
Then take but arrows from her eyes,
And all you shoot at surely dies.

Song 103.

BRing back my comfort, and return;
For well thou know'st that I, that I,
In such a vigorous passion burn,
That missing thee, I die;
Return, return, insult no more,
Return, return, and me restore,
To those sequestred joys I had before.

Song 104.

I Love thee for thy fickleness,
And grant inconstancy;
For hadst thou been a constant Lass,
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd me.

I love thee for thy wantonness,
And for thy Drollery;
For if thou hadst not lov'd to sport,
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd me.

I love thee for thy Poverty,
And for thy want of Coin;
For if thou hadst been worth a Great,
Then thou hadst ne'r been mine.

I love thee for thy ugliness,
And for thy foolery;
For if thou hadst been fair, or wise,
Then thou hadst ne'r lov'd me.

Then let me have thy heart a while,
And thou shalt have my money,
I'll part with all the wealth I have,
T' enjoy a Lass so bonny.

Song 105.

Thy love is chaste, they tell thee so,
 But how young Souldier shalt thou know ?
 Do by her,
 As by thy Sword,
 Take no friends word,
 But try her ;
 'Twill raise her Honor one step higher,
 Fame has her tryal at Loves bar,
 Deify'd *Venus* from a Star,
 Shoots her lustre ;
 She had never been Goddess't,
 If *Mars* had been modest :
 Try and trust her.

Song 106.

Drink to me Boy,
 Here's to thee Boy,
 A Health t' our Master,
 A nobler never obey'd I ;
 Couple him with my Lady,
 Never man had a chaster ;
 Match the Vice-Roy as even,
 With his Royal Creator,
 To the King blefs him Heav'n,
 And a Pox take the Traitor.

Song 107.

A Dialogue between the Evening and a Boy.

Evening **I** Am the Ev'ning dark as night,
 Jack-with-the-lanthorn, bring a light,

Jack Whither ? Whither ? Whither ?

Evening, Hither, hither, hither.

Jack. Thou art some prating eccho of my making.

Evening. Thou art a foolish fire by thy mistaking.

I am the Ev'ning that creates thee,

Jack, My Lanthorn and my Candle waits thee.

Evening.

Evening. Those Flajolets which we hear play,
Are Reapers who have lost their way,
They play, they sing, they dance a round,
Lead them up, here's Fairy ground.

Chorus

Let the men ware the Ditches,
Maids look to your Breeches ;
We'll scratch them with Briars and Thistles,
When the Flajolets cry
We are a dry ,
Pond-water shall wet their whistles.

Song 108.

T His is not the *Elysian* Grove,
Nor can I meet my slaughter'd love
Within these shades , come death and be
At last as merciful to me,
As in my dearest Dear loves fall,
Thou shewd'st thy self Tyrannical.
Then did I die when he was slain,
But kill me now, I live again ;
And shall go meet him in a Grove,
Fairer than any here above.
Oh let this woful life expire,
Why should I wish *Evadne's* fire,
Sad *Portia's* Doals, or *Lucrece* Knife,
To rid me of a loathed life ?
'Tis shame enough, that grief alone,
Kill me not now, when thou art gone,
But life since thou art slow to go,
I'll punish thee for lasting so,
And make thee piece-meal every day,
Dissolve to tears and melt away.

Song 109.

C *Hloris* when e're you do intend,
To venture at a bosom friend,

Be sure you know your servant well,
 Before your liberty you sell,
 For loves a feavour in young or old,
 Is sometimes hot, and sometimes cold,
 And men you know when e're they please,
 Can soon be sick of this disease;
 Then wisely chuse a friend that may,
 Last for an Age, not for a day,
 That loves thee not for lip or eye,
 But for a mutual Sympathy:
 To such a friend thy heart engage,
 For he will court thee in old age,
 And kiss thy hollow wrinckled brow,
 With as much joy as he does now.

Song 110.

THe Master, the Swabber, the Boatswain, and I,
 The Gunner and his Mate,
 Lov'd *Mall*, *Meg*, and *Marina* and *Margery*,
 But none of us care'd for *Kate*,
 For she has a tongue with a tang,
 Would cry to a Saylor go hang,
 She lov'd not the favor of Tar, nor of Pitch,
 Yet a Saylor might scratch her where e're she did itch,
 Then to Sea boys, and let her go hang.

Song 111.

Right *Aurelia*, I do owe
 All the Woe,
 I can know,
 To those glorious looks alone,
 Though you are unrelenting stone:
 The quick lightning from your eyes,
 Did sacrifice,
 My unwise,
 My unweary harmless heart,
 And now you glory in my smart.
 How unjustly you do blame,

The

That pure flame.
From you came ?
Vext with what your self may burn
Your scorns to tinder did it turn.
The least spark now love can call,
That does fall,
On the small
Scorcht remainder of my heart,
Will make it burn in every part.

Song 112.

Beauty and Love once fell at odds,
And thus revild each other ;
Quoth Love, I am one of the Gods,
And you wait on my Mother ;
Thou hast no power o're men at all,
But what I gave to thee ;
Nor art thou longer fair or sweet,
Than men acknowledge me.

Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,
We see that thou art blind ;
But men have knowing eyes, and can
My graces better find ;
'Twas I begot thee, mortals know,
And call'd thee Blind desire ;
I made the Arrows and thy Bow,
And wings to kindle fire.

Love here in anger flew away,
And streight to *Vulkan* pray'd,
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
To punish this proud maid ;
So Beauty ever since hath bin
But courted for an hour.
To love a day, is now a sin,
'Gainst *Cupid* and his power.

Song

Song 111.

B Rightest, since your pitying eye,
Saves whom it once condemn'd to die ;
Whom lingring time did long dismay,
You have reliev'd in this short day.

Propitious Gods themselves can do no more,
Slow to destroy, but active to restore.

From your fair, but absent look,
Cold death her pale Artillery took,
Till gentle Love that dart suppress
And lodg'd a milder in your brest ;
Like fam'd *Achillis* mistick spear, thus you,
Both scatter wounds, and scatter balsam too.

Song 112.

L ove and wenching are toys,
And at best but vain joys,
Fit to please beardless boys,
That sigh and pule till they are weary ;
When they visit their mistres,
And boast of their kisses,
I'll not envy their blisses,
While Vertue consists in Canary.

Song 113.

D isputes daily arise, and errors grow bolder ;
Philosophers prattle and so does the sizer,
The more we should know then by being the older,
But plainly't appears there's no body wiser :
He that spends what he has, and wisely drinks all,
'Tis he is the man Ma-the-ma-ti-cal.

Song 114.

W here the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips Bell I lie ;
There I crouch when Owls do cry,
On the Bats back I do fly ,
After Summer merrily.

Merrily,

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bow.

Song 116.

WHo is *Silvia*? What is she?
That all our Swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The Heav'n such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.
Is she kinde, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness,
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And being help'd inhabits there:
Then to *Silvia* let us sing,
That *Silvia* is excell'ing;
She surmounts each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling,
To her let us garlands bring.

A Drinking Catch, or Song 117.

HE that will look for a Swallows nest,
A swallows nest, a swallows nest,
Must look in the Chimney high,
And he that would look for a minikin Lasse:
And a trimnukin Lasse, and a finnikin Lasse;
Must chuse her by her black eye,
And he that will fish for frogs,
Must fish all in this well,
And all those,
That will fuddle their nose,
That will fuddle their nose,
Must come where good Ale's to sell.

Song 118.

You spotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedge-hogs be not seen;
Newts and Blind-worms do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy Queen.

Philomela

Philomela with melody, —
Sing in your sweet lullaby ;

Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely Lady nigh,
So good night with lullaby.

Weaving Spiders come not here,
Hence you long-leg'd Spiders hence,
Beetles black approach not near ;
Worm nor Snail, do no offence.

Philomela with melody, &c.

Hence away, now all is well,
One aloof, and Sentinel.

Song 119.

Tell me, where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot ? how nourished ?
It is ingendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancy dies
In the Cradle where it lies :
Let us all ring Fancy's Knell,
Ding, Dong, Bell, Ding, Dong, Bell.

Song 120.

You that chuse not by the view,
Chance as fair, and chuse as true ;
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss ;
Turn you where your Lady is,
And claim her with a loving Kiss.

Song 121.

Under the Green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry Note,
Unto the sweet Birds throat ;

Come

Come hither, come hither, come hither,
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But Winter and rough weather.
 Who doth Ambition shun,
 And loves to live i'th Sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets;
 Come hither, come hither, come hither,
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But Winter and rough weather.

Song 122.

WHat shall he have that kill'd the Deer?
 His Leather-skin and Horns to wear,
 Then sing him home, the rest shall bear this burthen;
 Take thou no scorn,
 To wear the Horn,
 It was a Crest e're thou wast born,
 Thy Fathers Father wore it,
 And thy Father bore it:
 The Horn, the Horn, the lusty Horn,
 Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

Song 123.

Wedding is great *Funo's* Crown,
 O blessed bond of board and bed;
 'Tis *Hymen* peoples every Town,
 High Wedlock then be honored:
 Honor, high Honor and Renown,
 To *Hymen* God of every Town.

Song 124.

A Tripe well broil'd cannot be ill,
 Broil her hot, burn her not,
 Turn the Tripe Gill,
 For a Tripe well broil'd cannot be ill.

Song

Song 125.

How long shall I pine for love?
 How long shall I sue in vain?
 How long like the Turtle-Dove,
 Shall I heavily thus complain?
 Shall the sails of my love stand still?
 Shall the grists of my hope be unground?
 Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
 Let the mill, let the mill go round,
 Think me still,
 In my Fathers mill,
 Where I have oft been found-a,
 Thrown on my back,
 On a well fill'd sack,
 While the mill has still gone round-a:
 Prethee Sirrah try thy skill,
 And again let the mill go round-a.
 The young one, the old one,
 The fearful, the bold one,
 The lame one, though ne'r so unsound-a,
 The Jew, and the Turk,
 Have leave for to work,
 The whilst that the mill goes round-a.

Song 126.

TAke her and hug her,
 Then turn her and tug her,
 And turn her again Boy, again;
 Then if she mumble,
 Or if her tail grumble,
 Kifs her amain Boy, amain:
 Do thy end:avour,
 To take off her seavour,
 Then her disease no longer will raign.
 If nothing will serve her,
 Then thus to preserve her,
 Swinge her amain Boy, amain;

Give her cold Jelly,
To take up her belly,
And once a day Swinge her again,
If she stand all these pains,
Then knock out her brains,
Her disease no longer will reign.

Song 127.

Come fill with wine this lusty bowl,
'Twill scatter sorrows from my soul,
'Twill stifle care that inward foe,
'Tis the *Antipodes* to woe,
'Twill rescue old age from the grave,
'Twill make a Freeman of a Slave,
'Twill vigour and ripe fancy bring,
'Twill hoise a Beggar to a King.
Lo how it glows and sparkles there,
Brighter than a spangled spear,
And how it bubbles from the deep,
Leaping to surprize my lip,
Rich juice, since thou dost court my taste,
I'll meet a kiss with equal haste,
Go then, go mingle with my blood,
Thus swallow I thy wealthy flood,
'Tis vanish't, and I see the shore,
Not wasted thither by an Oar;
Oh fill't again, and fill it high,
Oh let me be but drunk and die.
Seas heapt on Seas cannot assuage
This eager thirst, this violent rage;
Were half the Globe fill'd to the top,
I'de drink't, and eat the earth for sop,
But hah by all the Gods I reel,
My Brain is Traytor to my will;
My Vitals stop, my spirits sink,
Come then I'll sleep, and dream of drink.

We that Bacchus do adore,

Chor.

Chor. *Envy not the Misers store ;
Nor the charms, nor sweets of Love,
Nor the state of Gods above.*

Song 128.

TIs late and cold, stir up the fire,
Sit close and draw the Table nigher ;
Be merry, and drink wine that's old,
A hearty Medicine 'gainst a Cold :
Your Beds of wanton Down the best,
Where you shall tumble to your rest ;
I could wish you Wenches too,
But I am dead, and cannot do :
Call for the best, the House may ring,
Sack, White, and Clarret let them bring ;
And drink apace while breath you have,
You'll finde but cold drink in the Grave :
Plover, Partridge for your Dinner,
And a Capon for the sinner,
You shall finde ready when you are up,
And your Horse shall have his sup :
Welcome, welcome, are ye all,
From Master high, to servant small.

Song 129.

Come let us be friends, and most friendly agree,
For the Pimp, the Punk, & the Doctor are three,
Which cannot but thrive when united they be.
The Pimp brings in custom, the Punk she gets treasure,
Of which the Physician is sure of his measure,
For work which she makes him in sale of her pleasure ;
For which when she fails by Diseases and Pain,
The Doctor new Vamps, and Upsets her again.

Song 130.

Fear not (Dear Love) that I'll reveal
Those hours of pleasure we two steal,
No eye shall see, nor yet the Sun
Descry what thou and I have done ;

No ear shall hear our love, but we
 Silent as the night will be.
 The God of Love himself (whose Dart
 Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
 Shall never know that we can tell,
 What sweets in stolt embraces dwell.
 This onely means may finde it out,
 If when I die, Physicians doubt
 What caus'd my death, and there to view,
 Of all their Judgements which was true ;
 Rip up my heart, Oh then I fear
 The world will see thy Picture there.

Song 131.

ARm, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,
 Keep your Ranks close, & now your Honors win;
 Behold from yonder Hill the Foe appears,
 Bowes, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, Swords, Pikes,
 and Spears,
 Like a dark Wood he comes, or Tempest pouring,
 O view the Wings of Horse the Meadows scouring :
 The Vant-guard marches bravely, hark the Drums-
 Dub-dub,
 They meet, they meet, and now the Battal comes :
 See how the Arrows flie,
 That darken all the Skie,
 Hark how the Trumpets sound,
 Hark how the Hills abound,—Tara—tara—tara.
 Hark how the Horses charge, In boys, In boys, in
 Tara—tara.
 The Battel totters; Now the wounds begin,
 O how they cry, O how they die !
 Room for the valiant Memnon arm'd with thunder,
 See how he breaks the Ranks asunder !
 They flie, they flie, Enmenes has the Chase,
 And brave Polibius makes good his place,

To the Plains, to the Woods.
 To to the Rocks, to the Floods
 They flie for succor, follow, follow, follow.—Hey, hey,
 Hark how the Souldiers hollow,
 Brave *Diocles* is dead,
 And all his souldiers fled,
 The Battel's won, and lost,
 That many a life hath cost.

Song 132.

A Curse upon thee for a slave,
 Art thou here, and heardst me rave?
 Fly not sparkles from mine eye,
 To shew my indignation nigh?
 Am I not all foam and fire?
 With voice as hoarse as a Town cryer;
 How my back opes and shuts together,
 With fury, as old mens with weather,
 Couldst thou not hear my teeth knock hither,
 Thou nasty, scurvy, mungril Toad,
 Mischief on thee, light upon thee,
 All the plagues that can confound thee,
 Or did ever raign abroad:
 Better a thousand lives it cost,
 Than have brave Anger spilt or lost.

Song 133.

P Eace and silence be the guide
 To the Man, and to the Bride:
 If there be a Joy yet new
 In marriage, let it fall on you,
 That all the world may wonder:
 If we should stay, we should do worse,
 And turn our blessings to a curse,
 By keeping you asunder.

Another 134.

J O Hymen, Jo Hymen, Jo Hymen,
 Was wont to be still the old Song,

At high Nuptial Feasts,
Where the merry merry merry Guests
With joy and good and wishes did throng :
But to this new Wedding, new notes do I bring,
To rail at thee Hymen, while sadly I sing.
Fie ô Hymen, fie ô Hymen, fie ô Hymen,
What hands and what hearts dost thou knit ?
A widow that's poor ,
And a very very whore,
To an Heir that wants nothing but wit ?
Yet thus far ô Hymen, thy answer is made,
When his means are spent, they may live by her trade.

Song 135.

GIve me more love, or more disdain,
The torrid, or the frozen Zone,
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate afford me none ;
Either extream of love, or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.
Give me a storm : if it be love,
Like *Danaë* in a golden showre,
I swim in pleasure ; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My Vulture hopes ; And he's possesst
Of heaven, that's but from hell releast ;
Then crown my Joys, or cure my pain,
Give me more love, or more disdain.

Song 136.

Tell me prithee, faithless Swain,
Tell me prithee, faithless Swain,
Why you did such passion feign,
On purpose to deceive me,
I no sooner lov'd again,
But you again to leave me.
Phillis, we must blame our fate,
Phillis, we must blame our fate,

Kindness bears a certain date,
 And e're those Joys we tasted,
 You in peevishness and state,
 The time had almost wasted.
 'Twas my love did yours destroy,
 'Twas my love did yours destroy,
Strophon had I still been coy,
 I know you still would prize me :
 Think you dream'd you did enjoy,
 And then you'l not despise me.
 Love like other native fires,
 Love like other native fires,
 Leaves what's burnt, and strait desires
 Fresh Objects to be choos'ing ;
 Repetition always tyres,
 And all's the worse for using.
 Once again thy love pursue,
 Once again thy love pursue,
 And my scorns I will renew,
 But passion doth so sway me,
 That should I my sighs subdue,
 My tears would soon betray me.
 Sigh no more, nor weep in vain,
 Sigh no more, nor weep in vain,
 Nymph, your Beauty soon will gain
 A more deserving Lover ;
 Slaves that once have broke their chains,
 You hardly can recover.

SONG 137.

Tell me no more you love, in vain
 Fair *Celia*, you this passion feign ;
 Can those pretend to love, that do
 Refuse what love perswades us too ?
 Who once has felt his active flame,
 Dull Laws of Honor does disdain,

You

You would be thought his slave, and yet
 You will not to his pow'r submit.
 More cruel then those Beauties are,
 Whose coyness wounds us with despair ;
 For all the kindness which you show,
 Each Smile and Kiss which you bestow,
 Are like those Cordials which we give
 To dying men, to make them live,
 And languish cut an hour in pain ;
 Be kinder *Celia*, or Disdain.

Song 138.

How happy art thou and I,
 That never knew how to love !
 There's no such Blessings here beneath,
 What e're there is above :
 'Tis Liberty, 'tis Liberty,
 Every wise man doth love.

Song 139.

Why should onely Man be ty'd
 To a foolish female thing,
 When all Creatures else beside,
 Birds and Beasts change every Spring ?
 Who would then to one be bound,
 When so many may be found ?
 Why should I my self confine
 To the limits of one place,
 When I have all *Europe* mine ,
 Where I list to run my race ?
 Who would then to one be bound,
 When so many may be found ?
 Would you think him wise that now
 Still one sort of meat doth eat,
 When both Sea and Land allow
 Sundry sorts of other meat ?
 Who would then to one be bound,
 When so many may be found ?

E're

E're old *Saturn* chang'd his throne,
 Freedom reign'd and banish'd strife,
 Where was he that knew his own,
 Or who call'd a woman wife?
 Who would then to one bound,
 When so many may be found?
 Ten times happier are those men,
 That enjoy'd those golden days;
 Until time's redress'd agen,
 I will never *Hymen* praise.
 Who is it would to one be bound,
 When so many may be found?

Song 140.

Love's Empire, as the world is wide,
 All living creatures Lovers be,
 And those which have no life beside,
 Love by a secret sympathy.
 Nay Gods themselves who limit destiny,
 To Love's almighty Scepter subject be.
 Under gilt Roofs, in humble Cells,
 In Desarts, and in Princes Courts,
 This uncontrouled Power dwells,
 Love unto every place resorts;
 And all the world under his yoke does faint,
 But he's a Monarch that brooks no restraint.

Song 141.

OH *Chloris*, would the Gods allow
 Wee're might love as we love now,
 What greater Joys hath earth in store?
 Or Heav'n it self, to give us more?
 For nothing sure so sweet can prove,
 As pleasures of beginning Love.
 But Love when to its height arriv'd,
 Of all our Joys is shortest liv'd;
 Its morning past, it sets so soon,
 That none can finde the afternoon;

And

And of that little time is lent,
Half in unkindness is mis-spent.
Since Fate to Love such short life gives.
And Love's so tender whilst it lives,
Let us remove main fears away,
So to prevent its first decay ;
For Love, like blood, let out before,
Will loose its power, and cure no more.

Song 142.

NO, no, thou all of red and white,
Thou hast not yet undone me quite
For I have lost but half my heart,
Yet I confess the wound doth smart ;
Then pretty thief, oh steal no more,
But let me keep one part in store.

Sure half's too much for thee of mine,
Unless I had some share in thine.
Though thou art fair, and though thou'rt young,
And though thou hast a pretty tongue,
And every word that thou dost say,
Might lead a Princes heart astray ;
Yet all those Traps will ne'r catch me,
I must have kinder Snares from thee.

'Lass thou shalt see I can retreat,
And not lie conquer'd at thy feet.
'Tis true, if I did keep the field,
At length I must be forc'd to yield,
Not like a Coward will I flie,
Nor like a fool will stay and die,
With half my heart I'll march away,
Then t'other part not long will stay ;
A heart divided knows no power,
Nor will submit above an hour.
Approach me not, though heretofore
I only freedom did adore,
And brag that none, though kind, as fair,

The loss of it could half repair,
 Since I now willingly do yield
 To *Chloris* beauty all the field.

With greater Joys I do resign
 My freedom, though thou e're keptst thine,
 And am resolv'd constant to prove,
 Should her neglect transcend my love.

Strange charms they are which make me burn,
 Without the hopes of a return.

To see, and not to be in love,
 A wonder like her self would prove,
 Whose charms by Nature, and by Art,
 Do each of them deserve a heart.

For which my sorrows are not small,
 I have but one to pay them all.

I must confess a while I strove
 With reason to resist my love,
 All saints sometimes 'gainst death do pray
 Though it be to heaven their only way.

'Tis only *Chloris* hath the skill,
 To make me blest against my will.

Nor will I so much as endure,
 To think inconstancy a Cure;
 For were I to that sin so bent,
 It sure wou'd prove my punishment.

Here to ador: I must confess
 Is beter, than elsewhere Success.

Song. 142.

WAke all ye dead, what Ho, what Ho;
 How soundly they sleep whose pillars lie low?
 They minde not poor Lovers who walk above
 On the decks of the world, in storms of love?

No whisper now, nor glance can pass
 Through wickets, or through panes of glass;
 For our windows and doors, are shut and barr'd,
 Lie close in the Church, and in the Church-yard,

In ev'ry grave, make room, make room,
The world's at an end, and we come, we come.
The State is now, Loves foe, Loves foe,
Has seiz'd on his Arms, his Quiver, and Bowe,
Has pinion'd his Wings, and tetter'd his Feet,
Because he made way for Lovers to meet ;
But oh sad chance, his Judge was old ;
Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold.
No man being young, his Process would draw,
Oh Heavens that Love should be subject to Law,
Lovers go wooe the dead the dead !
Lie two in a grave, and to bed, to bed.

Song 144.

IN faith 'tis true, I am in love,
'Tis your black eyes have made me so ;
My resolutions they remove,
And former niceness overthrow.
The glowing Char-coals set on fire
A heart, that former flames did shun,
Who, as Heretick unto desire,
Now's judg'd to suffer Martyrdom.
But Beauty since it is thy fate,
At distance thus to wound so sure,
Thy Vertues I will imitate,
And see if distance prove a Cure.
Then farewell Mistress, farewell Love,
Those lately entertain'd desires,
Wise men can from that plague remove ;
Farewel black eyes, and farewell fires.
Never I my heart acquit
Of those dull flames, I'll bid a pox
On all black eyes, and swear they'r fit
For nothing, but a Tinder-box.

Song 145.

Happy saw, and faithful lov'd,
Which I shall ever, ever do,

Not to be constant call'd and prov'd,
 For that I am compell'd unto ;
 For she that in her love do's think of fame,
 Love's not for the right end, but for a name.

Compell'd to love by parts divine,
 I follow them whom Angels tend,
 Then tell me, can my love decline
 Whose lowest object do's ascend ?
 No I must love him, and will prove it then,
 She's the best woman loves the best of men.

Song 146.

Our Ruler hath got the *Vertigo* of State,
 The world turns round in his Politick pate,
 He steers in a Sea where his course cannot last,
 And bears too much sail, for the strength of his Mast.

Let him plot all he can,
 Like a Politick man,
 Yet love though a Child may fit him :
 The small Archer though blind,
 Such an arrow will finde,
 As with an old trick shall hit him ;
 Sure *Angelo* knows loves party is strong,
 Love melts like soft wax; the hearts of the young ;
 And none are so old, but they think on the taste,
 And weep with remembrance of kindnesse past.

Let him plot all, &c.

Love in the foolish is held a mad fit,
 And madness in fools is reckon'd for wit ;
 The wise value love, as fools wisdom prize,
 Which when they can't gain, they seem to despise.

Let him plot all, &c.

Cold Cowards all perils of anger shun,
 To dangers of love, they leap when they run ;
 The Valiant in frolics did follow the boy,
 When he led em a dance from *Greece* to *Troy*.

Let him plot all, &c.

Song 147.

Fond love, what dost thou mean,
To court an idle folly?
Platonick love is nothing else,
But meerly melancholly,
'Tis active love that makes us jolly.

To dote upon a face,
Or court a sparkling eye,
Or to esteem a dimpled cheek,
Compleat felicity,
'Tis to betray ones liberty.

Then pray be not so fond,
Think you that women can,
Rest satisfy'd with Complements,
The froathy part of man?
No, no, they hate a Puritan.

They care not for your sighs,
Nor your erected eyes,
They hate to hear a man complain,
Alas he dies, he dies,
Believ't they love a closer prize.

Then venter to embrace,
'Tis but a smack or two;
I'm confident no woman lives,
But sometimes she will do,
The fault lies not in her, but you.

Song 148.

Silly heart forbear,
Those are murdering eyes,
In the which I swear,

Cupid lurking lies.

See his Quiver, see his Bowe too, see his Dart;
Fly, O fly! fly, O fly! Thou foolish heart.

Song 149.

Poor Artaxander long hath woo'd
Fair Celia, but in vain,

For she on terms of Honour stood,
 Though never on disdain,
 His kind addresses as a charm,
 Sometimes she'd entertain,
 With soft embraces close and warm,
 Yet streight grow cold again.

Song 150.

THOU Deity swift wing'd Love,
 Sometimes below, sometimes above,
 Little in shape, but great in power,
 Thou that mak'st thy heart a tower,
 And thy loop-holes Ladies eyes,
 From whence thou strik'st the fond and wise.
 Did all the shafts in thy fair Quiver,
 Stick fast in my ambitious Liver;
 Yet thy power would I adore,
 And call upon thee to shoot more,
 Shoot more, shoot more.

Song 151.

O Cupid turn away thy Bow,
 Thy pow'r we maids both feel and know
 Fair Cupid turn away thy Bow,
 They be those golden Arrows,
 Bring Ladies all their sorrows,
 And till there be more truth in men,
 Never shoot at maids again.

Song 152.

FAin would I wake thee sweet, but fear
 I should invite you to worse cheer;
 In your Dreams you cannot fair,
 Meaner than Musick, no compare;
 None of your slumbers are commild,
 Under the pleasures makes a Child:
 Your day-delights so well compact,
 That what you think turns all to act.
 I d wish my self no better play.

Your

Your dream by night, your thought by day.
Wake, gently wake, part softly from your dreams,
The morning flies,
To your fair eyes,
To take her special beams,

Song 153.

L Et the Bells ring,
And the Boys sing,
The young Lass's trip and play;
Let the Cups go round,
Till round goes the ground,
Our Learned Vicar we'll slay.
Let the Pig turn merrily hey,
And let the fat Goose swim,
For verily, verily, hey,
Our Vicar this day shall be trim.
The stew'd Cock shall Crow—cock a doodle dow,
A loud cock a doodle shall crow,
The Duck, and the Drake,
Shall swim in a lake
Of Onions and Claret below.
Our wives shall be neat,
To bring in our meat,
To thee our noble Adviser,
Our pains shall be great,
And our Pottles shall sweat,
And we our selves shall be wiser:
We'll labor and swink,
We'll kiss, and we'll drink,
And Tithes shall come thicker and thicker,
We'll fall to the plough,
And get Children enough,
And thou shalt be learned O Vicar.

Song 154.

HE that a Tinker, a Tinker will be.
 Let him leave other loves and come listen to
 Though he travels all the day, (me ;
 Yet he comes home still at night,
 And dallies with his Doxie,
 And dreams of delight.

His Pot and his Toast in the morning he takes,
 And all day long good Musick he makes,
 He wanders up and down to Wakes and to Fairs,
 And casts his Cap at the Court, and its cares ;
 When to the town the Tinker doth come,
 Oh how the wanton wenches run.

Some bring him Basons, some bring him Bowls,
 All wenches pray him to stop up their holes ;
 Tink goes the Hammer, the Skellet, and the Scummer,
 Come bring me the Copper Kettle,
 For the Tinker, the tinker, the merry merry tinker,
 Oh he is the man of mettle.

Song 155.

ASilly poor shepherd was folding his sheep,
 He walked so long he got cold in his feet,
 He laid on his coals by two and by three,
 But the more he laid on, the Cuc-colder was he.

Alas good wife what should we do now,
 To buy us more fewel, we'll sell the brown Cow,
 To buy us more coals to warm thee and me,
 But the more he laid on, the Cuc-colder was he.

Some shepherds, said she, themselves can warm keep,
 By feeding their flock, and folding their sheep, (crook
 But when thou com'st home with thy tar-box and
 Oh how it grieves me, how Cuc-cold thou dost look.

Alas good wife I walk through dew, dirt, and mire,
 Whilst thou perhaps warm'st thy self without fire,
 With a friend in a corner, in some such sort as where by
 The warmer thou art, the Cuc-colder am I,

Song

Song 156.

Now that the Spring hath fill'd our veins,
 With quick and active fire,
 And made green Liv'ry's o're th' plains,
 And every Grove a Quire;
 Sing we this Song with mirth and merry glees,
 And *Bacchus* crown the bowl,
 And here's to thee,
 And thou to me,
 And every thirsty soul.
 Shear sheep that have them cry we still,
 But see that no man scape,
 To take of the Sherry,
 That makes us so merry;
 And plump as the lusty grape.

Song 157.

Pish, modest sipper, to't agen,
 My sweetest joy,
 The wine's not coy,
 As women are,
 My dearest puling, prethee then,
 Prethee my fair,
 Once more bedew those lips of thine,
 Mend thy draught, and mend the wine,
 Since it hath tasted of thy lip,
 (Too quickly cloy'd)
 How over-joy'd
 It cheerfully
 Invites thee to another sip,
 Methinks I see
 The wine perfum'd by thee my fair,
Bacchus himself is dabling there.
 Once more dear soul, nay prethee try,
 Bath that Cherry,
 In the Sherry,
 The jocund wine,

Which sweetly smiles and courts thy eye

As more divine :

Though thou take none to drink to me,

Takes pleasure to be drank by thee :

Nay my fair, off with't, off with it clean,

Well I perceive,

Why this you leave,

My love reveals,

And makes me guess what 'tis you mean,

Because at meals,

My lips are kept from kissing thee,

Thou needs wilt kiss the Glass to me.

Song 158.

THe Spaniard loves his ancient flap,

A Lombard the Venetian,

And some like breechless women go,

The *Rush*, *Turk*, *Jew*, and *Grecian*.

The thrifty *French man* wears small waste,

The *Dutch* his belly boasteth.

The *English man* is for th m all,

And for each fashion coasteth.

The *Turk* in linnen wraps his head,

The *Persian* his in lawn too,

The *Rush* with Sable furs his Cap,

And change will not be drawn to.

The *Spaniards* constant to his Black,

The *French* inconstant ever,

But of all the Felts that may be felt,

Give me the *English* Bever.

The *German* loves his Concy-wool,

The *Irish-man* his shag too ;

The *Welch* his *Monmouth* loves to wear,

And of the same will brag too.

Some love the rough, and some the smooth,

Some great, and others small things,

But oh your liquorish *English man*,

He

He loves to deal in all things

The *Russh* drinks *Quass*, *Dutch Lubbeck* Beer,

And that is strong and mighty;

The *Britain* he *Methoglin* quass,

The *Irish* *Aqua vita*.

The *French* affects the *Orleans* Grape,

The *Spanyard* sips his *Sherry*,

The *English* none of these can scape,

But he withall makes merry.

The *Italian* in her high *Chopen*,

Scotch Lafs and lovely *Vroe* too,

The *Spanish* *Donna*, *French* *Madam*,

He doth not fear to go to.

Nothing so full of hazard, dread.

Nought lives above the Center ;

No health, no fashion, wine, nor wench,

On which he wil not venture.

Song. 149.

FROM the fair *Lavinian* shore,

I your Markets come to store,

Muse not though so far I dwell,

And my wares come here to sell,

Such is the sacred Hunger of Gold,

Then come to my pack,

Where I cry,

What do you lack,

What do you buy,

For here it is to be sold.

You whose birth and breeding base,

Are rank'd into a nobler race ;

And whose Parents heretofore

Neither Arms, nor Scutheons bore :

First let me have but a touch of your Gold,

Then come to me Lad,

You shall have,

What your Dad

Never

Never gave,
 For here it is to be sold.
 Madam, for your wrinkled face,
 Here's Coniexion it to grace,
 Which, if your earnest be but small,
 It takes away the vertue all.
 But if your Palms are anointed with gold
 Then you shall seem
 Like a Queen
 Of fifteen;
 Though you are threescore year old!

Song 160.

When Daisies py'd, and Violets blew,
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow hue;
 And Lady-smocks all silver white,
 Do paint the Meadows with delight,
 The Cuckow then on every tree,
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckow, Cuckow, a word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds Pipe on Oaten straws,
 And merry Larks are Plough-mens Clocks,
 When Turtles tread, and Rooks, and Daws,
 And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks,
 The Cuckow then on every tree,
 Mocks married men; for thus sings he,
 Cuckow, Cuckow, a word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

Song 161.

After the pains of a desperate Lover,
 When day and night I have sigh'd all in vain,
 Ah what a pleasure it is to discover
 In her eyes pity, who causes my pain!

Chorus *Ah what, &c.*

When the Denial comes fainter and fainter;
 And her eyes give what her tongue does deny,

Ah what a trembling I feel when I venter,
Ah what a trembling does usher my Joy !

Chor. *Ah what, &c.*

When with unkindness our Love at a stand is,
And both have punish'd our selves with the pain,
Ah what a pleasure the touch of her hand is !
A what a pleasure to press it again !

Chor. *Ah what, &c.*

When with a sigh she accords me the blessing,
And her eyes twinkle 'twixt pleasure and pain,
Ah what a Joy ! Oh beyond all expressing !
Ah what a Joy to hear it again.

Chor. *Ah what, &c.*

Song 162.

Calm was the Evening, and clear was the Skie,
And new budding Flowers did spring,
When all alone went *Antioch* and I
To hear the sweet Nightingale sing.
I sate, and he laid him down by me,
And scarcely his breath he could draw,

But when with a fear,

He began to come near,

He was dasht with a ah, ah, ah.

He blusht to himself, and lay still for a while,
And his modesty curb'd his desire,
But streightly convine'd all his fears with a smile,
And added new flames to his fire.

Ah *Silvia*, said he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe,

Then once more he prest

With his hands to my brest,

But was dasht with a ah, ah, ah. ¹

I knew 'twas his passions caus'd all his fear,
And therefore I pitied his case,
I whisper'd him softly, there's no body near,
And laid my cheek close to his face :

But

But as he grew bolder and bolder,
 A shepherd came by us, and saw,
 And just as our bliss
 Began with a kiss,
 He burst out with ha, ha, ha, ha,

Song 163.

When Ifickles hang by the wall,
 And *Dick* the shepherd blows his nail,
 And *Tom* bears Log into the Hall,
 And Milk comes frozen home in pail,
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owl,
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry Note,
 While greasie *Fone* doth keel the pot.
 When all aloud the winde doth blow,
 And coffing drowns the Parsons saw,
 And Birds sits brooking in the snow,
 And *Marrians* Nose looks red and raw;
 When roasted Crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owl,
 Tu-whit, to-who, a merry Note,
 While greasie *Fone* doth keel the pot.

Song 164.

TAke, oh take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn;
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.

Song 165.

Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,
 Men were deceivers ever,
 One foot in sea, and one on shore,
 To one thing constant never:
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,

And

And be you blith and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Into hey Nony, nony.

Sing no more Ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy,
The fraud of men were ever so,
Since Summer first was leavy;
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bony,
Converting all your sounds of woe,
Into hey Nony, nony.

Song 166.

A Maid, I dare not tell her name,
For fear I should disgrace her,
Tempted a young man for to come
One night, and to embrace her,
But at the door he made a stop,
He made a stop, he made a stop,
But she lay still, and snoring said,
The Latch pull up, the Latch pull up.

This young man hearing of her words,
Pull'd up the Latch and enter'd;
And in the place unfortunately,
To her Mothers Bed he ventur'd:
But the poor maid was sore afraid,
And almost dead, and almost dead,
But she lay still, and snoring said,
The Truckle-bed, the Truckle-bed.

Unto the Truckle-bed he went,
But as the youth was going,
Th' unlucky Cradle stood in's way,
And almost spoil'd his wooing;
When after that, the maid he spy'd,
The maid he spy'd, the maid he spy'd,
But she lay still, and snoring said,
The other side, the other side.

Unto

Unto the other side he went,
 To shew the love he meant her,
 Pull'd off his Cloaths courageously,
 And falls to th' work he was sent for ;
 But the poor Maid made no reply,
 Made no reply, made no reply,
 But she lay still, and snoring said,
 A little too high, a little too high.

This lusty Lover was half ashamed
 Of her gentle admonition,
 He thought to charge her home as well,
 As any Girl could wish him ;
 O now my Love, I'm right I know,
 I'm right I know, I'm right I know,
 But she lay still, and snoring said,
 A little too low, a little too low.

Though by mistakes, at length this youth
 His business so well tended,
 He got the mark so cunningly,
 He defid the world to mend it ;
 O now my Love, I'm right I swear,
 I'm right I swear, I'm right I swear,
 But she lay still, and snoring said,
 O there, O there, O there, O there.

Song 167.

I Can love for an hour,
 When I'm at leisure,
 He that loves half a day,
 Sins without measure ;
Cupid come tell me, what
 What art had thy Mother,
 To make me love one Face
 More than another.
 Men to be thought more wise,
 Daily endeavor,
 To make the world believe
 They can love ever.

Ladies believe them not,
 They will deceive you,
 For when they have their wills,
 Then they will leave you.
 Men cannot feast themselves
 VVith your sweet Features,
 They love variety
 Of charming Creatures;
 Too much of any thing
 Sets them a cooling,
 Though they can nothing do,
 They will be fooling.

Song 168.

Tom and Will were Shepherds swains,
 They lov'd and liv'd together,
 VVhen fair *Pastora* grac'd their Plains,
 Alas! why came she thither?
 For though they fed two several Flocks,
 They had but one desire,
Pastoras Eyes, and amber Locks,
 Sat both their hearts on fire.
Tom came of honest gentle Race,
 By Father, and by Mother,
Will was noble, but alas,
 He was a younger brother.
Tom was toysom, *Will* was sad,
 No Huntsman, nor no Fowler,
Tom was held a proper Lad,
 But *Will* the better Bowler.
Tom would drink her Health, and swear
 The Nation could not want her,
Will could take her by the ear,
 And with his voice inchant her.
Tom kept always in her sight,
 And ne'r forgot his duty,
Will was witty, and could write

Smooth

Smooth Sonnets on her Beauty.
 Thus did she exercise her skill,
 When both did dote upon her,
 She graciously did use them still,
 And still preserv'd her honor.
 So cunning and so fair a she,
 And of so sweet behavior,
 That *Tom* thought he, and *Will* thought he
 Was chiefly in her favor.
 Which of those two she loved most,
 Or whether she lov'd either,
 'Tis thought they'l finde it to their cost,
 That she indeed lov'd neither.
 For to the Court *Pastora*'s gone,
 'Thad been no Court without her ;
 The Queen among her train had none
 Was half so fair about her.
Tom hung his Dog, and threw away
 His Sheep-crook, and his Wallet,
Will burst his Pipes, and curst the day
 That e're he made a Sonnet.

Song 169.

Lawn as white as driven Snow,
 Cypress as black as e're was Crow,
 Gloves as sweet as Damask Roses,
 Masks for Face, and for Noses,
 Bugle-bracelets, Neck-lace Amber,
 Perfume for a Ladies Chamber ;
 Golden Quoifs, and Stomachers,
 For my Lads to give their Dears ;
 Pins, and Poaking-sticks of steel :
 Come buy of me, Come ;
 Come buy, come buy :
 Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry :
 Come buy.
 Will you buy any Tape,

Or Lace for your Cape,
My dainty Duck, my Dear-a?
Any Silk, any Thread,
Any Toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the Pedler,
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all mens ware-a.

Song 170.

Fear no more the heat o'th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art-gone, and take thy wages.
Golden Lads and Girls all must,
As Chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
Fear no more the frown o'th' Great,
Thou art past the Tyrants stroke,
Care no more to cloath and eat,
To thee the Reed is as the Oak;
The Scepter, Learning, Physick must,
All follow thee, and come to dust.
Fear no more the Lightning flash,
Nor th'all-dreaded Thunder-stone.
Fear no slander, Censure rash,
Thou hast finisht Joy and Mone.
All Lovers young, all Lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.
No Exorciser harm thee,
Nor no witchcraft charm thee.
Ghost unlaid forbear thee,
Nothing ill come near thee,
Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy Grave.

Song 171.

A Young man lately in our Town,
He went to bed one night,

He

He had no sooner laid him down,
 But was troubled with a Sprite :
 So vigorously this Spirit stood,
 Let him do what he can,
 Oh then he said,
 It must be laid,
 By a woman, not a man.

A handfom Maid did undertake,
 And into th' Bed she leapt,
 And to allay the Spirits power,
 Full close to him she crept :
 She having such a guardian care,
 Her office to discharge,
 She opened wide her Conjur-ing-book,
 And laid her leaves at large.

Her office she did well perform
 VVithin a little space,
 Then up she rose, and down he lay,
 And durst not shew his face. —
 She took her leave, and away she went,
 VVhen she had done the deed,
 Saying, if 't chance to come again,
 Then lend for me with speed.

Song 172.

T Is a merry life we live,
 All our work is brought unto us,
 Still are getting, never give,
 For their cloaths all men do wooe us,
 Yet unkinde, they blast our names
 With aspersions of dishonor ;
 For which we make bold with their Dames,
 When we take our measure on her.

Song 173.

H Elp Love, or else I sink, for know,
 He best can help that causeth wo;
 Help then, and with thy smoother Palm,
 The fury of my passions calm :

Succeeding tears in Billows rise,
As there were Seas met in my eyes ;
My sighs united proudly grown,
As the four windes combin'd in one :
Hark how they roar! my sighs and tears,
Sure have conspir'd to tempt my fears ;
See how they swell now they are met,
And ev'n a tempest do beget !
It shakes my Barque , her ribs do crack,
And now I fear a dismal wrack :
Help Love for pity, then I pray,
E're my poor heart be cast away.

Song 174.

MAke ready fair Lady to night,
And stand at the door below,
For I will be there,
To receive you with care,
And with your true Love you shall go.
And when the stars twinkle so bright,
Then down to the door will I creep ;
To my Love I will flie,
E're the Jealous can spie,
And leave my old Daddy asleep.

Song 175.

ONce was I sad,
Till I grew to be mad,
But I'll never be sad again boys ;
I courted a Riddle,
She fancied a Fiddle,
The tune does still run in my brain boys.
The Gittarn, the Lute,
The Pipe, and the Flute,
Are the new *Alamode* for the Nan boys,
With Pistol and Dagger,
The women out-swagger,
The Blades with the Muff and the Fan boys.

All the town is run mad,
 And the Hectors do pad,
 Besides their false Dice, and the Slur-boys :
 The new formed Cheats

With their acts and debates,
 Have brought the old to a Demur boys.
 Men stand upon thorns,

To pull out their horns,
 And to cuckold themselves in grain-boys :
 When to wear um before,

Does make their heads sore,
 But behind they do suffer no pain-boys.

The Papist, the Presbyter,

And *Prestor John*,

Are much discontented we see boys :

For all their Religion ,

No *Mahomets* Pidgeon

Can make 'um be madder than we boys.

There is a mad fellow,

Clad always yellow,

And sometime his Nose is blew boys :

He cheated the devil ,

Which was very evill

To him and to all his Crew boys.

And whilst we are thus mad,

My Princess is glad

To laugh at the world, and at me boys,

'Cause I can't apprehend

What she please to command

But it is not my self you see boys.

Song 176.

Stay, shut the Gate,

To other quart ; 'faith 'tis not so late

As your thinking ,

The Stars which you see ,

In the Hemisphere be,

Are

Are but studs in our Cheeks by good drinking.
The Suns gone to tipples all night in the Sea, boys;
To morrow he'll blush, that he's paler than we boys,
Drink wine, give him water, 'tis Sack makes us the
Fill up the Glasse, (boys,

To the next merry Lad let it pass,
Come away with't :

Let's set foot to foot,

And give our mindes to't,
'Tis Heetical Six that doth slay wir;
Then hang up good Faces, let's drink till our Noses
Gives freedom to speak what our fancy disposes,
Beneath whose protection, now under the Rose is.

Drink off your Bowl,
'Twill enrich both your head and your soul
With Canary;

For a Carbuncle'd Face,
Saves a tedious race;

And the *Indies* about us we carry :

No Helicon like to the Juice of good wine is,
For Phoebus had never had wit that divine is,
Had his face not been bow-dy'd as thine is, and mine is.

This must go round,
Off with your Hats till the Pavement be crown'd
With your Beavers;

A Red-coated Face,

Frights a Serjeant and's Mace,
Whilst the Constable trembles to shivers,
In state march our Faces like some of the Quorum,
While the whores do fall down; & the vulgar ador 'um
And our Noses like Link-boys run shining before 'um.

Song 177.

May I finde a woman fair,
And her minde as clear as air.
If her beauty go alone,
'Tis to me as if 'twere none.

May

May I finde a woman rich,
 And not of too high a pitch ;
 If that pride should cause disdain,
 Tell me, Lover, where's thy gain ?
 May I finde a woman wise,
 And her falshood not disguise,
 Hath she wit, as she hath will ;
 Double arm'd she is to ill.
 May I finde a woman kinde,
 And not wavering like the winde ?
 How should I call that love mine,
 When 'tis his, and his, and thine.
 May I finde a woman true,
 There is Beauties fairest hue ;
 There is Beauty, Love, and Wit,
 Happy he can compass it.

Song 178.

I Courted a Lass, my folly
 Was the cause of her disdain,
 I courted her thus ; What shall I
 Sweet *Dolly*, do for thy dear loves obtaining ?
 But another had dallied with *Dolly*,
 That *Dolly* for all her feigning,
 Had got such a mountain above her valley,
 That *Dolly* went home complaining.

Song 179.

Good People give ear
 Whilst a story I tell,
 Of twenty black Tradesmen,
 Were brought up in Hell,
 On purpose poor People
 To Rob of their due ;
 There's none shall be noozed
 If you finde but one true.
 The first was a Coyner
 That Stamp't in a mold,

The second a Voucher
To put off his Gold.

*Then bark well,
And mark well,
See what will befall.*

*They are twenty sworn Brethren
Tradesmen all.*

The third was a Padder
That fell to decay ;
And when he was living
Took to the High-way.
The forth is a Mill-Ken,
To crack up a door ;
Hee'l venture to rob, both
The Rich, and the Poor.

The fifth is a Glasier,
Who when he creeps in ;
To pinch all the Lurry,
He thinks it no sin.

Then bark well, &c.

The sixt is a Foyl-cloy,
That not one Hick spares,
And the seventh is a Budge,
To track up the staires ;
The eight is a Bulk,
That can Bulk any Hick,
If the Master be napt,
Then Bulk he is sick.

The ninth is a Ginny
To lift up a Grate ;
If he sees but the Lurry
With his Hooks he will bate.

Then bark well, &c.

The tenth is a Shop-lift
That carries a Bob,
When he ranges the City

The Shops for to Rob.
The eleventh is a Bubber,
Much used of late,
He goes to the Alehouse,
And steals there the plate.
The twelfth a Trapan,
If a Cull he doth meet,
He naps all his Cole,
And turns him i'th' street :

Then hark well, &c.

The thirteenth a Fambler,
False Rings for to sell,
When a Mob he has bit,
His Cole he will tell.
The fourteenth a Gamester,
If he sees the Hick sweet,
He presently drops down
A Cog in the street.
The fifteenth a Prancer,
Whose courage is small,
If they catch him Horse courssing
He's noozed for all.

Then hark well, &c.

The sixteenth a Sheep-napper,
Whose trade's so deep,
If he's caught in the Corn,
He's mark't for a Sheep.
The seventeenth a Dun-aker,
That will make vow's,
To go in the Country,
And steal all the Cows.
The eighteenth a Kid-napper,
Spirits young men,
Though he tip them the piks,
They nap him agen.

Then hark well, &c.

The nineteenth is a Prigger
Of the Cacklers,
Goes into the Country,
To visit the Farmers,
He steals their Poultry,
And thinks it no sin,
When into the Hen-roost
I'th' night he gets in.
The twentieth a Thief-catcher,
So we him call,
If he nap a poor Tradesman,
He pays for all.

Then hark well, &c.

There's many more craftsmen,
Which I could name;
That do use such like trades,
Yet think it no shame:
These may a poor Convert,
Confess to his grief,
Are all the black Trades
Of a Gentleman Thief;
Who though a good Workman,
Is seldome made free,
Till he rides on a Cart,
To be noozed on a Tree.

Then hark well,

And mark well,

See what doth befall,

'Twas the end of these twenty

Sworn Brethren all.

Song 180.

Come hither sweet Melancholly,
Now tis time to be Jolly,
Dame Fortune is poor,
And Venus a whore,
And Cupid is full of his folly

I cannot but laugh to see men,
Thus dote on foolish women,
Accursed are they ,

With such Puppets to play,
And blessed is he that's a free-man.

For as once, I dearly lov'd a creature,
For vertue more than feature ;
But she is grown coy,

That then was my Joy,
And she is of a weather-cock nature.

I lov'd her as a sister,
A thousand times I kist her ,
Yet nevertheless I mist her.

These words in her mouth were common,
She'd marry my self, or no man ;
But away she flew,

Like a Hawk from mew,
So fickle a thing is woman.

Chaste Life shall be my study,
My Closet a Walk that's woody ;
And during my life,

I'll ne'r have a wife ,
She'll make my brains grow muddy.
My Muse shall be my Bedfellow,
A Bundle of Books my pillow,
And in stead of a Horn,

My bed I'll adorn,
With a Garland made of Willow.
I'll never more trust a woman,
That will prove constant to no man,
She sets up her guiles ,

With flattering smiles ,
With a purpose to undo man.
For they are always so fickle,
And in their behavior brittle.
Like grass that is old,

And falls from the mould,
They are fit to be trim'd with a sickle.
False Fondling now I'll leave thee,
For thou wilt of my wits bereave me ;
Although I am blind,
I evermore find,
Thou art constant to decieve me.

*Prime youth lasts not , age will follow,
And make all white, thy Tresses yellow;
And when time shall date thy glory,
Then too late thou wilt be sorry.*

Song 181.

A King lives not a braver life,
Than we merry pris'ners do,
Though fools in freedom do conceive,
That we are in want and woe.
When we never take care
For providing our fare,
We have one that doth purvey
For victual day by day.
What pray then can a King have more,
Than one that doth provide his store ?
Kings have a Keeper, so have we,
Although he be not a Lord,
Yet shall strut and swell as big as he,
And command all with a word ;
All the Judges do appear
Twice before us ev'ry year,
Where each one of us doth stand
With the Law in his own hand.
Can Kings command then more than we,
Who of all Laws Commanders be ?
Each to the Hall walks in his chain,
Where our Guard about us stand,
And all the Country comes in again,
At holding up of a hand,

Though our Chaplain cannot preach,
 Yet he'l suddenly you teach
 To read of the hardest Psalm,
 Doth not he deserve the Palm ?
 Ye Courtiers all ye cannot show ;
 Such Officers as these I trow.

Song 182.

IN Love, away, you do me wrong,
 I hope I have not liv'd so long
 Freed from the treach'ries of your eyes,
 Now to be caught and made your prize.

No Lady, 'tis not all your Art
 Can make me, and my freedom part.
 In love, with what ? with spanish Wine,
 Or the French Juice in carnadine,
 The Dimple or the other Grace,
 But not in Love with your fair Face.

No there's more sweetness in pure wine,
 Than either looks or lips of thine.
 Your God you say can shoot so right,
 Heel wound a heart in th' darkest night,
 Pray let him sling away his dart,
 And see if he can hit my heart :

No *Cupid*, know if thou'lt be mine,
 Turn *Ganymede*, and fill some Wine.

Then fill a cup of Perry
 And we will be merry,
 There's nought but pure wine
 Makes us Love sick and pine,
 I le hug the cup and kiss it,
 And sigh if I miss it,
 'Tis that makes us Jolly,
 Sing hey trolly lolly.

Song 183.

A Maiden fair I dare not wed.
 For fear I wear *Alcons* head ;

A Maiden black is ever proud,
The little one is ever loud.
A Maiden that is tall of growth,
Is always subject unto sloth :
The fair, the foul, the little, the tall,
Some fault remains among them all.

Song 184.

NOW, by my love, the greatest Oath that is,
There's none that loves thee half so well as I,
I do not neither ask your love for this ;
For Heavens sake believe me, or I die ,
No faithful servant e're but did deserve
His Master should believe that he did serve,
And I ask no more wages though I starve.

My love, fair Beauty, like thy self is pure,
Nor could I e're a bestial love approve,
One smile would make me willingly endure,
I can't but keep together Life and Love.
Being your pris'ner and your captiv'd slave,
So do not feast nor banquet look to have ,
A little bread and water's all I crave.

Upon your sigh for pity I can live,
One tear will keep me twenty years at least,
And fifty more a gentle Look will give,
A hundred years but one kinde Word will feast,
A thousand more will surely added be,
If you an inclination have for me,
They comprehend a vast Eternity.

Song 185.

HAVE you any work for the Sow-gelder, ho ?
My Horn goes too high, too low,
Have you any Pigs, Calves, or Colts ?
Have you any Lambs in your holts,
To cut for the stone ?

Here comes a cunning one.

Have you any Brauches to spade ,

Or e're a fair Maid,
 That would be a Nun?
 Come kifs me 'tis done.
 Hark how my merry Horn doth blow,
 Too high, too low, Too high, too low.

Song 186.

I Am a Rogue, and a stout one,
 A most couragious Drinker,
 I do excel,

'Tis known full well,
 The Ratter, Tom, and Tinker.
 Still do I cry,
 Good your Worship, good Sir,
 Bestow one small denire Sir,
 And bravely then,
 At the Bouzing ken,
 I'll spend it all in Beer Sir.

If a Bung be got by the hie-way
 Then straight I do attend them;
 For if Hue and Cry
 Do follow, I

A wrong way soon do send them.
Still do I cry, &c.

Ten miles unto a Market,

I run to meet a Miser,

Then in a throng,

I nip his Bung,
 And the party ne'r the wiser.

Still do I cry, &c.

My dainty Dells, my Doxies;
 When e're they see me lacking,
 Without delay,

Poor wretches, they
 Will set their duds a packing.

Still do I cry, &c.

I pay for what I call for,
And so perforce it must be.

For yet I can

Not know the man,
Or Hostess that will trust me?

Still do I cry, &c.

If any give me Lodging,
A courteous knave they finde me?

For in their bed,

Alive or dead,
Some lice I leave behind me.

Still do I cry, &c.

If Gentlefolk be coming,
Then straight it is our fashion,

Our leg to tie,

Clole to our thigh,
To move them to compassion.

Still do I cry, &c.

My doublet sleeve hangs empty,
And for to beg the bolder,

For meat and drink,

Mine arm I shrink
Up close unto my shoulder.

Still do I cry, &c.

If a Coach I hear be rumbling,
To my Crutches then I high me,

For being lame,

It is a shame,
Such Gallants should deny me.

Still do I cry, &c.

With a seeming bursten belly,
I look like one half dead Sir,

Or else I beg,

With a wooden leg,
And a night Cap on my head Sir.

Still do I cry, &c.

In winter time stark naked,
I come into some City,
Then ev'ry man
That spare them can,
Will give me Cloaths for pity.

Still do I cry, &c.

If from out of the Low Countrey,
I hear a Captains name Sir,
Then straight I swear,
I have been there,
And so in fight came lane Sir.

Still do I cry, &c.

My Dog in a string doth lead me,
VVhen in the town I go Sir,
For to be blinde,
all men are kinde,
And will their alms bestow Sir.

Still do I cry, &c.

With Switches sometimes stand I,
In the bottom of a hill Sir,
Where those men which
Do want a Switch,
Some money give me still Sir.

Still do I cry, &c.

Come buy, come buy a Horn-book,
Who buys my Pins or Needles?

In Cities I

Those things do cry,
Of times to scape the Beadles,

Still do I cry, &c.

In Pauls Church by a Pillar,
Sometimes y'ave seen me stand Sir,

VVith a Writ that shows

VVhat care and woes

I past by Sea and Land Sir.

Still do I cry, &c.

Now blame me not for boasting,
And bragging thus alone Sir,
For my self I will
Be praising still,
For Neighbors I have none Sir;

Which makes me cry

Good your Worship, good Sir,

Bestow one small Denire Sir,

And bravely then,

At the Bouzing Kan,

He spend it all in Beer Sir.

Song 187.

Let's have a Dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by 'Duncans death,
Sometimes like brinded Cats we shew,
Having no Musick but our mew;
Sometimes we dance in some old Mill,
Upon the Hopper, Stones, and Wheel,
To some old Saw, or bardish Rhime,
While still the Mill-clack does keep time.

Sometimes about a hallow tree,
A round, a round, a round dance we;
Thither the chirping Critick comes,
And Beetles singing drowsie humms.
Sometimes we dance o're Fens and Furs,
To howls of Wolves, and barks of Curs,
And when with none of these we meet,
We dance to the echoes of our feet.

Song 188.

MY Muse denies
To Apologize,
For my Songs acceptation,
I know 'twill fit
Your Appetite,
Because 'tis of the fashion.
New fashions began

With:

With the world and man,
In *Adam's* time and *Eve's*,
They did begin,
To cover sin,
With a fashion of their leaves.
After way try'd,
The rough Buck's hide.
A wear of commendation,
Had not with the skin,
The Horns crept in,
And turn'd it to a fashion.
Each Taylor is read
In this fashion, his head
Is capable on't 'tis feard,
When he's not at leisure,
His wife will take measure,
Though't be by his Neighbors Yard,
The Clowns array,
Is an innocent grey,
Nor stain'd by the Dyers Art,
Which doth invest,
As pure a brest,
And no less spotless heart.
The Farmers Hose,
His wearing shoos,
For both are wondrous plain,
His Honesty,
Not Knavery, he
Most purely dyes in Grain.
The School-master in
His trouzes hath been
And bumbast Doublet long space,
Hee's a *Menoprote*,
For he varies not
At any time his case.

His wite is pure ,
 In her talk demure ,
 Her Gown is of Reformation,
 And she verily
 Turns up her eye ;
 In a very zealous fashion.
 The shop-keepers walk ,
 And oftentimes talk
 In Gowns, or of Purple, or blew,
 Since *Venner* and *Farre* ,
 Wore such at the Bar,
 Some wisely have chang'd the Hue.
 The Lawyer (bee't known
 To all men) is prone,
 To the fashion of long Hose ;
 And fain he would
 Still have and hold
 Long Suits, for he lives by those.
 Now with the best,
 Your Pimp's in request,
 Thus your Gallant is supply'd,
 By his bones as well,
 As his cloaths you may smell,
 Hee's rarely Frenchify'd;
 His Mistris Plum'd ,
 Painted, Perfum'd ,
 Is stillified all over,
 Her loose Array
 Doth every day,
 A looser body cover.
 The Scholar well trust,
 In his black Suit brisht,
 Is like to jet in his degree,
 Nor is it enough ,
 Men point at Stuff,
 Hee'l be pointed at the knee.

Thus

Thus are we become
 As Apes of *Rome*,
 Of *France*, *Spain*, and all Nations,
 And not horses alone,
 But men are grown
 Diseased of the Fashions.

Song 189.

When *Orpheus* sweetly did complain;
 Upon his Lute with heavy strain,
 How his *Euclidice* was slain;
 The trees to hear
 Obtain'd an ear,
 And after left it off again.
 At every stroke and sorry stay,
 The Boughs kept time, and nodd'ng lay,
 And listned, bending all one way;
 The *Aspen-tree*
 As fast as he,
 Began to shake, and learn to play.

If wood could speak, a tree might hear;
 If wood could sound true grief so near,
 A tree might drop an Amber tear:

If wood so well
 Could ring a Knell,
 The *Cypress* might condole the *Beer*.
 The standing Nobles of the Grove,
 Hearing dead wood to speak and move,
 The fatal *Ax* began to love;

They envy'd Death
 Which gave such breath,
 As men alive do *Saints* above.

Song 190.

Chloris forbear a while,
 Do not o'rejoy me,
 Urge not another smile,
 Lest it destroy me;

That

That Beauty passeth most,
And is best taking,
VWhich is soon won, soon lost,
Kinde, yet forsaking :

I love a coming Lady, faith I do,
But now and then I'd have her scornful too.
O're-cloud those eyes of thine,
Boo-peep thy features,
Warm with an *April* shine,
Scorch not thy creatures.
Still to display thy ware,
Still to be fooling,
Argues how rude you are
In *Cupids* Schooling.

Disdain begets a smile, scorn draws us nigh,
'Tis cause I would, and cannot, makes me try.

Chloris I'd have thee wise,
VWhen Gallants view thee,
Courting do thou despise,
Fly those pursue thee ;
Fast moves an appetite,
Makes hunger greater,
VWho's stunted of delight,
Falls to 't the better.

Be coy and kinde by times, be smooth and rough;
And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

Song 191.

YOU say you love me, nay can swear it too;
But stay Sir, 'twill not do ;
I know you keep your Oaths,
Just as you wear your Cloaths,
VWhile new and fresh in fashion :
But once grown old, you lay them by,
Forgot like words you speak in passion.
Ile not believe you, I.

Song 192.

YE Fiends and Furies, come along,
 Each bring a Crow and massie Prong ;
 Come bring your Sheckles, and draw near,
 To stir up an old Sea-coal, cak't,
 That in the hallow hell hath bak't
 Many a thousand, thousand year.
 In sulphurous Broth, *Tyrinus* hath boil'd,
 Basted with Brimstone ; *Tarquin* hath broil'd
 Long, long enough ; then make room,
 Like smoaky Flitches hang 'um by
 Upon their sooty Walls to dry ;
 A greater Ravisher will come,
 If you want fire, fetch it from *Aëna* pure ;
 Yet stay a while, and do not stir,
 For if his glowing eyes should chance
 On *Proserpine* to shoot a glance,
 He is so hot, he'd ravish her.

Song 193.

GO happy heart, for thou shalt lie
 Intomb'd in her, for whom I die,
 Example of her cruelty.

Tell her if she chance to chide
 Me for slowness, in her pride,
 That it was for her I dy'd.

If a tear escape her eye,
 'Tis not for my Memory,
 But thy Rights of Obsequy.

The Altar was my loving breast,
 My heart the sacrificed beast,
 And I was my self the Priest.

Your body was the sacred shrine,
 Your cruel minde the Power Divine,
 Pleas'd with hearts of men, nor Kine.

Song 194.

A H *Chloris* ! that I now could fit
As unconcern'd , as when
Your infant beauty cou'd beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.
When I the Dawn us'd to admire,
And prais'd the coming Day ;
I little thought the growing fire
Would take my rest away.
Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
Like mettals in the Mine,
Age from no Face took more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your Charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond Love as unperceiv'd did flie,
And in my bosom rest.
My passion with your Beauty grew,
And *Cupid* at my heart,
Stil as his Mother favor'd you,
Threw a new flaming Dart.
Each glory'd in their wanton part,
To make a Lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art,
To make a Beauty she.
Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.
Lovers like dying men, may well
At first disorder'd be,
Since none alive can truly tell,
What fortune they must see.

Song 195.

A Ll joy unto that happy pair,
Which this day united are,

Though

Though all the world suffer'd decrease,
 Yet may their love never grow less,
 But still recruited every day.
 With fresh delights may it increase,
 And may it lasting be,
 As vast Eternity.

May never fatal accident have force,
 To interrupt the pleasing course
 Of their united passions, till they grow
 So far above all here below ;
 They may themselves so happily deceive,
 As to believe ,
 That though they're here,
 Yet they in Heav'n do fill a sphere.

Song 199.

Dialogue Pastoral, Strephon and Phillis.

Phil. **S**trephon, what envious cloud hath made
 All o're thy face this sullen shade ?

Strephon. It is the Index of my grief,

Phil. But say, admits it no relief,
 Thy now neglected flock doth stray,
 The Wolf securely takes his prey,
 And thy discarded Pipes lies by,
 Whilst thou under some Bench do'st lie,
 Or Mistle in the shady Grove,
 And sigh'st and pin'st like one in love.

Str. Ah *Phillis*, thou hast touch'd me now,
 I can't my passion disavow,
 At that word *Love*, my heart do's rise,
 And with it strangely sympathize.

Ph. But who did thus your heart surprize ?

Str. It was the shepherdes, whose eyes
 Are brighter far than any ray,
 The Sun disclosed on *May-day*.

Ph. Who was it ? *Strephon* tell me true,

Str. Ah Dearest *Phillis*, it was you,

Ph. Strive not false shepherd, to deceive
A Nymph too easie to believe
A passion, which she likes so well,
Such falshood would deserve a Hell.

Str. May th' Gods for whom fat Lambs I feed,
That on their smoaking Altars bleed,
All my devoutest pray'rs despise,
And all my humble sacrifice;
Or what's greater Curse may I,
Find nought from thee but cruelty,
If I do love my *Phillis* less,
Than my own greatest happiness;
If truth doth not with swains refuse,
Where is she in the world beside?

Phil. I can't distrust so lov'd a truth,
Deliver'd by so sweet a youth,

Chorus Let's joyn our hands and hearts & we'll out-vie
of two. The Gods themselves with our felicity.

Chorus Let those that in deceitful Courts do dwell,
of four Delay their joys, and tedious suits pursue,

Voices. Our honest words their courtship far excel,
Mongst unambitious shepherds love is true.

Song 156.

Haste sluggish morn, why dost thou stay,
This is *Venus* Holiday?

Can nothing bribe thee, can no charms,
Force thee from thy *Typhon's* Arms?

Oh yonder comes the expected guest,

Sol from his Chambers of the East,

And do's me thinks dance as on Easter day,

Th' intelligences on th' sphears do play,

The winged Songsters of the Groves,

Do celebrate the union of these loves;

The Heavens do smile the Earth and all conspire,

To make the joys of thy blest time entire.

Come forth fair Bride, what wouldst thou be.

Wedde

Wedded to Virginity ?

Haste to the Temple, do not stay,
 Kill not him with thy delay,
 Whose expectations calls each hour a day,
 Lo now breaks forth the beauteous dame,
 Like Lightnings sudden flame ;
 Her high in'nuating power's such,
 It melts the soul, but not the body touch ;
 The Bridegroom all do envy, each should be
 The principal in this solemnity ,
 But now to Church they walk,
 And each mans talk ,
 Is of the happy pair ,
 And what will be
 Done when they united are ,
 They prophecy.

They're busie tongues on that do clink,
 The Ladies will not speak but think,
 Now to the Temple they draw neer,
 Where jolly *Hymen* do's appear
 Without his Saffron Robe, that there might be
 No emblem of ensuing jealousy.
 The Priest begins, their hearts and hands he joyns,
 And their loves with the mystery refines ;
 The Bridegroom then Curses the slow pac'd Vicar,
 That in the Ceremony is no quicker.

Now home they go to eat, to drink, to dance,
 And at the Bride to glance.

The lusty Bridegroom's Spring-tide of his blood,
 Swells in a purple flood ,
 Which puts him to such pains ,
 In his distended veins,

It longs to ebbe, and now the night has hurl'd.
 Her Sable Curtains over half the world,
 When we by whisprings discry ,
 A Plot against Virginity.

The Ladies steal the Bride away,
Th' impatient Bridegroom brooks no stay,
But flinks away and thither all do swarm,
The Bridal Ceremony's to perform;
Then we withdraw, nor may the Candles stay,
'Cause they are emblems of th' unwish't for day.
My Muse dare say no more, but leaves the th:am
To ev'ry man and woman that nights dream.

Song 198.

WHen *Celia* I intend to flatter you,
And tell you lies to make you true

I swear

There's none so fair,

There's none so fair,

And you believe it too.

Oft have I matcht you with the Rose, and said,
No twins so like hath Nature made;

But 'tis

Onely in this,

Onely in this,

You prick my hand and fade.

Oft have I said there is no precious stone,
But may be found in you alone,

Though I,

No stone espy,

No stone espy,

Unless your heart be one.

When I praise your skin, I quote the wooll,

The Silk-worms from their entrails pull,

And shew,

That new faln snow,

That new faln snow,

Is not more beautiful.

Yet grow not proud by such Hyperboles,

Were you as excellent as these

While I,

Before

Before you lie,
 Before you lie,
 They might be had with ease.

Song 197.

A Maiden of late,
 Whose Name was *Sweet Kate*,
 Was dwelling in *London*, near to *Aldersgate* ;
 Now list to my Ditty, declare it I can,
 She would have a childe without help of a man.
 To a Doctor she came,
 A man of great fame,
 Whose deep skill in Physick report did proclaim,
 Quoth she, Master Doctor, shew me if you can,
 How I may conceive without help of a man.
 Then listen, quoth he,
 Since so it must be,
 This wondrous strong Med'cine I'll shew presently :
 Take nine pound of Thunder, six legs of a Swan,
 And you shall conceive without help of a man.
 The wooll of a Frog,
 The juyce of a Log,
 Well parboil'd together in the Skin of a Hog,
 With the Egg of a Moon-calf, if get it you can,
 And you shall conceive without help of a man.
 The love of false Harlots,
 The faith of false Varlets,
 With the truth of Decoys that walk in their Scarlets,
 And the feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a pan,
 And you shall conceive without help of a man.
 Nine drops of Rain,
 Brought hither from *Spain*,
 With the blast of a Bellows quite over the Main.
 With eight quarts of Brimstone, brew'd in a Beer-can,
 And you shall conceive without help of a man.
 Six pottles of Lard,
 Squeez'd from a Rock hard,

VVith

VWith nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a yard,
 VWith a Pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in a pan,
 And you shall conceive without help of a man.
 These Med'cines are good,
 And approved have stood,
 VVell temper'd together with a pottle of blood,
 Squeez'd from a Grasshopper, and the nail of a Swan,
 To make Maids conceive without help of a man.

Song 200.

NO man loves fiery passion can approve,
 As yielding either pleasure or promotion;
 I like a milde, and lukewarm zeal in Love,
 Although I do not like it in devotion.

For it hath no coherence with my Creed,
 To think that Lovers mean as they pretend,
 If all that said they dy'd, had dy'd indeed,
 Sure long ere this the world had had an end.

Some one perhaps in long Consumption dry'd,
 And after falling into love, might die:
 But I dare swear he never yet had dy'd,
 Had he been half so sound at heart as I.

Another rather than incur the slander
 Of true Apostate, will false Martyr prove;
 I'll neither *Orpheus* be, nor yet *Leander*,
 I'll neither hang, nor drown my self for love.

Yet I have been a Lover by report,
 And I have dy'd for love as others do,
 Prais'd be great *Jove*, I dy'd in such a sort,
 As I reviv'd within an hour or two.

Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
 And ne're had reason to repent me yet,
 And whosoever otherwise will do,
 His courage is as little as wit.

Song 201.

WHat creatures on earth,
 Can boast freer mirth,

Let's envy'd and loved than we ?
 Though Learning grow poor,
 We scorn to implore

A gift, but what's noble and free.
 Our freedom of minde,
 Cannot be confin'd,

With riches w are inwardly blest ;
 Nor death, nor the grave,
 Our worths can deprave,

Nor malice our ashes molest :
 When such moles as you,
 Your own earth shall mure,

And worms shall your Memory eat ;
 Our names being read ,
 Shall strike Envy dead,

And Ages our worth shall repeat.

Song 201.

When I see the young men play,
 Young methinks I am as they,
 And my aged thoughts laid by,
 To the Dance with joy I fly ;
 Come, a flowry Chaplet lend me,
 Youth and mirthful thoughts attend me,
 Age be gone, we'l dance among
 Those that young are, and be young :
 Bring some wine boy, till about,
 You shall see the old man's stout ;
 Who can laugh and tipples too,
 And be mad as well as you.

Song 202.

BRight *Cynthia* scorns,
 Alone to wear horns,
 To her Sexes grief and shame ;
 But swears in despight
 Of the worlds great light,
 That men shal wear the same.

The man in the moon,
 To hear this in a swoon,
 And quite out of his wits fell,
 And with this affront,
 (Quoth he) a pox on't,
 My forehead begins to swell.
 Away streight he wood,
 In his Lunatick mood,
 And from his Mistris would run;
 And swore in his heat,
 Though stew'd in his sweat,
 He had rather go dwell in the Sun.
 But he was appeas'd,
 To see other men pleas'd,
 And none that did murmur or mourn;
 For without an affright,
 Each man with delight,
 Did take to himself the horn.
 The Lord he will go,
 In his Park to and fro,
 Pursuing the Deer that is barren;
 But whilst he's in's Park,
 His Steward or Clark,
 May boldly go hunt in his warren.
 The Citizen Clown,
 In his foxfur'd Gown,
 And his Doublet fac'd with Ale,
 Talks slow, and drinks quicker,
 Till his wife like his liquor
 Leaves working and reliseth stale.
 Lo thus she behorns him,
 And afterwards scorns him,
 Though he come to be major of the rout;
 And thinks it no sin,
 To be well occupy'd within,
 While her Husband is busie without.

The Puritan will go ,
Ten miles to and fro ,
To hear a sanctify'd Brother ;
But whilst his zeal burns ,
His wife she up turns
The egg's of her eyes to another.
The Lawyer to succor 'um ,
With Parchment and Buckr'um,
To *London* the next way will strike;
But whilst he opens his case ,
To his adversaries face ,
His wife to her friend doth the like.
The Physitian will ride ,
To his Patient that dy'd
Of no disease but that he did come ;
But whilst abroad he doth kill,
With Potion and Pill ,
His wife takes a glister at home.
The Merchant o're-runs,
The Sea with his Guns,
His Marriners and their Mates,
But whilst he doth please
Himself on the broad Seas,
Another may ride on his streights.
The Soldier will go,
Like a man to his foe,
With brave resolution to fight,
Whilst his wife with her friends,
In her wanton arms spends
Time, and makes him a beast by night.
And though that he be,
Well arm'd Cap a Pee,
He must yield to a naked boy's scorn,
And instead of bright Steel,
And hard Iron, he'l
Be content with a hard piece of Horn.

Thus all men will love
 Their wives, though they prove
 Them false ev'n in their own fight,
 But yet they do well,
 For a Horn you can tell,
 Was always a friend to the night.

Song 203.

Come away bring on the Bride,
 And place her by her Lovers side ;
 You fair troop of maids attend her,
 Pure and holy thoughts befriend her.
 Blush and wish you Virgins all,
 Many such fair nights may fall.

Chor. Hymen fill the house with joy,
 All thy sacred fires employ ;
 Bless the bed with holy love,
 Now fair Orb of Beauty move.

Song 204.

A T dead low ebb of night, when none
 But great *Charl's* wain was driven on ;
 When mortals strict cessation keep,
 To recreate themselves with sleep,
 'Twas then a boy knockt at my gate,
 Who's there, said I, that calls so late ?
 Oh let me in he soon reply'd,
 I am a Child, and then he cry'd,
 I wander without light or guide,
 Lost in this wet, blind, moonless night.
 In pitty then I rose,
 And straight unbar'd my door, and sprang a light,
 Behold it was a boy, a sweeter sight

—Ne'r blest mine eye ;

I view'd him round and saw strange things,
 A Bow, a Quiver, and two wings,
 I led him to the fire, and then
 I dry'd and chaf'd his hands with mine ;

L 2

I gent-

I gently press'd his tresses curls,
 VVhich new falln rain had hung with Pearls ;
 At last when warm, the younker said,
 Alas my Bow, I am afraid
 The string is wet, pray Sir, let's try
 My Bow ; on that, do, do, said I,
 He bent and shot so quick and smart,
 As through my Liver reach'd my heart ;
 Then in a trice he took his flight,
 And laughing said, my bow is right :
 It is, oh 'tis, for as he spoke,
 'Twas not his Bow, but my heart broke.

Song 105.

THe Beard thick or thin,
 On the lip or chin,
 Doth dwell so near the tongue,
 That her silence
 In the beards defence,
 May do her Neighbor wrong.
 Now a beard is a thing,
 That commands in a King,
 Be his Scepter ne'r so fair ?
 VVhere the beard bears the sway,
 The people obey,
 And are subject to a hair.
 'Tis a Princely sight,
 And a grave delight,
 That adorns both young and old ;
 A well thatch't face,
 Is a comely grace,
 And a shelter from the cold.
 VVhen the piercing North,
 Comes blustering forth,
 Let a barren face beware ;
 For a trick it will find,
 VVith a razor of windy

To have the face that's bare.
 But there's many a nice,
 And strange device,
 That doth the beard di'grace;
 But he that is in,
 Such a foolish fin,
 Is a traitor to his face.
 Now of Beards there be,
 Such a company,
 And fashions such a throng,
 That it is very hard,
 To handle a beard,
 Though it be ne'r so long.
 The Roman T
 In its bravery,
 Doth first its self disclose,
 But so high it turns,
 That oft it burns,
 With the flames of a Torrid nose,
 The *Stiletto* beard,
 Oh it makes me ascar'd
 It is so sharp beneath,
 For he that doth place,
 A dagger in's his face,
 What wear's he in his sheath?
 But methinks I do itch,
 To go through stitch,
 The needle beard to amend,
 Which without any wrong,
 I may call too long,
 For a man can see no end.
 The Souldiers beard,
 Doth march in shear'd,
 In figure like a spade;
 With which he'l make,
 His en'mies quake,

And think their Graves are made.

The grim stubble eke,
On the Judges cheek,
Shall not my Verse despise,

It is more fit
For a Nutmeg, but yet
It grates poor Prisoners eyes.

What doth invest,
A Bishops brest,
But a Milk-white spreading hair,
Which an Emblem may be,
Of integrity,
Which doth inhabit there.

I have also seen,
On a womans chin,
A hair or two to grow,
But alas the face,
Is too cold a place,
Then look for a beard below,

But Oh let us tarry,
For the beard of King *Harry*,
That grows about the chin,
With his bushy pride,
And a Grove on each side,
And a Champion ground between.

Last, the clown doth out rush
With his beard like a brush,
Which may be well endur'd,
For though his face,
Be in such case,

His Land was well manur'd.

Song 206.

Fair Mistriſs I would gladly know,
What thing it is you cheriſh ſo,
What inſtrument and from whence bred,
Is that you call a Maiden-head?

Is it a spirit, or the treasure
Lovers loose in height of pleasure?
If it be so, in vain you keep,
That waking which you loose in sleep;
But since you know not, I will tell ye,
It is a spring beneath your belly,
Fruit that alone you cannot taste,
And barren seed till it you waste;
Mettal that musts for want of using,
A Gem most precious when 'tis loosing.
A sweet and pleasing sacrifice,
Then chieflly living when it dies.
A wealth that makes the unthrift blest,
An instrument that sounde it best,
(A wonder to be heard or spoke)
When the string in two is broke.
Then let us offer love his due,
My Maiden-head I'll give to you,
And in exchange receive another,
What would you more, there's one for th' other.

Song 207.

A Dialogue between Orpheus and Charon.

Orph. **C**haron, O Charon,

Thou waster of the souls to bliss or bane.

Cha. Who calls the Ferry-man of Hell?

Orp. Come near,

And say who lives in joy, and whom in fear.

Cha. Those that die well, eternal joyes shall follow.

Those that die ill, their own soul fate shall swallow.

Orph. Shall thy black barque those guilty spirits stow,
That kill themselves for love?

Char. O No, O no.

My cordage cracks when such great sins are near,

No wind blows fair, nor I my self can steer.

Orph. What Lovers pass, and in *Elizium* reign?

Cha. Those gentle loves that are belov'd again,

L 4

Orph.

Orph. This Soldier loves, and fain would die to win,
Shall he go on?

Char. No, 'tis too foul a sin.

He must not come aboard: I dare not row,
Storms of despair, and guilty blood will blow.

Orph. Shall time release him, say?

Char. No, no, no, no,

Nor time, nor death can alter us, nor prayer;
My boat is destiny, and who then dare
But those appointed come aboard; live still,
And love by reason mortal, not by will.

Orph. And when thy Mistress shall close up thine eyes

Char. Then come aboard and pass,

Chorus Orph. *Till then be wise,*

Char. *Till then be wise.*

Song 208.

Look out bright eyes, and bless the air,
Even in shadows you are fair.

Shut up Beautie is like fire,

That breaks out cleerer still and higher.

Though your body be confin'd,

And sought love a Prisoner bound;

Yet the Beauty of your minde,

Neither check, nor chain hath found:

Look out nobly then, and dare,

Even the fetters that you wear.

Song 207.

Sure 'twas a dream, how long fond man have I,
Been fool'd into Captivity;

My *Newgate* was my want of wit,

I did my self commit,

My bonds I knit.

I mine own Goaler was the only foe,

That did my freedom disavow;

I was a Prisoner, cause I would be so.

But now I will shake off my chains and prove,

Opinion

Opinion built the Goals of Love ;
Made all his bonds, gave him his bow,
His bloody arrows too ;
That murder so.

Nay, those dire deaths which idle Lovers dream,
Were all contriv'd to make a theam,
For some carowzing Poets drunken flame,
Twas a fine life I liv'd, when I did dress
My self to court your peevishness ;
When I did at your footstool lie,
Expecting from your eye ,
To live or die.

Now smiles, or frowns, I care not which I have,
Nay rather than I'll be your slave,
I'll court the Plagues to send me to my grave.
Farewel those charms that did so long bewitch.
Farewel that wanton youthful itch ;
Farewel that treacherous blinking boy,
That proffers seeming joy ,
So to destroy ,
To all those night embraces which as you,
Know very well were not a few ;
For ever, ever more, I bid adieu.
Now I can stand the sallies of your eyes,
In vain are all those batteries,
Nor can that love dissembling stile,
Nor can that crafty smile ,
Longer beguile.

Nor those hard traps which each hour you renew,
To all those witchcrafts and to you,
For ever, ever more , I bid adieu.

Song 1:3.

HOld, hold, thy nose to the Pot, Tom, Tom.
And hold thy nose to the Pot, Tom, Tom,
Tis thy pot, and my pot ,
And my pot, and thy pot,

L 5

Sing

Sing hold thy nose to the pot, Tom, Tom.

'Tis Mault that will cure thy Maw, Tom.

And will heal thy distempers in Autumn ;

Esse qui facient ,

I pray thee be patient,

Aliena pericula cautum.

Then hold thy Nose to the pot, Tom, Tom,

Hold, hold thy Nose to the pot, Tom, Tom,

Neither Parson nor Vicar,

But will toss off his Liquor

Sing hold thy Nose to the pot, Tom, Tom.

Song 211

NOW I confess I am in love,
Though I did think I never could,

But 'tis with one dropt from above,

Whose nature's made of finest mould ;

So fair, so good, so all divine,

I'd quit the world to make her mine.

Have you not seen the Stars retreat,

When *Sol* salutes our Hemisphere ?

So shrink the Beauties called great,

When sweet *Rosela* doth appear ;

Were she as other women are,

I should not love, nor yet despair.

But I could never bear a minde

Willing to stoop to common faces ;

Nor confidence enough can finde

To aim at one so full of graces ;

Fortune and Nature did agree,

No woman should be wed by me,

Song 211.

WItH an old motly Coat, and a Mumsie Nose,
And an old Jerkin that's out at the elbows,
And an old pair of boots drawn on without hole,
Stufft with rags in stead of Toes.

And an old souldier of the Queens ,

And the Queens old souldier.

With

With an old rusty Sword that's hackt with blows,
And an old Dagger to scare away the Crows,
And an old Horse that reels as he goes,
And an old Saddle that no man knows,

*And an old souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old souldier.*

With his old wounds in Eighty eight,
Which he recover'd at *Tilbury Fight*,
With an old Pasport that never was read,
That in his old travels stood him in great stead ;

*And an old souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old souldier.*

With his old Gun, and his Bandaliers,
With an old Head-piece to keep warm his ears,
With an old Shirt is gone to wrack,
With a great Louse and a list on his back,
Is able to carry a Pedlar and his pack.

*And an old souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old souldier.*

With an old Quean to lie by his side,
That in old time had been pockiti'd :
He's now rid to *Bohemia* to fight with his foes,
And he swears by his valour he'll have better cloaths,
Or else he'll louse Legs, Arms, Fingers, and Toes,
And he'll come again, when no man knows,

*Like an old souldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old souldier.*

Song 21?

With an old Song made by an old ancient pate,
Of an old worshipful Gentleman who had a
Who kept an old house at a bountiful rate (great estate
And an old Porter to relieve the poor at his gate,

Like an old Courtier of the Queens, &c.

With an old Lady whose anger 'tis good words asswages
Who every quarter pays her old servants their wages
Who never knew what belongs to Coach-men, Foot-
men, and Pages.

But

But kept twenty old fellows with blew coats & badges,
Like an old Courtier, &c.

VWith an old Study fill'd full of learned Books,

VWith an old reverend Parson; you may judge him by
 his looks,

VWith an old Buttery Hatch worn quite off the old
 Hooks,

And an old Kitchin, which maintains half a dozen old
Like an old, &c. (Cooks,

VWith an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes,
 and Bowes,

With old Swords and Bucklers, which have born many
 shrewd blows, (Hose,

And an old Fryfado coat to cover his Worships Trunk-

And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper Nose,
Like an old, &c.

VWith an old fashion when *Christmas* is come,

To call in his neighbors with Bag-pipe and Drum,

And good cheer enough to furnish every old Room,

And old Liquor able to make a Cat speak, and a wife
Like an old, &c. (man dumb,

VWith an old Huntf-man, a Falconer, and a Kennel of
 Hounds,

VWhich never hunted nor hawk'd, but in his own
 Grounds,

VWho like an old wife man, kept himself within his own
 bounds,

And when he died gave every childe a thousand old
Like an old, &c. (pounds,

But to his eldest Son his House and Lands he assign'd,

Charging him in his Will, to keep the old bountifull
 minde, (kinde :

To love his good old servants, and to neighbours be

But in the ensuing Ditty, you shall hear how he was

Like a young courtier of the Kings, &c. (enclin'd,
 Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,

That

That keeps a brace of whores at his own command,
And takes up a thousand pounds upon's own Land,
And I eth drunk in a new Tavern till he can neither go
Like a young, &c. (nor stand,

VVith a neat Lady that is frisk and fair,
VVho never knew what belong'd to good House-keep-
ing, or care,

But buys several Fans to play with the wanton Air,
And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other mens hair,
Like a young, &c.

VVith a new Hall built where the old one stood,
VVherein is burned neither Coal, nor VVood,
And a new Shuffle-board Table, smooth and red as
blood,

Hung round with Pictures, which doth the poor littl-
Like a young, &c. (good,

VVith a new Study stuff'd full of Pamphlets and Plays,
VVith a new Chaplain that swears faster than he prays,
VVith a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or
five days,

VVish a new French Cook to make Kickshaws and
Like a young, &c. (Toys,

VVith a new fashion when *Christmas* was come,
VVith a new Journey up to *London* we must be gone,
And leave no body at home, but our new Porter *John*,
VVho relieves the poor with a thump on the back with
Like a young, &c. (a stone.

VVith a Gentleman-Usher, whose Carriage is com-
pleat,

VVith a Foot-man, a Coachman, a Page to carry meat,
VVith a Waiting-Gentlewoman, whose Dressing is
very neat,

VVho when the Master has dyn'd, lets the Servants
Like a young, &c. (not eat.

VVith a new Honor bought with his Fathers old gold,
That many of his Fathers old Manors hath sold,

And

And this is the occasion that most men do hold,
 That good House-keeping is now adays grown so cold
*Like a young Courtier of the Kings,
 Oh the Kings young Courtier.*

Song 214.

With a new Beard but lately trim'd,
 With a new Love-lock neatly kemb'd,
 With a new Favour snatcht or nimb'd,
 With a new Doublet French like limb'd,
 With a new Gate as if he swim'd,
*And a new souldier of the Kings,
 Oh the Kings new souldier.*

With a new Feather in his Cap,
 With new white Boots without a strap,
 And newly paid for, by great hap;
 With a new Quean upon his lap,
 And a new Brat that ne'r eat pap,
And a new, &c.

With a new Hat without a Band,
 With a new Office without Land,
 With all his fingers on his hand,
 With a new face at *Plymouth* tan'd,
 And a new horse already pawn'd,
And a new, &c.

With a new Cassock lin'd with Cotten,
 With Cardecues to call his Pot in,
 With a new Gun that ne'r was shot in,
 Under a new Captain very hot in
 A new Command, and hardly gotten.
And a new, &c.

With a new Head-piece shot, ne'r hit,
 With a new Head of greenish wit,
 With new Shirts without louse or nit,
 With a new Band, not torn as yet,
 With a new Spear, and very fit,
For a new, &c.

With

With a new Jacket made of Buff,
With new Sleeves of Spanish stuff,
With a new Belt of Leather enough ;
With new Tobacco-pipes to puff,
And a new Brawl to take in inuff,

Like a new, &c.

He's newly come to sixteen years,
And gone abroad with his Mothers tears,
With his *Monmouth* Cap about his ears,
VWith new Bravadoes void of fears,
And a new Oath by which he swears

To be a new, &c.

VWith a new Nose that ne'r met foe,
With a new Sword that ne'r struck blow,
With a new red Breech to make a show,
VWith a new Copper Lace or two,
And new Points on his wings also,
To a new Countrey he will go,
To drink old Sack, and do no moc,

*Like a new souldier of the Kings,
Oh, the Kings new souldier.*

Catch, Or Song 215.

THe Hunt is up, the Hunt is up,
And now it is almost day,
And he that's a bed with another mans wife,
It's time to get him away.

Mock-Song 216.

OH Love ! whose power and might,
No creature e're withstood,
Thou forcest me to write,
Come turn about *Robin Hood*.
Sol: Mistrifs of my heart,
Let me thus far presume,
To crave in this request,
A black patch for the Rhume,

Grant

Grant pity, or I die,
Love so my heart bewitches,
VVith grief I howl and cry ;
Oh how my Elbow itches.
Tears overflow my sight
With floods of dayly weeping,
That in the silent night,
I cannot rest for sleeping.
What ist I would not do
To purchase one sweet smile ?
Bid me to *china* go ,
'Faith I'le sit still the while.
Oh women you will never,
But think men still will flatter ;
I vow I love you ever,
But yet it is no matter.
Cupid is blindè, they say,
But yet methinks he seeth ;
He struck my heart to day,
A Turd in *Cupid's* Teeth.
Her Tresses that were wrought,
Much like the golden snare,
My loving heart hath caught,
As *Moss* did catch his Mare.
But since that all relief,
And comforts do forsake me,
I'le kill my self with grief,
Nay then, the devil take me.
And since her greatful merits
My loving look must lack,
I'le stop my vital spirits
With Claret and with Sack.
Mark well my woful hap,
Jove, rector of the Thunder,
Send down thy Thunder-clap,
And rend her Smock in sunder.

Mock-Song, in Answer.

Y Our Letter I receiv'd,
 Bedeckt with flourishing quarters
 Because you are deceiv'd,
 Go hang you in your Garters.
 My beauty, which is none,
 Yet such as you protest;
 Doth make you sigh and groan;
 Fie, fie, you do but jest.
 I cannot chuse but pitty
 Your restless mournful tears,
 Because your plaints are witty,
 You may go shake your ears.
 To purchase your delight,
 No labor you shall leese,
 Your pains I will requite;
 Maid, give him some bread and cheese.
 'Tis you I fain would see,
 'Tis you I daily think on;
 My looks as kinde shall be,
 As the Devils over *Lincoln*.
 If ever I do tame,
 Great *Jove* of Lightnings flashes,
 I'll send my fiery flame,
 And burn thee into ashes.
 I can by no means miss thee,
 But needs must have thee one day;
 I prithee come and kiss me,
 Whereon I sate on Sunday.

Song 217.

If she be fair, I fear the rest,
 If she be sweet, I'll hope the best,
 If she be fair, they say she'll do,
 If she be foul, she'll do so too;
 If she be fair, she'll breed suspect,
 If she be foul, she'll breed neglect.

If she be born o'th' better sort,
 Then she doth favor of the Court;
 If she be of the City born,
 She'l give the City Arms, the Horn,
 If she be born of Parents base,
 I scorn her Vertues for her place;
 If she be fair and witty too,
 I fear the harm her wit may do.
 If she be fair and wanteth wit,
 I love no beauty without it.

In brief, be what she will, I'm one
 That can love *all*, but will wed none.

Song 218.

T Here's none but the glad man,
 Compar'd to the mad man,
 Whose heart is still empty of care;
 His fits and his fancies
 Are above all mischances,

And mirth is his ordinary fair:
 Then be thou mad, and he made, mad all let us be,
 There's no men leads lives more merry than we.

Song 219.

G Aze not on thy Beauties pride,
 Tender Maid in the false tide
 That from Lovers eyes do slide.

Let thy faithful Chrystal show
 How thy colours come and go,
 Beauty takes a foil from wo.

Love that in those smooth streams lies,
 Under Pity's fair disguise,
 Will thy melting heart surprize.

Nets of Passions finest thread,
 (Snaring Poems) will be spread,
 All to catch thy Maiden-head.

Then beware, for those that cure
 Loves disease, themselves endure

For

For reward, a Calenture.

Rather let the Lover pine,
Than his pale cheek should assign
A perpetual blush to thine.

Song 120.

A Beggar got a Bayliff,
A Bayliff got a Yeoman,
A Yeoman got a Prentice,
A Prentice got a Free-man,
A Free-man got a Master,
And he begot a Tease,
And soon became a Gentleman,
Then a Justice of Peace;
This Justice got a Daughter,
And she is come to light,
She stept into the Court,
And there she got a Knight.
A Knight got a Lord,
A Lord an Earl begot,
An Earl got a Duke,
This Duke he was a Scot:
This Duke a Prince begot,
A Prince of Royal hope,
He begot an Emperor,
The Emperor a Pope.
The Pope got a Bastard,
He was a Noble Spark,
He lay with a Nun,
And so begot a Clark.
A Clark got a Sexton,
A Sexton got a Vicar,
A Vicar got a Parson,
And all of them got liquor,
Till they were all made Prebends,
And so they got a Dean,
A Dean got a Bishop,
A Bishop got a Quean.

Song

Song 221.

I'Le Sing you a Sonnet that ne'r was in Print,
'Tis truly and newly come out of the Mint ;
I'le tell you before-hand, you'l find *nothing* in't.

On *nothing* I think, and on *nothing* I write,
'Tis *nothing* I court, yet *nothing* I flight,
Nor care I a pin, if I get *nothing* by't.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, Beasts, Birds, Fish, and
Did start out of *nothing*, a Chaos, a Den ; (Men,
And all things shall turn into *nothing* agen.

'Tis *nothing* sometimes makes many things hit,
As when fools among wise men do silently sit,
A fool that says *nothing*, may pass for a wit.

What one man loves is another mans loathing,
This blade loves a quick thing, that loves a slow thing,
And both do in the conclusion love *nothing*.

Your Lad that makes love to a delicate smooth thing
And thinking with sighs to gain her and soothing,
Frequently makes much ado about *nothing*.

At last when his Pat'ence and Purse is decay'd,
He may to the bed of a Whore be betray'd ;
But she that hath *nothing*, must need be a maid.

Your flashing, and clashing, and flashing of wit,
Doth start out of *nothing*, but fancy and fit ;
'Tis little or *nothing* to what hath been writ.

When first by the ears we together did fall,
Then something got *nothing*, and *nothing* got all ;
From *nothing* it came, and to *nothing* it shall.

That party that seal'd to a Cov'nant in haste,
Who made our 3 Kingdoms, and Churches lie waste ;
Their project, and all came to *nothing* at last.

They raised an Army of Horse, and of Foot,
To tumble down Monarchy, Branches and Root ;
They thunder'd, and plunder'd, but *nothing* would do't.

The Organ, the Altar, and Ministers cloathing,
In Presbyter *Fack* begot such a loathing,
That he must needs raise a petty New-*nothing*, And

And when he had reb'd us in sanct'fi'd cloathing,
Perjur'd the people by faithing and trothing.
At last he was catch't, and all came to *nothing*.

In several Fact'ons we quarrel and brawl,
Dispute, and contend, and to fighting we fall;
I'll lay all to *nothing*, that *nothing* wins all.

When War, and Rebellion, and Plundering grows,
The Mendicant man is the freest from foes,
For he is most happy hath *nothing* to lose.

Brave *Cesar*, and *Pompey*, and Great *Al'xander*,
Whom Armies follow'd as Goose follows Gander,
Nothing can say t' an action of slander.

The wisest great Prince, were he never so stout,
Though conquer the world, and give mankind a Rout,
Did bring *nothing* in, nor shall bear *nothing* out.

Old *Noll* that arose from High-thing, and Low-thing,
By brewing Rebellion, Nicking, and Frothing,
In sev'n years distance was All-things, and *nothing*.

Dick (*Olivers* Heir) that pitiful slow-thing,
Who once was invested with Purple-clothing,
Stands for a Cypher, and that stands for *nothing*.

If King-killers bold are excluded from blifs,
Old *Bradshaw* (that feels the reward on't by this)
Had better been *nothing*, than what now he is.

Blind Collonel *Hewson*, that lately did crawl
To lofty degree, from a low Coblers stall,
Did bring Aul to *nothing*, when Aul came to all.

Your Gallant that Rants it in Dell'cate clothing,
Though lately he was but a pit'ful low-thing,
Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with *nothing*.

The nimble-tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his pay,
When death doth Arrest him and bear him away,
At the Gen'ral Bar will have *nothing* to say.

Whores that in silk were by Gallants embrac't,
By a rabble of Prentices lately were chac't,
Thus Courting, and Sporting, comes to *nothing* at last.

If

If any man tax me with weaknes of wit,
And say that on *nothing*, I *nothing* have writ,
I shall answer, *Ex nihilo, nihil fit*.

Yet let his discret'on be never so tall,
This very word *nothing* shall give it a fall,
For writing of *nothing* I comprehend all.

Let every man give the Poet his due,
'Cause then it was with him, as now its with you ;
He study'd it when he had *nothing* to do.

This very word *nothing*, if took the right way,
May prove advantag'ous, for what would you say,
If the Vintner should cry, there's *nothing* to pay.

Song 221.

BY Heaven I'll tell her boldly that 'tis she,
Why should she ashamed or angry be,
That she's belov'd by me ?

The Gods may give their Altars o're ;
They'll smoak but seldom any more,
If none but happy men must them adore.

The lightning which tall Oaks oppose in vain,
To strike sometimes does not disdain,
The humbler Furzes of the plain.

She being so high, and I so low,
Her power by this doth greater show,
Who at such distance gives so sure a blow.
Compar'd with her all things so worthless prove,
That nought on earth can towards her move,
Till 't be exalted by her love.

Equal to her, alas, there's none ;
She like a Deity is grown,
That must create, or else must be alone.
If there be man who thinks himself so high,
As to pretend equality,
He deserves her less than I.

For he would cheat for his relief,

And

And one would give with lesser grief,
To an undeserving beggar than a thief.

Song 223.

When I drein my Goblets deep,
All my cares are rockt asleep,
Rich as *Craesus*, Lord o'th' earth,
Chanting *Odes* of wit and mirth,
And with Ivy Garlands crown'd,
I can kick the Globe round, round.

Let others fight while I drink,
Boy, my Goblet fill to th' brink;
Come fill it high, fill it high,
That I may but drink and die.
For when I lay down my head,
'Tis better to be drunk,
'Tis better to be drunk,
Dead drunk, than dead.

Song 224.

BE not thou so foolish nice,
As to be invited twice;
VVhat should women more incite,
Than their own sweet appetite?
Shall salvage things more freedom have,
Than Nature unto woman gave?
The Swan, the Turtle, and the Sparrow,
Bill and Kifs, then take the Marrow;
They Bill and Kifs, what then they do,
Come Bill and Kifs, and I'll shew you.

Song 225.

P*Hillis* on the new made hay,
Phillis on the new made hay,
In a wanton posture lay,
Thinking no shepherd nigh her,
But *Amintas* came that way,
And threw himself down by her.

Hotly

Hotly he pursu'd the game,
 Hotly he pursu'd the game,
 She cry'd pish, and sic for shame ;
 I vow you shall not do it ;
 But the youth soon overcame,
 And eagerly fell to it.

When alas to vex her more,
 When alas to vex her more,
 He e'r she began gave o're ;
 For such was the adventure,
 He made his complement at door,
 And could not stay to enter.

In great rage she flung away,
 In great rage she flung away,
 He aham'd, and breathless lay ;
 But though he had disp'as'd her,
 He rally'd, and renew'd the fray,
 And manfully appeas'd her,

Song 226.

Come Jack, let's drink a Pot of Ale,
 And I shall tell thee such a tale
 Will make thine ears to ring :
 My Coyn is spent, my time is lost,
 And I this onely fruit can boast,
 That once I saw my King.
 But this doth most afflict my minde,
 I went to Court in hope to finde,,
 Some of my friends in place :
 And walking there I had a sight
 Of all the Crew, but by this light,
 I hardly knew one face.
 S'lfe of so many noble Sparks,
 Who on their bodies bear the marks
 Of their integrity,
 And suffer'd ruine of Estate,
 It was my base unhappy fate,

That

That I not one could see.
 Not one upon my life, among
 My old acquaintance all along,
 At *Truro* and before :
 And I suppose the place can show,
 As few of those whom thou didst know,
 At *Tork* or *Marston Moor*.
 But truly there are swarms of those
 Whose chins are beardless, yet their Nose
 And backsides still wear Muffs :
 Whilst the old rusty Cavalier
 Retires, or dares not once appear,
 For want of Coin and Cuffs.
 When none of those I could discern,
 Who better far deserv'd then I,
 I calmly did reflect :
 Old servants they by rule of state,
 Like Almanacks grow out of date,
 What then can I expect?
 Troth in contempt of fortunes frown,
 I'll get me fairly out of town,
 And in a Cloyster pray :
 That since the Stars are yet unkinde
 To Royalists, the King may finde
 More faithfull friends than thay,

Song 227.

I Marvel *Dick* that having been
 So long abroad, and having seen
 The world as thou hast done :
 Thou shouldst acquaint me with a tale,
 As old as Nectar, and as stale,
 As that of Priest and Nun.
 Are we to learn what is a Court ?
 A Pageant made for fortunes sport,
 Where merits scarce appear :
 For bashful merits only dwells

In Camps, in Villages, and Cells,
 Alas it comes not there.
 Desert is nice in its address,
 And merit oft times doth oppose
 Beyond what guilt would do ;
 But they are sure of their demands,
 That come to Court with Golden hands,
 And brazen faces too.
 The King indeed doth still profess,
 To give his party soon redress,
 And cherish honesty ;
 But his good wishes prove in vain,
 Whose service with the servants gain,
 Not always doth agree.
 Ah Princes be they ne'r so wise,
 Are fain to see with others eyes,
 But seldom hear at all,
 And Courtiers finde their interest,
 In time to feather well their Nest,
 Providing for their fall.
 Our comfort doth on him depend,
 Things when they are at worst will mend.
 And let us but reflect
 On our condition 'tother day,
 When none but Tyrants bore the sway,
 What did we then expect ?
 Mean while a calm retreat is best,
 But discontent if not suppress,
 May breed Disloyalty :
 This is the constant Note I'll sing,
 I have been faithful to my King,
 And so shall live and die.

Song 228.

T Was then we had a thriving Trade,
 When Lackies brought our work unto us ;
 The Ladie with her Am'rous blade

Then

Then did Complement and woo us,
 But now the world's turn'd upside down,
 The Righteous too are monstrous wicked,
 The Vest, the Tunick, and the Gown,
 Hang all upon the feeble Ticket,
 And when a Dun is sent, like Lords
 They swear and swagger at their Taylor,
 But nor their Swords,
 Nor Damme words,
 Shall Hector, Constable, or Goaler.

Song 229.

Phillis I pray,
 Why did you say,
 That I did not adore you?
 I durst not sue,
 As other's do,
 Nor talk of love before you.
 Should I make known
 My flame, you'd frown,
 No tears could e're appease you,
 'Tis better I,
 Should silent die,
 Than talking to displease you.

Song 230.

Come Chloris hie we to the Bower,
 To sport us e're the day be done.
 Such is thy power,
 That every flower
 Will ope to thee as to the Sun.
 And if a flower, but chance to die,
 With my sighs blast, or mine eyes rain;
 Thou canst revive it with thine eye,
 And with thy breath make sweet again.
 The wanton Suckling and the Vine,
 Will strive for th' honour, who first may

With their green Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.

Song 131.

THough I am young, and cannot tell
Either what Love or Death is well ;
And then again I have been told,
Love wounds with heat, and Death with cold.
Yet I have hear'd they doth bear Darts,
And both do aim at humane hearts ;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extreams to touch, and mean one thing.

Song 132.

UPon the *Change* where Merchants meet,
'Twixt *Cornhil* and *Threadneedle-Street*,
Where Wits of ev'ry size are hurl'd,
To treat of all things in the world,
I saw a folded Paper fall,
And upon it, these words were writ,
Have at all.

I thought I, if have at all it be,
For ought I know 'tis have at me ;
And (if the consequence be true)
It may as well be have at you :
Then listen pray to what I shall
In brief declare, what's written there,
Have at all.

I am a Courtier who in sport ,
Do come from the *Utopian* Court,
To whisper softly in your ear,
How high we are, and what we were ;
To tell you all would be too much,
But here and there a little touch.
Have at all.

I was not many years ago,
Intatter'd trim from top to toe,
But now my ruin'd robes are burn'd,

My rags are all to Ribons turn'd :
My patches into Picces fall ,
I cogg a Dy, swagger and lie,
Have at all.

Upon my Pantalonian Pate,
I wear a Milleners estate:
But when he duns me at the Court ,
I shew him a *Protection* for't ;
Whilst he doth to protesting fall,
And then I cry, Dam-me, you lie:
Have at all.

Since *Venus* shav'd off all my hair,
A powder'd Perriwig I wear,
Which brings me in the Golden Girls,
Which I procure for Lords and Earls ;
When Love doth for a Cooler call,
My fancy drives at maids and wives,
Have at all.

My Lodgings never are in quiet,
Another duns me for my Diet ,
I had of him in fifty three ,
Which I forget, so doth not he ;
I call him sawcy fellow, Sirrah,
And draw my Sword to run him thorough,
Have at all.

Yet once a Friend that sav'd my life,
Who had a witty wanton wife ,
I did in courtesie requite,
Made him a Cuckold, and a Knight ;
Which makes him mount like Tennis-ball,
Whilst she and I, together cry,
Have at all.

But yet these Citts are subtle slaves,
Most of them Wits, and knowing Knaves ;
We get their Children, and they do
From us get Lands, and Lordships too :

And 'tis most fit in these affairs,
The Land should go to the right Heirs,
Have at all.

A Souldier I directly hate ;
A Cavalier once broke my pate ;
With cane in hand he overcome me,
And took away my Mistriss from me ;
For I confess I love a wench,
Though English, Irish, Dutch, or French,
Have at all.

A Souldiers life is not like mine ;
I will be plump, when he shall pine :
My projects carry stronger force,
Than all his Armed Foot and Horse ;
What though his Morter-pieces roar,
My Chimney-pieces shall do more,
Have at all.

Thus have I given you in short ,
A Courtier of Utopia Court,
I write not of Religion,
For (to tell truly) we have none ;
If any me to question call,
With Pen, or Sword, Hab Nab's the word,
Have at all.

Song 237.

Poor Jenny and I we toiled,
A long long Summers day,
Till we were almost spoyled,
With making of the Hay.
Her Kerchief was of holland clear
Bound low upon her brow,
I se whisper'd something in her ear,
But what's that to you ?

Her Stockings were of Kersey green,
Well sticht with yellow silk,
Oh ! like a leg was never seen,

Her

Her skin as white as Milk.
Her hair was black as any Crow,
And sweet her mouth was too,
Oh ! *Fenny* daintily could mow,
But whats that to you ?

Her Petty-coats were not so low,
As Ladies now do wear 'em ;
She needed not a Page I trow,
For I was by to bear 'em ;
I z took 'em up all in my hand,
And I think her Linnen too,
Which made a friend of mine to stand,
But what's that to you ?

King *Solomon* had wives enough ,
And Concubines a Number ;
Yet I z possess more happiness,
And he had more of Cumber ;
My joy surmounts a Wedded life,
With fear she lets me mow,
A Wench is better than a wife,
But what's that to you ?

The Lilly and the Rose combine
To make my *Fenny* fair,
There's no contentment like as mine,
I'm almost void of care.
But yet I fear my *Fenny's* face,
Will cause more men to woo,
Which I shall take for a disgrace,
But what's that to you ?

Song 234

A H ! *Celia*, leave that cruel Art
Of killing with those conqu'ring eyes,
Your triumph o're a tender heart,
Makes a sad Victim of your prize.
Such Souldiers little Honor gain,
As trample o're a Captive slaves ;

That use of Victory is vain,
Pursues the Foe unto his Grave.

But prisoner-like as when repriev'd,
Sad sighs I will no more approve,
Nor think 'tis happy to be griev'd,
Nor sacrifice my self to Love.

Though 'tis most true, your Beauty lasts
As pow'rful as it was before,
But having felt its fatal blasts,
I'm warn'd to give devotion o're.

If now at last you will be kinde,
And just, as I have been to you,
I then may once more change my minde,
And be for ever, ever true.

But if you will be cruel still,
And constant zeal can nothing move,
Then be you wedded to your will,
And I'll divorce my self from love.

Song 135.

Cook *Laurel* would have the Devil his Guest,
And bad him home to *Peak* to Dinner,
Where Fiend had never such a Feast,
Prepared at the charge of a Sinner.

With a Hey Down, Down a Down, Down.

His Stomach was quealie, he came thither Coacht,

The joggings had caused his Cruets to rise,
To help which, he call'd for a Puritan poacht,

That used to turn up the white of his eyes.

With a Hey, &c.

And so he recovered unto his wish,

He sat him down, and began to eat :

A Promooter in Plumb-broth was the first Dish,

His own Privy-Kitchin had no such meat.

With a Hey, &c.

Yet though with this he much was taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his Trencher,
As soon as he spyed the Bawd and Bacon,
By which you may know the Devil's a wench.

With a Hey, &c.

Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,
With Sempters and Tyre-women fit for his pallet,
With Feather-men and Perfumers, put
Some twelve in a Charger, to make a Grand-sallet.

With a Hey, &c.

A rich fat Usurer stew'd in his marrow,
With him a Lawyers Head and Green-sawce,
All which his belly took in like a Barrell,
As though till then he had never seen Sawce.

With a Hey, &c.

Then Carbonado'd and Cookt with pains,
Was brought up a Serjeants cloven Face,
The Sawce was made of a Yeomans brains,
That had been beaten out with his Mace.

With a Hey, &c.

Two roasted Sheriffs came hot to the Board,
The Feast had nothing been without them,
Both living and dead were foxed and furr'd,
And their Chains like Saucages hung about them.

With a Hey, &c.

The next Dish was the Mayor of the Town,
With a Pudding of Maintenance put in his belly,
Like a Goose in her feathers, in his Gown,
With a couple of Hinch-boys boyld to a Jelly.

With a Hey, &c.

Next came the over-worn Justice of Peace,
With Clerks like Gizzards stuck under each arm,
And Warrants like Sippets, lay in his own grease,
Set over a Chafing-dish to be kept warm.

With a Hey, &c.

A London Cuckold came hot from the Spit,
 And when the Carver open had broke him,
 The Devil chopt his head up at a bit,
 But his horns had almost like to choak him.
With a Hey, &c.

A fair large Pasty of a Midwife hot,
 And for cold Bak'd meat in this story,
 A reverend painted Lady was brought,
 Long coffins'd in Crust till now she sgrown hoary.
With a Hey, &c.

The loyns of a Leacher then was roasted,
 With a plump Harlots Head and Garlick;
 With a Panders Petti-toes that had boasted
 Himself for a Captain, that never was warlick.
With a Hey, &c.

Then boiled and stuck upon a Prick,
 The Gizzard was brought of a holy Sister,
 That bit made the Devil almost so sick,
 That the Doctor did think he'd need of a Glister.
With a Hey, &c.

The Jowl of a Jaylot serv'd for a Fish,
 A Constable sowced piss'd Vineger by;
 Two Alderman Lobsters laid in a dish,
 A Deputy Tart, and a Church-warden Pye:
With a Hey, &c.

All which he devoured, then for a close,
 He did for a Draught of *Dirby* call,
 He heaved the Vessel up to his Nose,
 And never left till he had drunk up all.
With a Hey, &c.

Then from the Table he gave a start,
 Where banquet and wine was not to seek,
 Il which he blew away with a Fart,
 From whence it s call'd, *Tb Devils Arse in the Peak.*
With a Hey Down, Down-a Down, Down.

Song 236.

T *Hirfis, Thirfis*, I wish as well as you,
 To Honor, to Honor, there were nothing due,
 Then would I pay my debt of love,
 In that same Coin,
 In the same Coin which you approve ;
 And now you must in friendship take,
 'Tis all the payment I can make,
 Friendship so high, that I may say,
 'Tis rather love,
 'Tis rather love with some alloy ;
 Then rest contented, since that I
 As well my self, as you deny,
 And learn of me bravely to bear
 The loss of what I hold so dear ;
 And that which Honor does in me,
 Let my example,
 My example work in thee.

Song 237.

O H! the little house that lies under the hill,
 Oh! the little house that lies under the hill,
 There's Ale, and Tobacco, and Wenches at will,
 Oh! the little house that lies under the hill.

Song 238.

O N a hill there grows a Flow'r,
 Fair befall the gentle Sweet,
 By that Flow'r there is a Bow'r,
 Where the heav'nly Muses meet.
 In that Bow'r there is a Chair
 Fringed all about with Gold,
 Where doth sit the fairest Fair,
 Mortal ever did behold.
 It is *Phyllis* fair and bright,
 She that is the Shopherds Joy,
 She that *Venus* did despight,
 And did blinde her little Boy.
 This is she, she wise, the rich,

That.

That the world desires to see ;
 This is *Ipsa quæ*, the which,
 There is none, but onely she.
 Who would not this face admire,
 Who would not this Saint adore ?
 Who would not this sight desire,
 Though he thought to see no more ?
 O fair eyes ! but let me see,
 One good look, and I am gone,
 Look on me, for I am he,
 Thy poor silly *Coridon*.
 Thou that art the shepherds Queen,
 Look upon thy silly swain,
 By thy vertues have been seen,
 Dead men brought to live again.

Sang 339.

Since life's but short, and time amain
 Flyes on, and ne'r looks back again ;
 Lets laugh and sing and merry be,
 And spend our hours in jollity.
 Good wine makes the Pope religiously given,
 And sends all the Monks, and little Fryers to heaven,
 Then take a merry glais,
 Fill it just as it was,
 And let no man take it in dudgeon ;
 He that makes any stir,

Is no true drunken Cur,
 Hang him up that is a Curmudgeon.

'Twas *Joves* refreshment when his mind was shrunk
 With cares, to make himself with Nectar drunk ;
 So heavenly drunk, his brain ran like the sphears,
 Round, and made Musick to his ears. (tell you.
 He's a Right honest man, you may believe what he'l
 If he hath a jolly Nose, and a beautiful belly.

Then take a merry glais, &c.
 Great *Alexander* to enflame his heart

With

With courage, drank two Gallons and a quart
At six go downs, and then in Raptures hurld,
He went and conquer'd all the world,
Darius lost *Persia*, and the *Macedon* won it,
But if he had not been drunk he could never have done
Then take a merry glass, &c. (it.

Song 240.

Love I must tell thee, I'll no longer be
A Victim to thy beardless Deity;
Nor shall this heart of mine,
Now 'tis return'd
Be offer'd at thy shrine,
Nor at thine Altar burn'd;
Love like Religion's made an airy name;
To awe those souls whom want of wit makes tame.
There's no such thing as Quiver, Shaft, or Bow,
Nor do's Love wound, but we imagine so;
Or it it does perplex,
And grieve the minde,
'Tis in the Mase'line Sex,
Women no sorrow finde;
'Tis not our Parts or Persons that can move 'em,
Nor ist mens worth, but wealth makes women love 'em.
Reason, not love, henceforth shall be my guide,
Our fellow creatures shan't be deifd.
I'll now a Rebel be,
And so pull down,
The Distaff Hierachy,
Or Females fancy'd Crown.
In these unbridled times, who would not strive
To free his neck from all prerogative?

Song 241.

THe Spring's coming on, and our Spirits begin
To retire to their places merrily home,
And every soul is bound to lay in
A new brewing of blood for the year that's to come.
They're

They're Cowards that make it of Clarifi'd whey,
 Or swill with the swine in the Juice of the Grains ;
 Give me the Racy Canary to play
 (And the sparkling Rensh to vault) in my veins.

Let Doctors go teach our lives are but short,
 And overmuch wine a new death will invite,
 But we'l be revenged before hand for't,
 And crown a lives mirth, with the space of a night.

Then stand we about with our glassees full crown'd,
 Whilst ev'ry thing else to their postures doth grow,
 Till our heads and our caps with the houses turn round,
 And the cellars become where the chambers are now.

Then fill out more wine, 'twill a sacrifice bring,
 We'l tipple, and fiddle, and fuddle all out (King,
 This night in full Draughts, with a health to our
 Till we baffle the States, and the Sun face about,
 Whose first rising Rays when shot from his throne,
 Shall dash upon faces as red as his own,
 And wonder that mortals can fuddle away
 More wine in a night than he water in a day.

Song 242.

Love is a Bubble ,
 No man is able
 To say it is this, or 'tis that,
 'Tis so full of passions ,
 Of sundry fashions ,
 'Tis like I cannot tell what.
 'Tis fair in the Cradle,
 'Tis foul in the Saddle,
 'Tis either too cold, or too hot.
 An errant Lier ,
 Fed by desire,
 It is, I and it is not.
 Love is a fellow ,
 Clad all in yellow,
 The cankerworm of the minde,

A privy mischief,
And such a fly thief,
As no man is able to finde,
Love is a wonder,
'Tis here, and 'tis yonder
As common to one, as to moe,
So great a cheater,
Every mans better,
Then hang him, and so let him go.

Song 143.

DEAR Love, let me this ev'ning die,
Oh smile not to prevent it;
But use this opportunity,
Lest we do both repent it;
Frown quickly then, and break my heart,
So that my way of dying,
May though my life prove full of smart,
Be worth the worlds envying.
Some striving knowledge to refine,
Consume themselves with thinking,
And some whose friendship's seal'd in wine
Are kindly kill'd with drinking.
And some are rack't on *Indian* coast,
Thither by gain invited,
And some in smoke of battle lost,
Whom drums, not lutes delighted.
Alas, how poorly these depart,
Their graves still unattended,
Who dies not of a broken heart,
In love is not befriended;
His memory is onely sweet,
All Praise no pittie moving,
Who fondly at his mistress feet,
Doth die with over-loving.
And now thou frown'st, and now I die;
My Corps by Lovers follow'd

Shall

Shall shortly by dead Lovers lie
 For that ground's only hallow'd.
 If the priest tak't ill, I have a grave,
 My death not well approving,
 The Poets my estate shall have,
 To teach the Art of loving,
 And now let Lovers ring the Bells
 For the poor youth departed,
 He which all others else excel's,
 That are not broken-hearted.
 My grave with flowers let Virgins strow,
 But if thy tears fall near them,
 They'l so excel in scent and show,
 Thy self will shortly wear them.
 Such flowers how much will *Flora* prize,
 That on a Lover's growing,
 And water'd by his *Mistris* eyes
 With pittie overflowing?
 A grave so deckt will (though thou art
 Yet fearful to come nigh me)
 Provoke thee straight to break thy heart
 And lie down boldly by me.

Then ev'ry where the Bells shall ring,
 While all to black is turning,
 All Torches burn, and each Quire sing,
 As Natures self were mourning,
 And we hereafter may be found
 (By Destinies right placing)
 Making, like flowers, love under ground,
 Whose roots are still embracing.

Song 244.

YEs, I could love if I could finde
 A *Mistris* pleasing to my minde,
 Whom neither pride nor Gold can move,
 To buy her Beauty, sell her Love,

Goes

Goes neat, yet cares not to be fine,
 Who loves me for my self, not mine.
 Not Lady proud, nor City coy,
 But full of freedome, full of Joy,
 Not childish young, nor Beldam old,
 Not fiery hot, nor Icy cold;
 Not gravely wise to guide a State,
 Nor vain, as to be pointed at;
 Not rich, nor proud; nor base, nor poor,
 Nor chaste, nor no reputed whore.
 When such a Lasse I shall discover,
 Cupid entitle me a Lover.

Song 145.

YOU maidens, and wives, and yong widows rejoyce,
 Declare your thanksgiving with heart and with
 Since waters were waters, I dare boldly say (voice
 There ne'r was such cause for a thanksgiving day;

For from *London Town*,

There's lately come down

Four able Physitians that never wore Gown,

Their Physick is pleasant, their Dose it is large,

And you may be cur'd without danger or charge.

No Bolus, no Vomit, no Potion, no Pill,

(Which sometimes do cure, but oftner do kill,)

Your taste, nor your stomach, need never displease,

If you'll be advised but by one of these:

For they've a new Drug,

Which is call'd *The close Hug*,

Which will mend your complexion, and make you look

A soveraign Balsom which once well apply'd, (sing

Though griev'd at the heart, the patient ne'r dy'd.

In the morning you need not be rob'd of your rest,

For in your warm beds your Physick doth best,

And though in the taking some stirrings requir'd,

The motions so pleasant you cannot be tyr'd,

For on your back you must lie,

With

With your buttock raised high,
 And one of these *Doctors* must always be by,
 Who still will be ready to cover you warm,
 For if you take cold, all physick doth harm.

Before they do venture to give their direction,
 They always consider their patients complexion,
 If she have a moist palm, or a red head of hair,
 She requires more physick than one man can spare,
 If she have a long Nose,
 The Doctor scarce knows

How many good handiuls must go to her Dose.
 You Lady's that have such ill symptoms as these,
 In reason and conscience should pay double fees.

But that we may give to these Doctors due praise,
 Who to all sorts of people their favours conveys,
 On the ugly for pitty sake, skill shall be shown,
 And as for the handsom they're cur'd for their own,
 On your silver, or Gold,
 They never lay hold,
 For what comes so freely they scorn should be sold.
 Then joy with these Doctors and heatily pray,
 Their power of healing may never decay.

Catch or Song 246.

Pompey was a mad man, a mad man,
 Pompey was a mad man, a mad man was he,
 So long he was a glad man, a glad man,
 So long he was a glad man, a glad man was he,
 Till *Cesar* in *Pharſalia*, routed his Battalia,
 'Cause he was a madder, a madder far than he,
 Then be thou mad, and I mad, and mad let us be,
 And the Devil himself shan't be madder than we.

Song 247.

OH *Anis* quoth he, well *Thomas* quoth she,
 What wouldst thou say man unto me?
 I love thee quoth he, dost love me quoth she,
 Ch'me the more beholding to thee.

To bed then quoth he, no *Thomas* quoth she,
Not till the parson hath said all unto me,
I'z bump thee quoth he, wo't bump me quoth she,
Ch'im the more beholding to thee.
How lik'st it quoth he, well *Thomas* quoth she,
So thou com'st but once more unto me,
That I will quoth he, sayst thou so quoth she,
Ch'in the more beholding to thee.

Song 248.

Bonny Kate, Kenny Kate, lay thy leg o're me,
Thou bee'st a bonny Lass, fain would I mow thee,
Fain would I mow thee, ans thou wouldst let me,
Bonny Kate, Kenny Kate, do not forget me.
Out away *Fonny* lad, I'fe am a Virgin,
There is no hope for thee for to get pergin,
For to get pergin, I dare not let thee,
Out away *Fonny* lad, I'fe mun forget thee.
Thou bee'st young, so is I, let us be doing,
There is no better thing than to be mowing,
Than to be mowing, ans thou wouldst let me,
Bonny Kate, Kenny Kate, do not forget me.
Why dost thou whimper so, thou know'st my minde *Jo,*
Would mother suffer me, I would be kinde *Jo,*
I would be kinde *Jo,* a' s she would let me,
Bonny lad, *Fonny* lad, I'fe ne're forget thee.

Song 249.

I Went to the Alehouse as an honest woman shoo'd,
And a knave follow'd after, as you know knaves
Knaves will be knaves in every degree, (woo'd
I'le tell you by and by how this knave serv'd me.
I call'd for my pot as an honest woman shoo'd,
And the knave drank it up, as you know knaves woo'd,
Knaves will be knaves, &c.
I went into my bed as an honest woman shoo'd,
And the knave crept into't, as you know knaves woo'd,
Knaves will be knaves, &c.

I proved

I prov'd with childe as an honest woman stood,
 And the knave ran away, as you know knaves woo'd,
 Knaves will be knaves in every degree,
 And thus have I told you how this knave serv'd me.

Song 150.

HAng fear, and cast away care,
 The Par'sh is bound to finde us,
 Thou, and I,
 And all must die,
 And leave this world behinde us;
 The Bells shall ring,
 The Clerk shall sing,
 And the good old wife shall winde us,
 And *John* shall lay,
 Our bones in clay,
 Where the Devil ne'r shall finde us.

Song 251.

NAy prithee don't flie me,
 But sit thee down by me,
 For I cannot endure
 The man that's demure,
 A pox on your Worships and Sirs:
 For your Congees and Trips,
 With your legs and your lips,
 Your Madams, and Lords,
 With such finical words,
 The Complement you bring,
 That doth spell nothing,

You may keep for the Chains and the Furrs;
 For at the beginning was neither Peasant nor Prince,
 And who the devil made the distinction since?

Those Titles of Honors,
 Do remain in the Donors,
 And not in the thing,
 To which they do cling,
 If his soul be too narrow that wears them;

No delight can I see,
In the thing call'd Degree,
Honest *Dick* sounds as well,
As a name with an L,
That with Titles do swell,
And hums like a Bell,

To affright mortal ears that do hear 'um :
He that wears a brave Soul, and dares honestly do,
Is a Herald to himself, and a Godfather too.

Why should we then dote on,
One with a fools Coat on,
Whose Coffers are cram'd,
Yet he will be damn'd

E're he'l do a good act, or a wise one ?
What reason hath he,
To be Ruler o're me,
Who is Lord o're his Chest,
But his head and his brest
Are but empty and bare,
And puffed up with air,

And can neither assist, nor advise one !
Honor's but air, and proud flesh but dust is ;
'Tis the Commons makes the Lords, as the Clerk makes
But since it must be (the Justice
Of a different degree,
'Cause some do aspire
To be greater and higher,

Than the rest of their fellows and brothers ;
He that hath such a spirit,
Let him gain't by his merit,
Spend his wit, wealth, and blood,
For his Countreys good,
And make himself fit
By his Valour and Wit,
For things above the reach of all others :

Ho-

Honor's a Prize, and who wins it may wear it,
If not, 'tis a badge, and a burthen to bear it.

For my part let me,
Be but quiet and free,
I'll drink Sack and obey,
Let the great ones sway,
That spend their whole time in thinking,
I'll not busie my pate,

With the matters of State,
The News-books I'll burn all,
And with the Diurnal
Light Tobacco, and admit,
They are so far fit,

To serve good Company, and Drinking;
All the name I desire is an honest good fellow,
For that man has no worth that won't sometimes be
mellow.

Song 252.

WHy shouldst thou swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be?

Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee,
That fond impossibility.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,

A tedious twelve hours space?

I must all other Beauties wrong,

And rob thee of a new embrace,

Should I still dote upon thy face;

Not but all Joy's in thy brown hair,

By others may be found,

But I must search the black, the fair,

Like skilful Mineralists that sound,

For treasure in a plow'd-up ground.

Then if when I have lov'd my round,

Thou prov'st the pleasant she,
With spoil of other beauties crown'd,

I loaden

I loaden will return to thee,
Even sated with variety.

Song 253.

THe Maypole is up,
Now give me the Cup,
I'll drink to the Garlands around it;
But first unto those,
Whose hands did compose,
The glory of Flowers that crown'd it;
A health to my Girls,
Whose husbands may Earls,
Or Lords be, granting my wishes;
And when they shall wed
To the Bridal bed,
Then multiply all like to fishes.

Song 254.

Farewel fond Love, under whose childish whip,
I have serv'd out a weary prentiship;
Thou that hast made me thy scorn'd property,
To dote on those that love not, and to fly
Love that woo'd me: go bane of my content,
And practice on some other patient.
Farewel fond hopes, that fan'd my warm desire,
Till it had rais'd a wilde unruly fire,
Which no sighs could, nor tears extinguish can,
Although my eyes out-flow the Ocean.
Forth from my thoughts for ever, thing of air,
Begun in error, finish'd in despair,
Farewel false world, upon whose restless stage,
'Twixt love and hope, I have fool'd out an age.
Ere I will seek to thee for my redress,
I'll wooe the wind, and court the wilderness,
And bury'd from the days discovery,
Finde out some slow but certain way to die.
My woful Monument shall be my Cell,
The murmurs of the purling Brooks my Knell,

And

And for my Epitaph the Rocks shall grone
 Eternally, if any ask that stone
 What wretched thing doth in that compass lie?
 The hollow Eccho shall reply, 'tis I, 'tis I.
 The hollow Eccho shall reply, 'tis I.

Song 255.

GO with thy staff the Sea divide,
 And with thy whistle stop the tide.
 Catch the wilde windes fast in thy fist,
 And let them blow but when thou list,
 Creep into *Neptunes* watry bed,
 And get a *Syrens* maiden-head,
 Then sore more high, and fetch me down
 Fair *Ariadne's* starry Crown,
 So that with it I may wear
 Some of *Berenice's* hair,
 Make *Mars* and *Saturn's* aspects mild,
 And get the Virgin Star with child,
 But if thou hast a daring soul,
 Go whip the Bear about the Pole,
 All this thou mayst long e're thou can
 A woman finde, a woman finde, that's true to man;
 For womens hearts take new desires
 Far sooner than the powder fires,
 Their flashes are more violent
 Than those flames, and sooner spent.
 Like Torrents womens loves rise high,
 Make a noise, decrease, and die.
 Then let no wise man think it strange
 That women are so apt to change.
 No creature underneath the sun,
 Bears such relation to the moon,
 He then that for their love is sick,
 Is worse then they, Is worse then they, Hee's lunatick.

Song

Song 256.

A *Beggar a Beggar ,*
A Beggar I'le be,
 There's none leads a life more jocund than he,
A beggar I was ,
And a beggar I am ,
A beggar I'le be , from a beggar I came,
 If as it begins our tradings do fall,
 We in the conclusion shall *beggars* be all.
Tradesmen are unfortunate in their affairs ,
And few men are thriving, but Courtiers and Players;
 A *Crauer* my Father,
 A *Maunder* my Mother ,
 A *Filer* my Sister, a *filcher* my Brother ,
 A *Canter* my Uncle ,
 That car'd not for Pelf,
 A *Lifter* my Aunt, and a *beggar* my self ;
 In white wheaten straw when their belly's were full,
 Then I was begot between Tinker and Trull.
And therefore a beggar a beggar I le be,
For there's none leads a life more jocund than he.
 When boys do come to us ,
 And that their intent is
 To follow our calling, we ne'r bind them Prentice;
 Soon as they come too't ,
 We teach them to doo't .
 And give them a staff and a wallet to boot,
 We teach them their *Lingua* to Crave and to Cant,
 The Devil is in them if then they can want.
And or he, or she, that beggars will be,
Without Indentures they shall be made free.
 We beg for our bread, yet
 Sometimes it happens,
 We feast it with Pig, Pullet, Coney, and Capons,
 For Churches affairs ,
 We are no men-slayers ,

We have no Religion, yet live by our prayers.
But if when we beg, men will not draw their Purfes,
We charge and give fire, with a Volley of Curses.

*The Devil confound your good worſhip we cry,
And ſuch a bold bawen fact beggar am I.*

We do things in ſeaſon,
And have ſo much reaſon,
We raiſe no Rebellion, nor ne'r talk treaſon,
We bill at our mates,

At very low rates,
Whiſt ſome keep their Quarters as high as the gates,
With Shinkin ap Morgan, with Blew-cap or Tege,
We into no Covenant enter, nor League.

*And therefore a bonny bold beggar I le be,
For none lives a life that's ſo jocund as he.*

For ſuch petty pledges,
As ſhirts from the hedges,
We are not in fear to be drawn upon ſledges,
But ſometimes the whip,

Doth make us to ſkip,
And then we from tything, to tything do trip,
For when in a poor bouzing ken we do bib it,
We ſtand more in dread of the Stocks than the Gibbet,

*And therefore a merry mad beggar I'le be,
For when it is night in the barn tumbles be.*

We throw down no Altar,
Nor ever do falter,
So much as to change a Gold chain for a halter,
Though ſome men do flout us,

And others do doubt us,
We commonly bear forty pieces about us,
But many good fellows are fine and look fiercer,
That owe for their cloaths to their Taylor and Mercer,

*And if from the Stocks I can keep out my feet,
I fear not the Compter, Kings-bench, nor the Fleet.*

Sometimes I do frame,
My ſelf to be lame,

And

And when a Coach comes I do hop to my game,
We seldom miscarry,

Or ever do marry

By the Gowns, Common-Prayer, or Cloak Directory;
But *Simon* and *Susan* like birds of a feather,
They kiss, and they laugh, and so lie down together.

*Like Pigs in the Pease-straw intangled they lie,
Till there they beget such a bold Regue as I.*

Song 257.

I Dream'd we both were in a bed
Of Roses, almost smothered;
But then I heard thy sweet breath say,
Faults done by night will blush by day,
I kiss thee (panting and I call)
The night to record, that was all;
But ah! if empty dreams so please,
Loye give me more such nights as these.

Song 258.

GO treacherous hopes, by whose uncertain fire
I cherish my tyrannical desire;
Love is a more uncertain ghefs than care,
And my fate's such,
That will cost as much,
To love as to despair.

'Tis true our lives are but a long disease,
Made up with real care, and seeming ease,
Ye Gods that such uncertain favours give,
Oh tell me why,
It is so hard to die,
And such a task to live,

Song 259.

Why should we boast of *Arthur* and his Knights,
Knowing how many men have performed fights,
Or why should we speak of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*,
Or *Sir Tristram du Leon*, who fought for Ladies sake,

N 2

Read

Read old Stories, and there you shall see
How St. George, St. George, he made the Dragon flee.

St. George he was for England,

St. Dennis was for France,

Sing Hony soit qui maly pense.

To speak of the Monarchs, it were too long to tell,
And likewise of the Romans how far they did excel;
Mannibal and *Scipio* they many a field did fight,
Orlando Furioso he was a valiant Knight,
Romulus and *Rhemus* were those that *Rome* did build,
But St. George, St. George, the Dragon he hath kill'd.

St. George, &c.

Jephtha and *Gideon* they led their men to fight,
The *Gibbonites* and *Ammonites*, they put them all to
flight.

Hercules's valour was in the Vale of *Basse*,
And *Samson* slew a thousand with the Jaw-bone of
an Ass,

And when that he was blinde pull'd the Temple to the
ground,

But St. George, St. George the Dragon did confound.

St. George, &c.

Valentine and *Orson* they came of *Pepins* blood,
Alfrid and *Aldricus* they were brave Knights and good,
The four sons of *Ammon* that fought with *Charlemain*,
Sir Hugh de Boudaux and *Godfrey de Bullaigne*,
These were all French Knights, the Pagans did convert,
But St. George, St. George pull'd out the Dragons heart,

St. George, &c.

Henry the sixth he conquered all France,
He quartered their Armies, honour to advance,
He raced their Walls, and pull'd their Cities down,
And he garnish'd his Land with a double triple Crown,
He thumped the French, and after home he came,
But St. George, St. George, he made the Dragon tame.

St. George, &c.

St. David

St. David you know loves Leeks and toasted Cheese,
And Jafan was the man brought home the golden
Fleece,

And Patrick you know he was St. Georges boy,
Seven years he kept his Horse, and then stole him
away,

For which knavish Act a slave he doth remain,
But St. George, St. George, the Dragon he hath slain.

St. George, &c.

Tamberlain the Emperour in Iron Cage did Crown,
With his bloody flag display'd before the Town,
Scanderbeg magnanimous Mahomets Bahaw did
dread,

Whose victorious bones were worn when he was dead,
His Beglerbegs, his con-like-dregs, ~~that~~ ^{as} ~~he~~ ^{he} was
call'd,

But St. George, St. George, the Dragon he hath maul'd.

St. George, &c.

Ottoman the Tartar he came of Persia's Race,

The great Mogul with his chest so full of Cloves and
Mace,

The Grecian youth Bucephalus he madly did bestride,
But these with their Worthies Nine St. George did them
deride,

Gustavus Adolphus was Suedlands warlike King,

But St. George, St. George, pull'd forth the Dragons
Sting.

St. George, &c.

Pendragon and Cadwallader of brittish blood ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~best~~ ^{best},
Though John of Gaunt, his foes did daunt, St. George
shall rule the roast,

Agamemnon and Cleomedon, and Macedon did feats,

But compared to our Champion, they are but meerly
cheats,

Brave Malta Knights in Turkish fights their brandish
Swords outdrew,

But St. George, met the Dragon and ran him through
and through.

St. George, &c.

Bidia the Amazon, Porteus overthrew,
As fierce as any Vandal, Goth, Sarazen, or Jew,
The potent Holofernes as he lay on his bed,
In came wise Judith and subtly stole his head,
Brave Cyclops stout with Jove he fought, although he
show'd down thunder,
But St. George kill'd the Dragon, and is not that a wonder?

St. George, &c.

Marke Anthony Ile warrant you, plaid seats with Egypt's
Queen,

Sr. Eglemore that valiant Knight, the like was never
seen,

Grim Gorgons might, was known in fight,

Old Bevis most men frighted,

The Myrmidons and Prester Johns, why were not these
men Knighted?

Brave Spinola took Bredah, Nassaw did it recover;

But St. George met the Dragon and turn'd him o're and
over,

St. George he was for England,

St. Dennis was for France,

Sing Hony soit qui mal y pense.

Song 260.

Swift as the feet of Leda, I
Will to Olympus flowred bosom flye,

And there lie quaffing in mortallity,

Who tastes such sweets, those hearts can never die.

The Cyprus Queen's not half so fair,

Beautie her self can't with my Love compare,

She doth impale all things the Gods count rare,

Come vy with her what Sublunary dare?

Her Neck's a tower of Snow, her head

A Rosie Globe with curling Amber spread,
Whose darts are able to amaze the dead,
And make them leap from their cold shady Bed.

When she first opes her cas'd Eyes,
You'd swear two Suns at once broke through the skies,
Or that they were bright Lamps of Paradise,
The sawcy Gazer on those splendor dies.

Her Ivory Brows a Throne erect,
To arbitrate betwixt each Lovers Sect,
Her footstool with majestick Arch is deckt,
It frowns to death Loves wanton Heretick.

Descending hence a little, grows
A lovely Gnomon, rustick call'd the Nose,
Each side two blushing Hemisphere's disclose,
Where th' Lilly's youthful Bridal with the Rose.

Her lips like Gates of Rubies shew,
And opens where two Sets of Pearl doth grow,
In Corral Sockets, bending like a Bow,
Whose worth the Lapidaries do not know.

Hence breaks a Voice such harmony,
Is able to transform a Deity,
And cause the dead to live, the living die,
Orphen and *Amphion* at it mute doth lie,

Have you not seen at Sacrifices
How chast'd Incence with brew'd Spikenard rises,
In Clouds of Perfumes, or in flaming Spices,
Just so her breath my senses each surprises.

But on her Breast two Hills advance,
Would cost a Pilgrim an eternal Trance,
On this the Nymphs, on that the Graces dance,
Here *Cupid* lays his Bow, there *Mars* his Lance,

Beneath this Vale's a Plain reveal'd,
Eden it self no such delight doth yield,
Where the bold Champion, though his back were
steel'd,

Sounds a Retreat, but vanquish't qui'ts the field.

O stay *Olympia*, I have not done,
 These Plains I wander are *Elizium*,
 Oh let me herein blest for ever rove,
 Whilst in a babe we met, *Olympia* come.

This is the Theatre of Love,
 In this sweet Lab'rinth let me endless rove,
 And like the Orb about thy Center move,
 So I'll not change my Scene to be a Jove.

Song 260.

Fear not, my Genius, to unfold
 thy silent thoughts of these ;

Women are born to be control'd,
 receive them as you please :

Their long-usurped Monarchy,
 Hath made me hate such tyranny.

2. Let them and their magnetick charms,
 as Harbingers before 'um.

Possess themselves of *Cupids* arms,
 as Baits for to adore 'um :

I'll ne're commit Idolatry,
 With Subjects born, as well as I.

3. Their Deity with them must fade,
 this cannot be deny'd ;

Yet since the pretty things were made
 out of old *Adams* side :

We'll love them still, but know, as thus,

We do't because they'r part of us,

And let it then suffice the Elves,

To say we love them as our selves.

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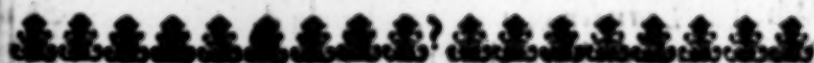
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